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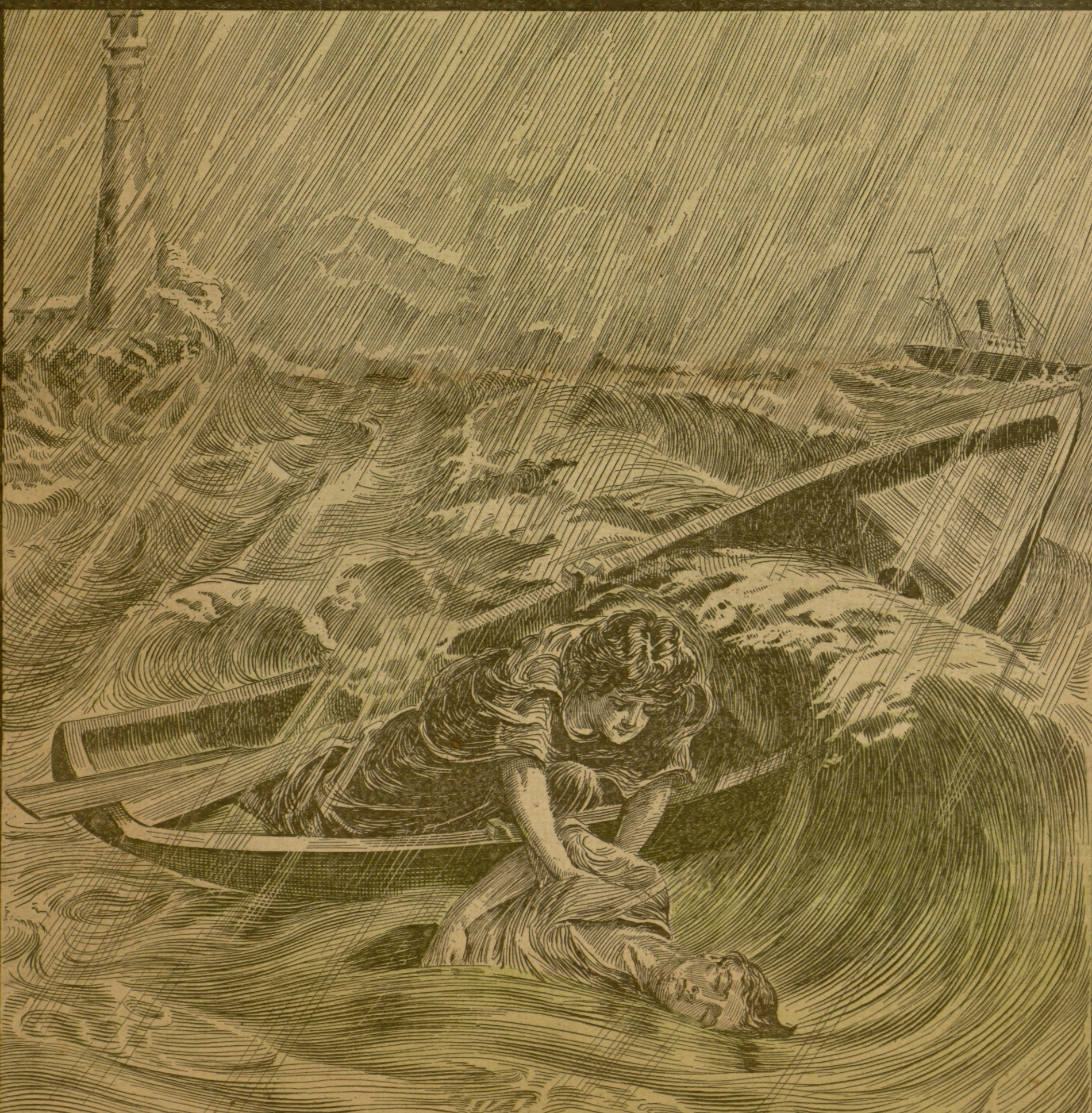
*The Key to Happiness and Success  
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

VOL. XXI

August 1909

No. 10



"BRAVING THE TERRIBLE STORM SHE RESCUES HIM FROM DEATH IN THE BREAKERS." SEE STORY VIVIAN VOSE.

*Published at Augusta, Maine.*

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# COMFORT

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Happiness and Success in over  
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FARMER & HOME MAGAZINE.

Devoted to  
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

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## Crumbs of Comfort

To be furious in religion is to be irreligiously religious.

The youth of the soul is everlasting and eternity is youth.

Never let your generosity outrun your pocketbook.

A man seldom improves who has no better model than himself.

He is wise who never acts without reason, and never against it.

A countryman between two lawyers is like a fish between two cats.

It is no humility for a man to think less of himself than he should.

If your soul is not engaged in your worship it is as though you worshiped not.

Honesty is the best policy, but he who acts on that principle is not an honest man.

We should cross no man's path without hailing him, and, if he need, giving him supplies.

There are few people who are more often in the wrong than those who cannot endure to be so.

The beauty of all worldly things is but a fair picture drawn upon the ice which melts away with it.

Unless a tree has borne blossoms in the spring you will look in vain for fruit on it in the autumn.

He that does a base thing in zeal for his friend burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together.

It is coal from God's altar must kindle our sacrificial fire, and without true fire there can be no acceptable sacrifice.

He who commits a wrong will himself inevitably see the writing on the wall, though the world may not count him guilty.

Woman has more strength in her looks than man has in his laws, and more power by her tears than man has by his arguments.

People have been taught so much about preparing for heaven that they have sometimes become very indifferent workers on earth.

Dream not helm and harness  
The sign of valor true;  
Peace hath higher tests of manhood  
Than battle ever knew.  
—Whittier.

The world is a looking-glass that gives back to everyone the reflection of his own face.

Frown at it and it will in turn look sourly on you; laugh at it and with it and it is a jolly, kind companion.

## COMFORT'S Calendar for August

Moon's Phases.				Eastern Time.			Central Time.			Mountain Time.			Pacific Time.		
				D.	H. M.		D.	H. M.		D.	H. M.		D.	H. M.	
☾ FIRST QUARTER.....				5	4	40	Morn	5	3	40	Morn	5	2	40	Morn
☾ FULL MOON.....				11	11	59	Even	11	10	59	Even	11	9	59	Even
☾ LAST QUARTER.....				18	4	25	Even	18	3	25	Even	18	2	25	Even
☾ NEW MOON.....				26	5	59	Even	26	4	59	Even	26	3	59	Even

Calendar—N. States.				Calendar—S. States.			
Lat. 42°+				Lat. 33°+			
SUN	SUN	MOON		SUN	SUN	MOON	
Rises.	Sets.	Sets.		Rises.	Sets.	Sets.	
H. M.	H. M.	H. M.		H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	
1 Sat	4 52	7 19	9 51	5 14	6 58	9 45	
2 Sun	4 53	7 18	10 17	5 14	6 57	10 17	
3 Mo	4 54	7 17	10 38	5 15	6 56	10 44	
4 Tu	4 55	7 16	10 59	5 16	6 55	11 12	
5 We	4 57	7 14	11 26	5 16	6 54	11 45	
6 Th	4 58	7 13	morn	5 17	6 54	morn	
7 Fri	4 59	7 11	0 1	5 18	6 53	0 35	
8 Sat	5 0	7 10	0 41	5 18	6 52	1 9	
9 Sun	5 1	7 9	1 33	5 19	6 51	2 2	
10 Mo	5 2	7 8	2 34	5 20	6 50	3 5	
11 Tu	5 3	7 6	rises	5 21	6 49	rises	
12 We	5 4	7 5	8 1	5 21	6 48	7 41	
13 Th	5 5	7 3	8 33	5 22	6 46	8 22	
14 Fri	5 6	7 2	8 59	5 23	6 45	9 34	
15 Sat	5 7	7 0	9 29	5 23	6 44	9 50	
16 Sun	5 8	6 59	9 56	5 24	6 43	10 4	
17 Mo	5 9	6 58	10 23	5 25	6 42	10 37	
18 Tu	5 10	6 56	10 53	5 25	6 41	11 14	
19 We	5 12	6 54	11 28	5 26	6 39	11 53	
20 Th	5 13	6 53	morn	5 26	6 38	morn	
21 Fri	5 14	6 51	0 8	5 27	6 37	0 37	
22 Sat	5 15	6 50	0 53	5 28	6 36	1 23	
23 Sun	5 16	6 48	1 43	5 28	6 35	2 13	
24 Mo	5 17	6 47	2 39	5 29	6 34	3 7	
25 Tu	5 18	6 45	3 35	5 30	6 32	4 1	
26 We	5 19	6 43	4 35	5 30	6 31	4 56	
27 Th	5 20	6 42	sets	5 31	6 30	sets	
28 Fri	5 21	6 40	7 56	5 32	6 29	7 49	
29 Sat	5 22	6 39	8 16	5 32	6 28	8 16	
30 Sun	5 23	6 37	8 41	5 33	6 26	8 46	
31 Mo	5 24	6 35	9 8	5 34	6 25	9 15	

WEATHER FORECAST FOR AUGUST.

1st to 4th—SULTRY WAVE. Excessive heat at all points east and west. More or less distressing conditions from the Pacific to the Great Lakes by reason of the general scarcity of rainfall. Temperature 110 degrees at Mile City, 105 at North Platte, 104 at Wichita, 103 at Omaha and 102 at Keokuk.

5th to 9th—SHOWERY PERIOD. General rains in west Gulf States. Gloomy, foggy and damp weather on the Atlantic Coast. Showery weather in the Appalachian Mountain region.

10th to 14th—UNSETTLED PERIOD. Warm and dust storms in northwest and over Central States. Hot sultry weather in New York and New England. Much dampness throughout the Southern States.

15th to 19th—STORM WAVE. Heavy rain storms accompanied with sharp lightning in southwest sections. Showery conditions along Gulf Coast and over South Atlantic coast plain.

20th to 23rd—COOL WAVE. Fresh, cool nights and mornings in the northwest. Cloudy backward weather in Southern and southeastern sections. Dry and cool over Rocky Mountain region.

24th to 27th—WARM WAVE. Warm and dry in all sections except portions of Central and Middle Atlantic States. Streams low and pastures bare and brown in Kansas, and Nebraska and the Dakotas.

28th to 31st—RAIN WAVE. General rain in Central, Southern and Eastern sections. Light showers over Lake region and the New England States.

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### Is August Your Birthmonth?

August is the eighth month of our modern year and contains 31 days. Before the adoption of the Julian calendar the month was called by the Romans Sextilis, meaning sixth, as it was originally the sixth; and there is better reason for that name than the one it now bears. It was called August in honor of the Emperor Augustus. He was not born in this, but it was the month in which his best luck had come to him and in which his great deeds had been exploited. The Roman Senate had named the month previous, July, in honor of Julius Caesar and after the manner of official doings to stand in with the powers above, it gave the name August to the month after Caesar. It also added one day so that the month of August should have as many days as Caesar's July. And after all these years the whole civilized world permits the action of the Roman Senate to stand. However, we do not imagine that it would be any cooler if it were called Sextilis again, or a new name like Snowgust, for example, were branded upon it, so why complain?

Historically the month has no very great record. General Greene of Revolution fame was born on the 7th, 1742; Manila surrendered to the Americans on the 13th, 1898 and the battle of Bennington was fought on the 16th, 1777. Only one President was born in August, Benjamin Harrison on the 20th, 1833. Not one President has died during August, although it is not the only month showing so low a presidential mortality. There are no general legal holidays in the month, though primary election days in Mississippi are locally legal holidays, and in Vermont the 16th is Bennington Battle Day. The Dog Days end on the 11th, but as far as the heat is concerned other days of the month are as warm as the dog days. Taking it by and large, August doesn't amount to much except in the amount of summer it supplies to a perspiring people. It has them all melted to a grease spot in this regard.

### What the Astrologer Says if You Were Born in August

Astrologically the month, as far as the 22nd, falls in Leo, the fifth sign of the zodiac, and the balance comes under Virgo, the sixth sign. Leo, the Lion, gives to persons born under it a toasty mind, a spirit of fair play and a warm and generous heart. Their will power will be firm, enterprising and persevering. At the same time they will secure success only by honest methods and square dealing. Women born under this sign are not inclined to be flirts, though the possession of beauty or wealth may have a counteracting influence. Still when they once love, they will be true to that love. Men are to a great extent the same, and they will be true to each other. They are married they will be true to each other. They may differ on other points, and may not live happily together, for Leo people are not always the easiest to get along with, but their loyalty to each other will not be questioned. Leo people will have money, either of their own making, or coming to them, but they will not always keep it. The children of Leo people will often be much trouble to them, but the parents will be as much to blame as the children are. The trouble with them is that they want to have their own way too much. For this reason the children as soon as they are old enough to think for themselves may assert their authority and the family row will begin. In politics good chances will come to the men, or even women, and though they get the most of

them, they will lose many by their careless actions.

Inflammatory rheumatism and pneumonia are likely to trouble them, though generally they will have good health and long lives.

Persons born under Virgo, the Virgin, that is, after the 22nd, will reach honors through their personal merit. They are honest and correct in conduct and are of very charitable disposition. They have fair will power, but are not difficult to influence. Marriages are often unhappy on this account, the women being persuaded into marrying a man because he wanted her to marry him. If he continues as husband as he was as lover, the woman will not make trouble, but if he does not, the marital discord will be struck.

Virgo people incline to religious life and they like literature and the arts, though their taste may be seldom gratified. They will also like the agricultural life. A woman born under Virgo ought to make the best kind of wife for a farmer and she will, if he knows how to treat her properly and does so. They are not money makers, and some of them will be able to make only a bare living. Later in life their condition will improve, but largely through the help of others. Physical dangers threaten them and the sign stands for violent events, either domestic or otherwise. They will prove to be travelers, not so much because they like to travel as that their work will take them about. Friends of the lasting sort will be few and far between, and brothers and sisters will

## White Slaves of Yellow Masters In September COMFORT

is a great moral story, intensely interesting and highly instructive. Suggested by the shocking fate of beautiful and cultured Elsie Sigel, a teacher in the Chinese mission school in New York City, who was BRUTALLY MURDERED last June BY HER CHINESE LOVER in his room, our story brings out forcefully the moral aspect of the YELLOW PERIL IN AMERICA and illustrates the methods by which

### White Girls Are Trapped for Slaves of Yellow Men

Teach your children to loathe and shun the Yellow Peril, which they may encounter when they leave home, by reading this story which we had written especially for COMFORT as a timely warning against the danger of the contaminating influence of intimate association with the Chinese and other degraded Asiatics. See our interesting editorial on this subject on page 3 of this August number.

### "My Lady Beth," by Georgie Sheldon Downs

will begin in September COMFORT and run through the fall and winter months. This new, beautiful and strong love story is Mrs. Sheldon's latest and best, and has never been printed because we bought it fresh from her pen, paying a high price in order to secure it exclusively for COMFORT's readers. Georgie Sheldon is the author of "VIRGIE'S INHERITANCE," which we recently ran in COMFORT, and of many other charming stories which have made her famous as one of the most popular novelists of the day.

### Other Equally Good Serial Novels

will begin in OCTOBER and NOVEMBER COMFORT, and running through the fall, winter and spring will constitute a part of the literary treat which we have in store for our readers.

### Never Play a Man at His Own Game

is the sub-title and moral of another new story entitled "REUBEN JONES AT THE COUNTY FAIR," which will begin in SEPTEMBER COMFORT. A delightful love story, also full of startling incidents, amusing situations; describes adventures at a NEW ENGLAND COUNTY FAIR, exposes the gambler's tricks and shows up the iniquity and ruinous consequences of gambling.

### You Will Lose All These Good Things

and many more in September COMFORT, if you let your subscription run out this month. We cannot supply back numbers to those who are late about renewing. If in doubt, take no chance of missing September COMFORT, but renew or extend your subscription 24 months NOW, while you can for only 25 cents. Use Coupon below for your convenience.

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August, 1909.

not be as harmonious as they should be. The weak spots in Virgo people are the stomach, liver and legs. The good days in August are 3rd, 6th, 7th, 10th, 16th, and 20th. Bad days are 15th, 20th, 30th and 31st. Few people have their best months in January and October; their lucky day, Sunday; unlucky, Tuesday. Virgo people are luckiest in February and November; lucky day, Monday; unlucky, Thursday. Ruby and diamond are the favorite gems and the birthstone for the month is the agate.

## BETTY CAREW, The Spy of '76

By Dorothea Joyce and William Fletcher  
Copyright, 1900, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher, Inc.

### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING PART.

It is July 4, 1776, and history is making in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. Mistress Betty Carew is not affected by such grave matters, and calling to her cousin Hester Bouclier, asks what is more important than the cut of one's gown, and she unfolds the great fan she carries since her return from London. "Right you are, fair Mistress Betty," draws a man's voice and Mistress Betty looks at Sir Cecil Karminster, dressed in the extreme of fashion. He follows Betty Carew to Philadelphia from London and openly asserts his intention to make her Lady Karminster. A quick, decided step rings out and Jared Putnam raises his hat and the three enter the house to join Hester Bouclier and her lover, Lestor Penthaevan. Jacob Putnam towers above Sir Cecil, not only in physical strength and stature but in mental and moral endowments. He wants a word with Betty. She knows war has been in progress for more than a year. The United Colonies have been fighting for the rights of Englishmen in America, to teach the Mother Country she has no right to tax the American colonists, without giving them representation in that same parliament. Sir Cecil interrupts, "Pure impudence." Betty looks to his admirer to the other. Hester frowns and Lestor springs to his feet. Jared goes on. "We are waiting to know whether the wonderful Declaration of Independence is signed." Betty smoothes a yarn. "Does she forget she is a native of this country?" Hester cries indignantly. Jared continues, "As soon as the old bell rings the Independence of the Colonies he leaves here perhaps for months." Carelessly she asks will he wear the blue and yellow uniform? An orderly rushes in with a message from the captain requesting Jared to report at once. For a few minutes there is much talk, and the bell, whose music is to ring throughout the ages, falls upon their ears. Jared turns to Betty and raises her right hand to his lips saying: "That bell proclaims that I have a country to fight for, and it calls me to my defence. God keep you until I return." Betty suppresses her emotion and says nothing. He discovers Betty's scarf in one of his pockets. In the days to follow Jared has little time to spend upon useless dreaming. He hears from Betty from time to time and is not to his lips with the reports. Sir Cecil's name is always linked to hers. They dance the minuet together, they ride together, they appear at all functions, her beautiful black hair whitened with powder and built upon her head to a monstrous height and he wonders that Betty is willing to put such coarse devices with her own hair. Jared sees his share of service. He is summoned before the General and given a mission to convey certain documents to a prominent man in Philadelphia supposed to be a Tory, but secretly working for the Colonists. His heart is light as he gallops off in the costume of a frontiersman. As he rides his thoughts turn to Betty, and he is astonished to see her riding towards him and amazed that the colon skin does not disguise her old playmate. He loves her and in spite of her frivolity he trusts her and tells her of his mission and where the missive is hid. He kisses her, assists her to mount and she waves him good by. An hour later he is captured and taken to Major Arnold's mansion. Jared's heart is heavy. The presence of the dispatch on his person means death. This is not what worries him most. It is that he fails to execute this mission. As he waits to be searched he hears a mocking laugh and looking up he sees not the sweet grave Betty of the woodland, but a demoniacal Betty with her powdered hair rising to an absurd height, and turning she calls over her shoulder, "Here is our old friend," and to Jared's dismay the mining features of the British pop are seen. There are times when ladies are in the way and Major Arnold leads Betty from the room. The luckless lover feels that he has been shamelessly betrayed faces the British officer.

### PART II.

"AND SO, sirrah, you have failed?" thundered General Washington. Captain Jared Putnam bowed his head, the dull red of mortification staining his face and neck.

"And how do you account for it?"

"Have no explanation to offer," was the quiet reply.

"You say you lost the dispatches?"

"Yes, General to my everlasting shame, I did."

"How?"

"That I cannot explain," was the low reply.

"Or will not?" asked the General.

"Cannot," Jared persisted, but with such a sickening ache at his heart as almost maddened him.

General Washington glanced across the table at his secretary, but said nothing for a moment, then ordered Jared from his presence. As the young man passed out with lowered head, a kindly light came into the stern face, and when Jared was out of earshot, he said with a grim smile about his lips:

"Just another case of the woman being smarter than the man, eh, Hamilton?"

"As she has ever been since the days of Mother Eve," laughed the young secretary, who understood all the details of the matter much better than Jared.

"Aye. Methinks, however, that our young captain has another love in his heart besides that of country," suggested the General.

"As have the most of us?" ventured Alexander Hamilton with rising indignation.

In the meanwhile poor Jared, wondering at the leniency shown him, went back to his quarters. To his surprise he was not placed under arrest but allowed to resume his command, but his heart was very heavy, and when several weeks later, he met Lestor, he unburdened himself to a certain extent, although he did not mention Betty's name.

"And you say you had them safe within an hour of capture?" Lestor asked wonderingly.

Jared nodded. "Yes, perfectly safe. I tried to devise some plan to get them out of the secret pocket when I was captured as much to save them, as myself, more for that reason but I was too carefully watched."

"And when they searched you?"

"They found nothing but a slit across the back of my hunting shirt and an empty secret pocket!"

Lestor shook his head gravely.

"And the General?" he asked.

"It is wonderful how well he treats me," Jared admitted.

"But man, how is it that you were let go in Philadelphia? You were within their lines practically in disguise, and yet you say they did not detain you?"

"That is but another thing that puzzles me.



# A Few Words by the Editor

**T**HE recent cornering of the wheat in Chicago, which either raised the price of bread, or decreased the size of the family loaf in many sections of our country, was an act which would have landed the speculators in jail had the scene of their operations been in France, Germany or England instead of Chicago.

In France it is a crime to corner any sort of merchandise, especially food stuffs. In Germany any man attempting to influence the price of food products is not only heavily fined, but is made to repent of his folly by confinement in prison. Those who indulge in this outrage on society contend that they could not corner the wheat market as they did not control the entire supply. This is mere idle quibbling.

A nation's wealth in the last analysis is to be reckoned not in dollars but in loaves, not in gold but in wheat. Bread is the staff of life, and without that staff the world would be reduced to the verge of starvation.

We cannot have too much honest merchandising, and we do not wish to set a limit to the scope of legitimate enterprise, nor do we begrudge a man the money he can make in speculative operations that are fair, square, and above board, but the man who would add to his millions, more millions by cornering the necessities of life, and by exacting tribute from multitudes of poor souls, who can only by a desperate struggle keep the wolf of hunger from the door, is a public menace, and laws should be enacted along the same lines as those in force in Europe to prevent the operations of conscienceless pirates of finance who would make public hunger a source of profit.

Must we be less alert in protecting the public, our brothers and sisters, from the wolves of finance than are the monarchies of the old world? Let us not lag behind France, Germany and England in enacting laws that will make the cornering of food stuffs and the necessities of life, crimes punishable, not by fines, which are easily paid by those who have ill-gotten millions at their command, but by state prison sentences.

It is time a limit was put to human greed in this country, and a limit will be put as soon as an aroused public conscience demands the imprisonment of those whose gold lust carries them beyond the limits of honest trade into the regions of ruthless plunder and merciless exploitation.

Gambling is an appalling evil which, though prohibited as a crime by state and national laws, and commonly and frequently denounced as one of the worst of vices in its demoralizing influence and ruinous consequences, appears to be on the increase and threatens to undermine the integrity of American manhood. Each year it destroys thousands and drags down tens of thousands of young men who, otherwise above reproach, yield to the alluring temptation of this, their one besetting sin.

This lust for dishonestly acquired wealth, this spirit of get-rich-quick, which actuates the stock gambler of Wall Street and the plunger of the Chicago Wheat Pit and induces such scandalous graft and crime in the cities, permeates the nation from the bank president or cashier whose wild speculation wrecks the bank to the clerk or the bootblack who squanders his scanty earnings in the bucket shop, in playing policy, betting on the races or in one or another of the innumerable forms of gambling by which a set of professional blacklegs sponge a dishonest living out of the public and appreciably impoverish the community.

Money lost at gambling—and nine out of ten of those who dabble in it are losers—because only the professionals understand how to win—usually is needed to pay the grocery bill or the rent, and results in privation, want, debt and dishonesty,

and frequently in stealing, or leads to the commission of higher crimes.

The few who win get money that they have not earned and for which they have rendered no equivalent even if they play the game fairly, though most of them do not because the temptation to cheat is so very great.

Many fall victims to gambling because they do not understand the evil, nor foresee the consequences until it is too late.

Preaching and teaching are sadly ineffectual, as is the penalty of the law, in checking it, because of the overpowering fascination of gambling. The great difficulty in dealing with it consists in the fact that it is a natural vice deeply rooted in that great propensity of human nature to try to get something for nothing, without earning it, without giving value in return, and for this reason it is often difficult to make people perceive the moral iniquity and appreciate the disastrous consequences of gambling.

An object lesson is needed to point the moral and drive it home before they yield to temptation and get the habit fixed. For this purpose we have had our thrilling story "Reuben Jones at the County Fair" written to portray powerfully and in the most interesting manner the immorality and ruinous results of gambling or trafficking in vice of any kind. It will appear in September COMFORT, and all should read it, not only because it is intensely interesting but also for the lesson that it teaches.

The White Slave Trade has been much written up of late, but the most debased phase of it, the ruin of American girls by Chinese and Japanese has not been touched upon so far as we know. Public attention, however, has been called to it recently in a most shocking manner by the brutal murder of beautiful, refined Elsie Sigel by her jealous Chinese lover in his room over a Chinese chop suey restaurant in New York City under circumstances which indicate that her cruel death was a mercy in cutting short a life of shame. She was the daughter of Paul Sigel of New York City, and granddaughter of Gen. Franz Sigel of civil war fame. Becoming interested in the slum mission work she taught a class at the Chinese mission school. According to the report of the police who investigated the murder, two of the Chinamen with whom she became acquainted fell in love with her, though just what her relations with these two yellowed-skinned Orientals were is not yet made public. But it appears that she went to the room of one of them and was there chloroformed and strangled to death by him because he was jealous of the other. With the aid of his friends he then put her body in a trunk and trucked it to various places in New York in an unsuccessful attempt to dispose of it, and then brought it back and left it in his room, where it remained a number of days before the crime was discovered. Meantime the murderer, with the assistance of the members of the secret society to which he belonged, made good his escape to parts unknown, and undoubtedly is being hidden and cared for by his brother association members. There are two of these great Chinese secret societies whose members are banded together for the purpose of setting our laws at defiance and helping each other to escape the just penalties of their crimes. Thus far the police have been unable to capture him and it seems that there is small prospect of success.

The horrible degradation and depravity of the Chinese, and especially of the low class that come to America, cannot be imagined by those who do not know them in their own haunts; neither is the contaminating effect of their unmentionable Asiatic vices on those who come in contact with them generally understood by Americans.

It is one manifestation of the Yellow Peril that so seriously threatens America.

While the good people of America are engaged in a desperate fight against the destructive liquor habit, these Orientals are spreading among our young men and women the opium habit which is a thousand times worse, and our Christian enthusiasts in their misguided zeal to convert these heathen are encouraging their innocent and unsuspecting young sons and daughters to associate with these debased specimens of an inferior race, apparently unconscious of the fearful risk of subjecting their children to their vicious influences.

The Chinese and Japanese are anxious to, and do attend these mission schools and our Sunday Schools for the purpose of learning the English language, promoting their business interests and to get acquainted with white girls for whom they seem to have a passionate desire, but they hang to their heathen religion with wonderful tenacity, and the converts to Christianity are insignificantly few.

Meanwhile they are ruining thousands of our young men and women, and Elsie Sigel is but one of many who have fallen victims to the seductive influence of the great and horrible yellow peril.

So notorious is this that one of the famous, or rather infamous sights, which are shown to tourists visiting San Francisco, is the white grave of yellow masters in the Chinese quarter of that graft and corruption cursed city.

Do you wonder that the good people of the Pacific slope states clamor for the exclusion of the Chinese and Japanese?

All the people ought to know about this, and so SEPTEMBER COMFORT will contain a new and interesting story entitled, "White Slaves of Yellow Masters," which we have had written to give its readers a little clearer insight into the moral aspect of the Yellow Peril in America.

Don't fail to read it, and don't be afraid to let your children read it, too. It is all right. Nothing in it you would not want them to know.

Gambling is prevalent among the Chinese, while the opium habit, the worst of all the drug habits that curse humanity, is their national vice, so recognized, and the Chinese government in its recent effort to check it has prohibited the raising of poppies from which opium is produced.

Send only trained and seasoned missionaries to China and Japan, if you think it worth the cost when we have so much need of charity and mercy work right at home, but for Heaven's sake exert every influence at your command to check the influx of undesirable foreign immigrants, to stop the sowing of the seeds of Oriental vice in fair America and to protect and warn your children against the contaminating influence of associating with the yellow man.

Make a practical application of that part of the Lord's prayer which reads "lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil."

With a sufficiently troublesome race question to solve in our Southern States, let us set our faces resolutely against the importation of a worse one from Asia, even if war is forced upon us in consequence of our efforts to prevent it.

Don't be fooled by the arguments of the commercial interests which would sacrifice the moral standards of America for the expansion of their Asiatic trade, nor by those of the railroads and other corporations which encourage the most objectionable kind of immigration for the sake of obtaining cheap laborers. "White Slaves of Yellow Masters," will be a revelation to many of COMFORT'S readers next month.

Comfort Editor.

## Betty Carew, the Spy of '76

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

"When she reminded Major Arnold of his promise to her. What was that promise?"

"Probably to lead the dance with her that night," Jared said bitterly.

"And what did Major Arnold mean by your having come in to visit your sweetheart?" Lestor continued, wrinkling his brows.

Once more Jared shook his head. "I don't know. It seems I'm never to have a sweetheart. The only girl I have ever loved has betrayed me," and his lip trembled in spite of himself.

"What do you mean?" Lestor cried, startled out of himself, but Jared, although he colored put him off evasively, and then Lestor communicated some news which was of tremendous import to him. Hester had gone to New York on a visit. He had been granted a furlough, and they had been married. The firm grasp of his friend's hand by Jared told that he sympathized in his happiness and also in his having to leave his bride so soon. The two were often thrown together, but Jared's spirits were very low, and he suffered immensely.

Now came days when everything was very dark, however, and the young patriot was touched at the confidence the General appeared to place in him, although he had so signally failed when he felt his courage was most needed. In that black winter at Valley Forge the spirit and fiber of them all were severely tried. One day when matters seemed at their worst, Lestor came to Jared almost bursting with news. Hester had written him and communicated something which she had been asked to by Betty.

"I received such a curious letter from her, the other day," wrote the young wife, "and in it she said: 'When you next write to that graceless husband of yours, tell him from me that if he happens to meet with our blue-eyed friend in blue and buff, he is to tell him from me that while the hunter may be despised it does not stand to reason that the end desired is not accomplished. Please quote my very words.' I do not understand them but I copy them," Hester added.

Jared read the message, then the crimson surged up into his thin face, worn with the privations he had shared with his men.

"Lestor help me understand," he murmured, and then for the first time he told his friend everything, not omitting the kiss.

"And you say that Betty returned your kiss?" Lestor asked.

Jared nodded. His memory of that moment was painfully vivid.

"Jared," Lestor said slowly, "there is more in this than we understand. Betty would not return any man's kiss without she meant it. Hester says there is more in her than any of us appreciate. Now you believe she robbed you of those dispatches?"

Once more Jared nodded. "Then the message must mean that the dispatches reached the right person. Just read the message over again," and Jared read out loud: "While the hunter may be despised, it does not stand to reason that the end desired is not accomplished."

"But Lestor why did she steal them if they were to be delivered?" Jared asked wonderingly. "Of course I know she is a rabid Tory, but why should she want to get me into trouble?" and neither could explain.

A little later on during that terrible winter, a long delayed letter from Hester speaks of Betty Carew, and Lestor shares it with Jared:

"From all I hear from Betty, she is reigning belle in dear old Philadelphia. The other night she attended a grand ball given on the British officers, with a tiny coach and four on her marvelously dressed hair. That girl shows no sense in her blind following of fashion. Gossip is busy with her various foolish foibles, including her immense fan and extravagant hair dressing. Sir Cecil is ever at her heels, and there is talk of a wedding soon. However, there is something that seems to tell me that our dear little playmate has more depth of character than appears. She cannot be so heartless as all this. Betty and I grew up together, we loved the same things, looked at matters the same way until that fatal visit to London." As Jared read this he felt that Betty had passed beyond them, and that he had given his heart to a will-of-the-wisp.

The long, terrible winter of Valley Forge passed into history, and with the early spring of 1779 came brighter prospects. While out scouting for General Washington, Jared met with one of the enemy, and although he came off victor, he was so badly wounded that his usefulness on the field of battle was ended. However, General Hamilton comforted him, and showed the young man as he struggled back to life that there is quite as much to be done for his country in a clerical capacity, as at the head of his men, and through the astute secretary's intervention, Jared was sent with the party that relieved Philadelphia in the late spring of that year.

Jared, with his arm still in a sling, was in attendance upon his superior officer one day soon thereafter when he was told that he was wanted in an adjoining room.

The young adjutant, who had won the rank of Major rose and going into the apartment indicated, came face to face with Betty.

Jared, remembering so much, drew himself to his full height, and saluted her with formal military precision. Not if he can help will she cause him to forget his duty or his dignity.

The girl raised her eyes, and if ever love shone in a woman's face, it illumined Betty's, but Jared does not see.

"I was told, Madam, that someone wanted to see me," he said coldly.

"I am that person," Betty said with a dear little quiver in her voice.

"And may a very humble officer ask what a lady of fashion can want with him?" Jared asked coldly.

It was desperately hard to maintain this reserve with the lovely, flushed, sweet face of the girl he loved there before him, but Jared felt he had learned his lesson, and so he merely grunted his teeth, and tried not to look at her.

"I want to make an explanation," Betty said meekly.

"There are some things that can never be explained," Jared returned.

"Perhaps, but I am good at explaining. For the life of her she could not help being rough. Then her quick eyes detected the pallor of his face, and she cried impulsively:

"And I am forgetting your wound. Please do sit down."

"I prefer to stand, madam. I remember one time when I sat in your presence, that I was disgraced," he returned grimly.

Poor Betty flushed crimson, but she said

gently: "I'll promise not to come anywhere near you, Major Putnam, and besides you have nothing to lose today."

"No, nothing, I have lost everything," Jared said bitterly, dropping into a chair for he really felt too weak to stand any longer. "I have lost opportunity, health, reputation, even my heart," this last almost in an undertone.

"Perhaps your opportunity is yet to come, and your reputation may be better than you think. The country has need of just such men as you here in Philadelphia; your health is not lost, only you need a furlough, and it may be you have not lost your heart in vain after all—only exchanged it for another," and she looked so winsome, so bewitching, that Jared groaned.

"Betty, for God sake don't play with me any more."

"Methinks, sir," she said tenderly, "that it would take a brave woman to play with you in this angry mood, but truly Jared, I am not playing I am only trying to make you understand. Forget that day in the woods, that blessed day," she added.

Jared leaned forward. "Why do you say blessed?" he demanded.

"For many reasons. One, perhaps because," here the bright blushes chased themselves over her face, "because you kissed me."

"Betty!" he cried, forgetting everything else in that sweet confession, but she put up her hand and stayed him.

"Wait, there is something more. It is blessed because my dear one I was able to save your life."

"You?" he asked.

"Yes I. You thought your plans were well laid, but they were not. It was known that you were approaching, that you had those dispatches on your person. I rode out to meet you, and I robbed you, deliberately."

"But Betty why did you fool me so?" he asked.

"Why? Because I was forced to. Would you have permitted me to take them and deliver them?"

"Indeed I would not," he returned quickly.

"And yet they had to get to their destination. I had to save you, and my country."

"Betty! You say your country. Dearest is it your country at last?"

"Oh, blind, blind, blind! Last! Why Jared there has never been but one country for me."

"But Betty, you are the worst of Tories."

"I was thought to be. Now listen, dear, for if we keep on this way we will never get through. Have you not heard something of a mysterious way British secrets have leaked out? Have you never listened to the whisper that there must be some very great leak somewhere?"

He nodded, his eyes brightening with renewed confidence.

"Jared there was a big leak, a frightful one, and my heart has been sadly torn over it. I have bated my task, but I realized that my work was just as important as yours. You risked your life, I my reputation, my life, even my love and my lover for my country," and her lovely eyes glowed.

"Then Betty you are a Patriot?"

"A Patriot? Why Jared I cannot remember when my heart did not thrill at the thought of my country. When I went to London, I was almost mad with hatred of the oppressive measures, and when I heard the wonderful news of Lexington and Bunker Hill, I thought I could

not contain myself. Then came the idea of being of use to my country. I made friends in high places, where I believed I could do the most good. I cultivated Sir Cecil, an empty-headed little macaroni, whose heart is so filled with admiration of himself it has no room for any real feelings. Early I recognized that he would make an ideal filter through which to gain knowledge of the enemy. With alken straws I bound him to me, and turned his head wrongside out whenever he was with me."

"But Betty your love of gaiety?" Jared protested.

"Was all assumed. I would rather look after my household than attend the most brilliant ball ever given."

"And your love of scarlet?"

Her dimples came and went. "Ah, Jared it is a pretty color in its place," she said with something of her old manner.

"But that is not on a man's back?" and a lighter tone crept into his own voice.

"A thousand times no. I am bitterly sick of it and I want to see nothing but the dear blue with its buff facings reflected in your eyes," and again Jared started for her, but she held up her hand.

"Wait, Jared. Very early in this war, before our first Independence Day, my ability and worth were recognized, though I had only been home a few weeks, and I was in regular communication with the leaders."

"Betty!" once more Jared exclaimed.

"When that blessed bell pealed out the tocsin of our liberty I thought my heart would leave my body, but I mastered myself, for as you had your task to perform, so had I mine, and I

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

## Little Prudy's Dottie Dimple

Famous for a generation as one of the most charming children's stories ever written, will begin as a serial in September COMFORT.

This pretty story about children, for children, will delight the hearts of COMFORT'S young readers and also interest all who love children or hold in fond recollection the happy innocence of their own childhood.

SOPHIE MAY, the author of this and five other equally good children's stories known as the "LITTLE FAUX SERIES," possessed a wonderful talent in this line. With a sympathetic understanding of childish hopes and aspirations, loves and aversions, joys and sorrows, she told them in such a pleasing, simple style that her stories never fail to touch the hearts of her little readers, and impress on their young minds and characters the uplifting influence of the religious sentiment and high moral tone that pervades all her writings.

In these stories also is a wholesome lesson in regard to bringing up children well worth any mother's careful attention.

Any mother and any child will be the better for reading Little Prudy's Dottie Dimple in COMFORT.

Sophie May, whose real name was Rebecca Sophia Clark, was a charming lady. She was born and raised in Norridgewick, Maine, a short distance from Augusta, and died last spring. Heretofore her books have been published only in an expensive edition, but since her death a beautiful new edition has been put out and COMFORT'S publisher has arranged to handle a part of it as premiums. We give one book as a premium for only two yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each. For particulars see our book premium offer on another page. But don't forget to renew or extend your own subscription 24 months now for 25 cents.



# VIVIAN VOSE

## The Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter

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By Augustus C. Main and Comfort Joy

### PART I.

"Over the mountains  
And over the waves,  
Under the fountains  
And under the graves;  
Under foot that are deepest,  
Which Neptune obey;  
Over rocks that are steepest  
Love will find out the way."

**E**ARLY in the morning of the first of August, Charles Graham, Jr., usually called Charlie to distinguish him from his father for whom he was named, was rudely awakened by being nearly rolled out of his berth by the unsteady behavior of the yacht and as he gradually gathered his senses from that dreamless sleep which belongs to youth, health and a clear conscience, he became aware that she was rolling uncomfortably in the trough of a heavy sea.

He was on his father's sumptuous steam yacht, Vixen, with his father, mother, twin sister Grace and his sweetheart, Elsie Craig. They were a jolly party on their way from their winter home in Philadelphia to their summer home at Bar Harbor in eastern Maine.

When they left Boston just before sunset, the night before, the weather was fair, the air balmy, and the sea smooth as glass, except for the ground swell with which the bosom of old ocean never ceases to heave even in the calmest weather. It was still calm and the stars shone brightly when at five bells (10.30, P. M.) they had all turned in for the night.

As he is thinking of the sudden change in the weather which has produced this unpleasant roll and pitch, he hears four bells struck, and knows that it is six o'clock, two hours before the steward will sound the breakfast gong, and so he prepares for an hour's nap by wedging the pillows and bedding about him to prevent being thrown out of his berth; but just then he hears the weird, unearthly, long drawn wail of a steam-fog trumpet, suggestive of the moan of a lost soul, but he knows it to be a danger signal maintained to warn yachtsmen and mariners and save them from shipwreck on some outlying rock or headland. He knows also that it is an adjunct of some lighthouse whose distinctive features will tell him where he is; and so, prompted by the instinct of a true yachtsman, he pulls on his shirt, trousers and slippers, and goes on deck to get his bearings.

As he emerges from the companionway onto the quarter deck, he sees just abaft the beam on the port side and distant about half a mile, twin lighthouses, connected by a long line of low white stone buildings on a small rocky island, totally devoid of trees and vegetation of any kind, in fact without soil enough to grow a green blade of anything; and back of it, extending northward, two larger islands covered with scant verdure. The waves are breaking on the rocks and throw their white foam to the very base of the lighthouses. He recognizes it as Matinicus Rock Light Station, and the other land as Ragged Island about three miles to the north and Matinicus Island about two miles further north, while the nearest mainland, bearing north by west and distant more than fifteen miles, is obscured from view by the drizzling rain. This light station is the outlying sentinel which guards the entrance of that splendid body of water, Penobscot Bay, nearly as large as the state of Rhode Island, and studded with hundreds of picturesque islands, great and small, many of which are dotted with hotels and summer residences of wealthy sojourners from the large cities. About a mile further out to sea from the lighthouses, and to starboard of the Vixen, the great whistling buoy ever and anon blows its warning blast as rising and falling on the waves it is worked automatically by the action of the sea.

"Forty miles to Mount Desert Rock Light," he soliloquizes, "and about seventy miles to Bar Harbor. She's making rather bad weather of it and logging not over eleven knots an hour. It will be eleven or twelve o'clock before we run into smooth water, and I'm thinking there won't be many go to the saloon for breakfast even though the steward sets the table with the rack and fiddlers to keep the dishes on. Well a little seasickness will do them all good and give them a ravenous appetite for dinner at Bar Harbor."

Looking about the ship, Charlie found himself alone on the quarter deck; it was the first mate's watch, and on passing Matinicus he had left the bridge and gone to the pilot house to give the helmsman the course to Duck Rock Light, northeast by east three quarters east. The quarter-master was keeping a sharp lookout ahead, and the rest of the watch in their oilskins were lounging about forward, seeking such shelter from the storm as they could find on deck.

Just then Charlie noticed a floating object on the port side, which the yacht almost ran over, and curious to know what it might be, he rushed to the side and, thoughtful of danger, leaned far over the rail to get a good view as it passed almost beneath him. He had barely made out that it was a small boat capsized and floating full of water, when the yacht struck by an enormous wave, gave a sudden lurch causing him to lose his balance and pitch headlong over the rail into the raging sea and almost on top of the floating wreck. Down, down he went until it seemed as though he would never stop sinking, but he was a good diver and swimmer, and so he held his breath until he came to the surface. As soon as he could get his breath again, he shouted and waved his arm above his head in a frantic effort to attract attention on board the yacht, which he felt was almost hopeless, as no one knew he had gone on deck; no one had seen him fall overboard, and the few on deck had their attention otherwise engaged.

The yacht was more than a hundred yards away when he first came to the surface, and it was only now and then as he rose on the crest of a huge wave that he could see her.

To say he was frightened is putting it mildly, for he fully realized the almost hopelessness of his situation, but he was cool and kept his head. After two or three efforts, he saw it was a useless waste of strength to try to attract attention on board the yacht, and so he abandoned the attempt, and turned his thoughts to other possible means of rescue. Athletic and powerful swimmer that he was, he found it difficult to keep his head above water in that boisterous sea, and it seemed certain that his strength would fail him before he could hope to reach land or be picked up by some passing vessel.

He was about giving up hope when he caught a glimpse of the cause of his misfortune, the wrecked boat, as he was raised by one wave and it floated on the top of the next. Here was a ray of hope, a bare possibility that if it had sufficient buoyancy it might serve him as a life preserver, and keep him afloat until rescued. But even then the hope was small, for the wind was increasing in violence, the waves gaining in size, a storm was coming on and no yacht or pleasure boat or craft of any kind would venture out, and his chances of being seen and picked up by a vessel making for harbor were slight indeed; while it was almost certain death to be driven onto the rocky shores or islands of the coast of Maine by the wind and waves of such a storm as was brewing. He would be pounded to death on the rocks by the breakers.

Such were the thoughts that ran through his head, but he was a young man of courage and energy, and so, obedient to the instinct of self-

preservation and with the thought that "while there is life, there is hope," he struck out bravely for the wreck, which he soon reached, and found to be a large yawl boat with long, cork-filled side-fenders which gave it unusual buoyancy although it was completely filled with water. With this support he was able to keep his head above the water with comparative ease.

In a short time he noticed that with the combined action of the wind, waves and tide, he was drifting rapidly toward Matinicus rock on which the lighthouses stand, and as he drew nearer he strained his eyes each time a rising wave gave him a momentary view to see if he could find any little cove or other sheltered nook where he could hope to make a safe landing, but was horrified by the frightful violence with which the surf appeared to beat on all visible parts of the island shore.

Now he is so near that the deafening roar of the breakers sounds like the thunder of Niagara; and now for a moment it seems possible that the current may carry him just clear of and past this little rocky island, but no, it will throw him on the point near the extreme end. There is no possible chance for life in such a landing, and so the natural dread of impending, imminent death spurs him to make one more hopeless effort to prolong life even a brief time by letting go the wreck which has kept him afloat, and striking out with all his strength to swim out far enough so as to be drifted past the island. It requires a tremendous exertion, and even if successful in escaping immediate death on the rocks, his strength will be nearly exhausted and he cannot hope to keep afloat long without the aid of the wreck which he has to abandon, and which will be dashed to pieces on the rocks.

Vivian Vose, the twenty-year-old daughter of the chief of the light station, has gone out on the point to view the grandeur of the angry sea breaking on the rocks. She arrives just in time to see Charlie abandon the wreck and strike out heroically in his efforts to weather the point of the island. She instantly takes in the situation. Her father and the other four lighthouse tenders, having been on duty all night, had their breakfast at sunrise and are now fast asleep. The only other man on the island is in charge of the great steam fog trumpet which has to be blown every thirty seconds, so he cannot leave his post of duty even for half a minute.

Without a moment's hesitation, she rushes to the other side of the little island which is somewhat sheltered from the violence of the storms that sweep in from the ocean, and launching the boat, which is pulled out on the shore, jumps in and bending to the oars with all her strength succeeds in rowing to the end of the island where Charlie is struggling for life, just in time to see him almost succeed, but fail. He almost clears the point, but a breaker dashes him against a sunken ledge which extends out beyond the shore and barely rises to the surface of the water. The next wave lifts and washes him completely over the sunken rock into deep water again, and the wind and current are now carrying him limp and motionless body on beyond and past the island.

"Is he dead, stunned or exhausted by his exertion?" she keeps asking herself, but she does not wait to see. Although somewhat sheltered by the island from the full fury of the storm, it takes every ounce of strength she has to keep her skill head to the waves, and force it forward into the teeth of the gale, but she is as skillful as any fisherman in the handling of her boat, and the hope of saving human life nerves her to superhuman effort for the moment, so that she reaches him just as he is sinking. She finds him senseless, perhaps dead. Now is the most dangerous and most difficult part of the task, to manage to get this man into the boat without swamping it in this heavy sea-way; it would tax the skill of a fisherman, but she proves herself equal to the emergency.

Running her boat up beside him, she tosses the oars into the boat, leans over the side, grasps him by the arms, tips the boat to the water's edge, and just as the next wave raises him, she partly lifts and rolls him into the boat. In doing so the boat half fills with water, but instantly she regains her seat and her oars, and has the boat again under control, and exerting all her strength, she soon runs the boat ashore on the crest of an incoming wave, at the sheltered side of the island. As it touches land, and before the wave recedes, she leaps into the water, and pulls up the boat as far as she can, ties it securely, and runs to the house, and calls her father to help, and then drops weak and trembling into a chair, for she has reached the limit of her strength.

She is a beautiful girl, with large blue eyes, golden brown hair, and rosy cheeks. A little taller than the average of her sex, her perfectly developed figure and her graceful carriage make her a model of feminine strength, health and beauty that would be envied by the most advanced physical culturists. Her manner is modest and refined; her face is bright and intelligent, and her conversation does credit to the State Normal School at Castine, where she finished her education. Her father was the owner and skipper of a fishing schooner which hailed from Boothbay Harbor, Maine, until three years previously, when she was wrecked in a storm. In making his escape from the wreck, he suffered injuries which at his age unfitted him for the hardships of a seafaring life, and so he settled down to cultivating his little farm which overlooks the sea at Boothbay Harbor, and to enjoy more of the society of his wife and daughter. But the girl went away to normal school to fit herself to become a school teacher, and his wife died of pneumonia the same winter, and he became so lonely that he sold his farm for a large price to a man who wanted it for a summer home. Then he secured the position of chief of Matinicus Rock Light Station.

The keepers of the lighthouses located on the mainland and on the large inhabited islands have their families with them, but such desolate locations as Matinicus on a barren rock more than fifteen miles from the mainland are too dreary for women and children, and so the government has a crew of three or more men for each light-house, so situated, in order that each man may spend two weeks on shore and four weeks on duty at the lighthouse always having at least two on duty, and where there is also a fog whistle, no less than three all the time. So Matinicus, with its two lighthouses and big twelve-inch steam fog trumpet, always had a crew of five or more men, but rarely was honored with the presence of one of the gentler sex.

Vivian's presence on this occasion is accounted for by the fact that she was making her father a vacation visit of a fortnight. The rest of her vacation she spent with her uncle and aunt at Boothbay Harbor.

Vivian had scarcely recovered from the fatigue and shock of her heroic rescue, when her father announced that he and his assistant had found the young man alive but unconscious, and apparently suffering from a severe blow on the head. They had undressed him and put him in bed and made him as comfortable as possible. As everybody at the station had his own special duties to perform, it fell to Vivian to nurse the sick man, and this she did most faithfully.

It is a most peculiar situation. The warm-hearted, heroic girl, whose tender heart has never been stirred with love finds herself the custodian of a handsome young man, probably about twenty-four, and who without doubt is a college graduate from his conversation.

Owing to the fact that he was so scantily dressed the question of his identity appears not to be easily solved. Although there was little to indicate his station in life, Vivian knows that he is a gentleman, and surmises that he is in affluent circumstances.

After forty-eight hours of unconsciousness, during which time the devoted young nurse is frantically anxious about him, the soft, brown eyes open, and a clear voice asks:

"Where are we darling?"

"Vivian starts back, but the young man reaches out his hands and says earnestly:

"Don't tease me Elsie, dearest. I feel as though I had been near losing you. Tell me there is no danger, sweetheart. I could not endure it. Life would be worth nothing without you," and he clings to her hand.

Then something new seemed to strike him, for he looked reproachfully at the shapely, browned hand.

"Where is your ring? Elsie, don't you love me?" and the pale face flushed, and Charlie tried to rise from his pillows.

Vivian knew enough of injuries such as his to realize that the man she had rescued had awakened so far as to recover the use of five senses, sight, hearing, etc., but that he was evidently out of his head.

Gently she lays his head back on the pillow, and murmurs:

"There, there, rest, you have been sick."

"Sick Elsie? No, I have had an awful dream, I guess, for dearest girl I dreamed you deserted me, broke our engagement; and now I wake to find you beside me, but without the ring. Why is it?" And a weary, stricken expression came into the dark eyes.

Vivian's sweet face flushes, but she does not reply, how can she when she does not know who the man is or what is his name. She knows that he mistakes her for his sweetheart to whom he is evidently engaged.

"Tell me, Elsie, why do you try to torment me, when I love you so?" and his voice breaks, and the fever flushes come over his drawn and agonized features.

She knows it will not do for her patient to become excited, especially as he is evidently suffering from injury to the brain, and so she adopts an expedient. Having saved him from the sea, now she must act the part of sweetheart to try to save him from death by inflammation of the brain. Going up to him, she lays her cool hand on his hot temple and whispers:

"What a horrid, foolish dream, dear! But you are sick and I have come to nurse you. Now, go to sleep, and when you wake I will have the ring on," and as though there was some healing charm in her voice, and the touch of her hand, he draws the latter down to his cheek, and falls asleep.

As she sat there looking down upon the helpless, handsome man whom fate had cast into her arms, the girl wonders what will be the outcome. Evidently there is another girl in his life, one whom he loves dearly, and yet with a quick stab of the heart, Vivian realizes that this Elsie, who appears to be the only one he remembers out of his past, was not always as kind and considerate of him as she ought to be if she is his promised wife, which undoubtedly she is from his talk. And she must listen to his love talk intended for this Elsie, and she must act Elsie's part and make love to him in return.

As she thus thinks, Charlie stirs and whispers something, and bending over him, she catches the words:

"We'll be married darling just as soon as I get well, and that will be soon with you for my nurse, it is so good of you, Elsie dearest," and the warm flush dyes her lovely face, for no one ever said such words to her before, even by proxy. Then with eyes open, he says, "You never looked so sweet or seemed so kind. You have at times seemed cold and I have feared you did not love me. But you are so good to me now, I know you love me."

It is a strange situation, and no wonder that the girl's untouched heart should receive an impression that nothing will efface, although she is wonderfully loyal to that unknown girl, and only responds to him when she is afraid that he will do himself injury by worrying and fretting about what he thinks is her coldness. Was ever a girl in such a situation? What will he think of her love making when he recovers his mind? How can she possibly explain to him?

Perhaps he will not remember any of their talk, in which case there will be nothing to explain. But this thought gives her a heart throb, quite unexpected. To have to sit by the hour day after day and be admired, praised and made love to by a handsome young man who mistakes her for his fiancée, and to know that it is all intended for another girl is hard enough; to be obliged to act this other girl's part and pretend to reciprocate his love is still more trying; to know by his talk that she has succeeded better than the original, that she pleases him better than the real Elsie that he thinks her kinder and more loving and tender and that in her impersonation he sees his Elsie improved in every way, prettier, more charming, lovelier; in fact, while she really believes and has never once doubted that she is his Elsie as he sees in her his Elsie glorified, his Elsie as he wants her to be, his ideal of woman is a trying ordeal.

How long can a young woman be subjected to such sincere, loving, devoted admiration by a handsome and attractive young man without her heart beginning to respond in some measure?

So when the thought occurred to Elsie, that perhaps he would not remember his love talk to her when he recovered his full mental faculties, perhaps he would also forget his admiration for her, perhaps forget that he had ever seen her, she knew for the first time that such forgetfulness would be a bitter disappointment to her; that she was beginning to feel in her heart the only; that in her very soul she was beginning to live the part that she was acting.

"Why should he remember her," she said to herself, "if he recovers? He remembers nothing of his life before his accident, not even his own name. He can give no clue to his own identity. He cannot even tell how he came to the lighthouse. He has no remembrance of being in the water. All of his life before the waves dashed his head against the ledge is an absolute blank save his remembrance of Elsie and his love of her."

If he dies without recovering his mind, Vivian can marry him as a lover without being guilty of any disloyalty to the real Elsie. But if he recovers his mind the situation will be dreadful for Vivian. If he does not remember her it will almost break her heart. If he does remember her and still feels the love and admiration for her which he now feels and expresses, what will be the outcome? Will he break his engagement with Elsie and ask Vivian to marry him? If he does so, what shall Vivian do? All these questions she asks herself as she sits the weary hours watching beside his bed.

But Vivian is a true-hearted girl, the very soul of honor, and so she will do her duty, as she sees it, at whatever cost or sacrifice. Her strict New England conscience inherited from her Puritan ancestry tells her, that to the real Elsie belong this young man's heart and love, and that she has no right to take advantage of the accident which has thrown him in her path, so to speak, placed him temporarily under her influence, perhaps even in her power to shape his after life and control his destiny. She feels in duty bound to act the part of Elsie so long as he believes her to be his real Elsie, and equally in honor bound to conceal from him her affection as soon as he shall recover sufficiently to recognize his real sweetheart; not only to conceal her love from him, but also, in loyalty to the real Elsie, to repel actively any advances that he might make in case he should, after full recovery and with full knowledge of all that had occurred, be inclined to give his love to her and with it should offer his hand in marriage, instead of to Elsie.

To her mind her duty was clear, and with her the recognition of duty carried with it an unwavering resolution to act accordingly. The Pilgrim blood in her veins endowed her with that conscience-governed iron will which had nerved the little band of exiles on the Mayflower to seek an asylum for religious and political liberty in the wilderness of the new world.

She firmly resolved, though it fore her very heartstrings that when he left the lighthouse she should forever pass out of his life.

For ten days Matinicus has no communication with the rest of the world, and then the lighthouse tender, a steamer with headquarters in Portland, Maine, which the government keeps for the special purpose of carrying supplies to the lighthouses on the Maine coast, calls at Matinicus to land supplies. The unknown man is recognized by the officers, who inform Vivian and her father who their guest is and how he happened to be cast upon their hospitality. Charlie is taken on-board enroute for his family, and Vivian remains at the lighthouse, though Charlie raves because they are separating him from his Elsie. It is a hard parting for Vivian.

She begins to realize what a void there is in her life, and seems to hear in each sound of the breakers the dirge of a love-filled life.

The morning that Charlie fell overboard, he was not missed until two hours later, when the cabin steward went to his room to see if he would come to breakfast, or have something brought to his stateroom, as it was so rough. Not finding him there, search was made all over the yacht, and when there was no trace of him, they slowly came to the mournful conclusion that he had fallen overboard, but how, when or where, they could not imagine.

The yacht was immediately put about, and run back over her course as far as Portland, although they no real expectation of finding any trace of him at sea. Their only hope was that he might have been picked up by a passing vessel, in which case they would soon hear from him. They telephoned and telegraphed to every place on the coast between Boston and Bar Harbor, but no word came from him, no news. They remain with the yacht in Portland, hoping, that if drowned, his body might be washed ashore, but have given up finding him alive, all except his twin sister. His father is heartbroken at the loss of his namesake, the pride of his manhood, the son in whom he had centered all his hopes. His mother, whose love for her courteous son who had never given her a day of anxiety since his birth, felt that it would not be long before she joined him, and his sweetheart went from one convulsion to the other, calling upon him, and raving about her indifferent teasing of him. They put on mourning, except his sister Grace, who when urged to do so, says gently, but with a far-away expression in the brown eyes so like Charlie's:

"I can't Mamma, because I know Charlie is not dead. He is hurt, sick, lying in a strange bed, and he does not know me," and then she begins to weep, and her mother clasping her in her arms begs her not to talk that way.

"But Mamma I have dreamed, and dreamed it every night since he disappeared and I know he is not dead. I will not put on the mourning for the living," and Mrs. Graham allows her to follow out her own ideas, thinking that perhaps this hope will sustain her through the dreary time that must intervene before they hear something definite.

Unconsciously, however, they are all influenced by Charlie's earnest words, and because of this they remain in Portland, although otherwise they would return to Philadelphia. Of course they have no heart for the gaieties of Bar Harbor, that social rival of famous Newport.

At last though, Mr. Graham believes it will be better to get his wife and daughter back to their own home, and is urging upon them to return, when the lighthouse tender comes into the harbor, and they receive the astounding news that Charlie is on board.

As Mr. and Mrs. Graham and Grace realized how dear Elsie was to Charlie, they took her with them when they went to claim their lost one, and they were astonished at the warmth of the girl's demonstration. Sobbing wildly she threw herself upon her lover and raining kisses upon him she begged him to tell her where he had been.

"I thought I would die, Charlie," she cried, "when I thought you were gone forever. Oh, darling, tell me where you have been, where, where? How could you hurt me so?"

The handsome face lighted up, and Charlie's weak hands sought to draw the vivid young face with its Spanish coloring closer to his own. "Elsie," he whispered, but his voice did not sound natural to his family, and Grace said decidedly:

"Don't excite him so, Elsie, remember he has been sick," and she resolutely drew the still sobbing girl aside, and said in her pleasant voice: "Well, brother, a pretty scare you have given us but thank goodness you are found now, and we'll nurse you back to good health."

At her voice Charlie raised his eyes, and smiled slightly, but said nothing.

"How are you feeling, now, dear?" whispered his mother. Charlie still made no answer, but when his father said brusquely to hide his emotion:

"Hardly able to stand your watch just yet, eh, lad?" he turned to Elsie and asked wonderingly:

"Who are these kind people, Elsie, and who is this Charlie they are talking about?" they realized with sickening certainty that while the body of their loved one had been returned to them, the mind was still wandering in an unknown realm.

They were frantic and could only hope that returning strength would bring back his recollections, but although they did everything for him, at first taking him to the Maine General Hospital in Portland for treatment, and then to Bar Harbor to escape the August heat. When the cool fall weather made their city home comfortable, it was decided that he would be better off in Philadelphia, where he could be under the care of the great specialists, and so the family returned home after the saddest summer they had ever spent. Here, in his native city, the poor boy was examined by one great nerve and brain specialist after the other, and all united in declaring that his condition was caused by an indentation of the skull, and that unless the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)



# IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

## Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; \* stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

## Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

## Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. \* indicates a repetition.

## Kensington Painting

**T**HIS method of home decoration which was so very popular some years ago, is a form of fancy work which seems to have had a recent revival. As many of our readers have expressed an interest in it, we give here two illustrations of designs suitable for table cover, pillows, chair cushions, lap robes, etc. The work is done with oil paints, an ordinary pen, a knife (made especially for this work), also a palette is needed for mixing and holding the paint.

Velvet, velveteen and felt are the best materials to use, demin, linen and burlap can be painted, though the work is a little more difficult, burlap especially requiring more paint and also patience as the hair-like threads are liable to catch in the pen and cause more or less trouble.

Flowers and fruit are the best subjects for this work. Pond lilies, pansies, daisies, wheat and poppies are very attractive. All should be colored as near to nature as possible.

## Morning Glories

For a design similar to this a light neutral cone background would be best, as so many different shades of blue, pink and purple can be worked into this flower. In painting leaves always vary the green from light to dark to avoid a flat appearance and vein in with burnt senna. Use an ink eraser or sharp penknife to do this veining, to make a clean, sharp line and form a roll around the edge of the flowers, and also to break up the center of each flower.

## A Linen Portiere

A very pretty piece of work in this line, recently seen, was a curtain of natural color linen, decorated with a branch of oranges. This came in from the upper right-hand side and reaching almost to the bottom, showed the oranges in various stages, from green to ripe, and also a few of the blossoms.

In doing this work the paint should be laid on thickly, and each stroke should be true, as the effect is easily spoiled if it is worked over much. After a piece is finished it should be laid away and weighted so it will remain smooth until it dries, which will not be for a week or ten days according to the amount of paint used.

## Horse Chestnuts

These can be painted in natural tones, but as such a design is rather somber in coloring, red and yellow can be worked into the leaves to give the bronze effect, noticeable in the late fall.

## New Use for Old Gloves

Durable covers for sofa pillows are being made of the wrists of old gloves. Kid of the same quality should be used and only strong pieces worked in, so that one will be paid for the work.

Clean thoroughly with benzine or gasoline first. Then have a pattern of stiff cardboard and cut each piece with care and exactness, having all of uniform size and shape and the edges perfectly smooth.

The best design, as the pieces are necessarily small, is a hexagon. A pleasing effect can be worked out by arranging all the lightest shades in the center and dark on the sides or



HORSE CHESTNUT DESIGN FOR TABLE COVER. simply put in, in hit-or-miss fashion, as preferred.

Join the pieces on the wrong side by over-casting, using strong waxed silk and a regular glove needle. Line the back of the cushion with bright silk or satin.

## Relief Edging in Crochet

This work results in heavy handsome lace quite different in appearance from the ordinary

crocheted lace so familiar to all the readers.

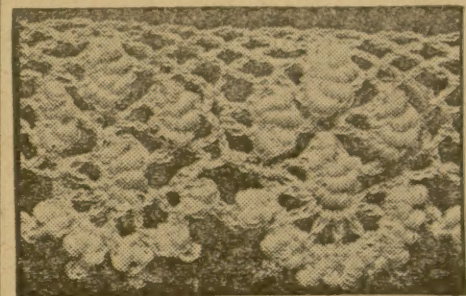
The first pattern, an inch and a half wide can be increased to any width by simply repeating the diamond pattern.

Use No. 40 crochet cotton.

Make a chain of 25 stitches. Slip stitch in the 10th chain (5 chain and slip stitch in the next 5th chain); repeat 3 times.

2nd row.—Ch. 7, sl. st. in first sp., ch. 5, sl. st. in next sp., ch. 5, 2 doubles with ch. 2 between in next sp., this is foundation for shell; ch. 5, sl. st. in last sp.

3rd row.—Ch. 7, sl. st. in first sp., now sh. of 4 r. sts., o. 10, under the ch. 2, fasten down



RELIEF EDGING IN CROCHET.

with sl. st. in next sp., ch. 5, sl. st. in next sp., ch. 5, sl. st. in last sp.

4th row.—Ch. 7, sl. st. in first sp., ch. 5, 2 d. c. with ch. 2 in between in next sp., ch. 5, sl.



MORNING GLORIES IN KENSINGTON PAINTING.

By Mrs. J. L. McBrayer.

st. on center of shell, ch. 5, 2 d. c. with ch. 2 between in last sp.

5th row.—Ch. 5, shell under ch. 2, fasten on next sp., ch. 5, sl. st. on next sp., shell under ch. 2, ch. 5, sl. st. on end sp.

6th row.—Ch. 7, sl. st. on first sp., ch. 5, sl. st. on center of shell, ch. 5, 2 d. c. with ch. 2 between in next sp., ch. 5, sl. st. in center of shell.

7th row.—Ch. 2, sl. st. on first sp., shell under ch. 2, fasten down on next sp., ch. 5, sl. st., ch. 5, sl. st.

8th row.—Ch. 7, sl. st. in first sp. ch. 5, sl. st. in next sp., ch. 5, sl. st. on center of shell, ch. 5, sl. st. on end of shell; for scallop, ch. 5, double under the ch. 5, on shell of diamond (ch. 2 and double in the same place) 5 times, a double under the end sp. of the first row. Turn.

9th row.—Under each of the five sps. on the scallop work, first a single then a r. st., then a five ch., a p. made by making a sl. st. in the first of the five, next a r. st. and last a single, ch. 2, sl. st. in first sp. (ch. 5, sl. st. in next sp.) repeat four times.

Begin at the 2nd row for next scallop.

## Cluster Pin Cushion

Material required three yards No. 1 ribbon, odd bits of silk, paper of pins and box of varied colored ones.

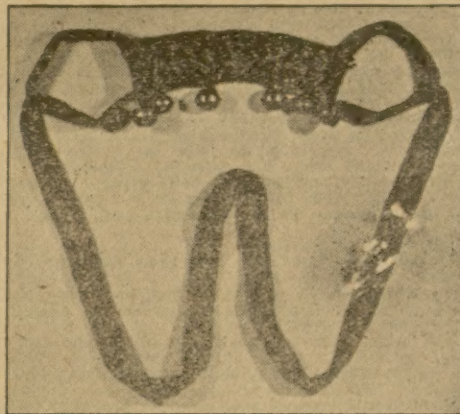
Cut twelve pieces from old postals, the size of half a dollar or smaller if one prefers. Cover each circle, six with velvet and six with silk, putting silk and velvet to match together if possible, sew neatly all around. Cut the ribbon into different lengths and insert one end in each ball, as they are made. Then put in the pins, placing the black ones with the black velvet and silk, blue with the blue, etc. When finished one will have a useful little article to hang beside the dresser. MRS. J. B. LANE.

## Knitted Reins

Cast on 20 stitches for the breast piece, knit across plain, turn and continue until this piece

is seven or nine inches long according to size of the children it is intended for.

The armhole bands are plainly knit inch and a half strip, while the reins are two inches



KNITTED REINS.

and as long as are desired. Sew all the parts together as shown, the armhole bands coming from the top and bottom of the breast piece and the reins proper starting from the middle of the arm bands, so they will draw from the center of the back. Little bells finish the front.

## Yoke in Relief Crochet

This yoking is designed for a fancy corset-cover or night-gown. Ribbon is run around the neck in spaces worked for it, this is bordered with wheels made separately. These separate wheels are also used around the armholes and across the shoulders.

Start the yoke with 52 chain at least.

1st row.—(Make an open shell of 2 ch. and four doubles with 2. ch. between each double into the fifth ch., ch. 2 in a single in 4th ch.,



YOKE IN RELIEF CROCHET.

on the end in place of fastening down work a tr. in the end sp.

4th row.—Ch. 5, a single between 2nd and 3rd rolls, ch. 5, a single between next 2nd and 3rd rolls, twice more; ch. 5 and pass two rolls on this scallop and two on next scallop and make

single, repeat from beginning, end with a tr. in the top of the tr. on edge.

5th row.—Ch. 5, a single on center of first sp. (an open shell of four doubles with ch. 2, between each double into the next sp., ch. 2, a single on next sp. ch. 5 pass over ch. 5 and s. on first sp. of scallop) repeat four times and ending with a double on the edge. Repeat from the 2nd row.

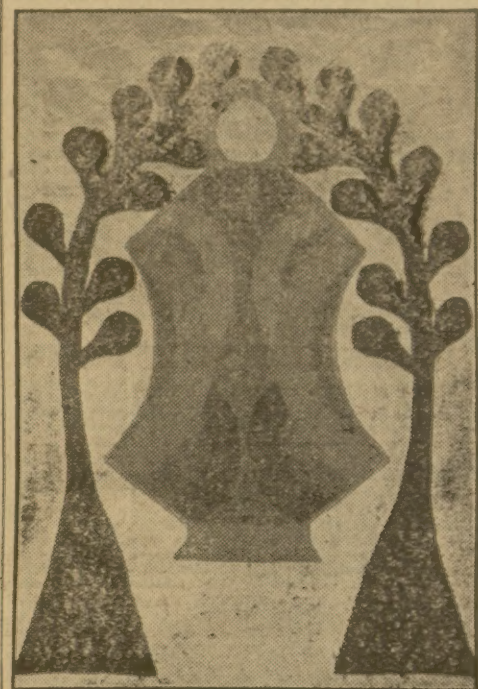
Start the separate wheels with ch. 6, joined in a ring, ch. 5 and 22 r. sts., o. 20 in the ring, join on top of first roll. Border this with ch. 5, and a sl. st. between each roll.

Make as many wheels as are necessary then crochet them to one edge with ch. 2 and sl. sts. joining four times between the wheels also.

A. O. L. WENTMAN.

## Japanese Lantern

The center part of this odd design is made by applying different shades of one color on white.



JAPANESE LANTERN

Any color that that will harmonize with the lantern may be used for the framework. It is an opportunity for one to use their skill in blending colors.

## Spider Web and Knot Stitch Lace

Ch. 65 sts., turn, sl. 4, 1 tr. in 5th st., ch. 3, 1 tr., 2 k. sts., sl. 8, shell of 1 tr., ch. 3, 1 tr. in 9th st., 1 k. st., sl. 3, 4 tr. in next 4 sts., ch. 7, sl. 5, 5 s. c. in next 5 sts., ch. 7, sl. 5, 4 tr. in next 4 sts., 1 k. st., sl. 3, ch. 1, shell, 2 k. sts., sl. 8, 1 shell in 9th st., 1 tr. in last st., turn.

2nd row.—Ch. 4, shell in shell, 2 k. sts., shell in shell, 2 k. sts., 1 tr. in last tr. of last row, 2 under ch. 1, in 4th st. of ch. 7, ch. 5, 3 s. c. on 5 s. c. of last row, ch. 5, sl. 4, 1 tr. in next st., 2 tr. on ch. 1 and 1 tr. of last row, 2 k. sts., shell in shell, 2 k. sts., shell in shell, 1 tr. on ch., turn.

3rd row.—Ch. 4, shell in shell, 1 k. st., fasten s. c. in k. of last 2 rows, 1 k. st., shell in shell, 1 k. st., fasten in k. of last row, 2 k. sts., 1 tr. on last tr. of last row, 2 under ch. 1, tr. in 3rd st. of ch. 5, ch. 3, 1 d. tr. in center of 3 s. c. of last row, ch. 3, 3 tr. in ch. 5, 1 in first tr. of last row, 2 k. sts. fasten in k. of last row, 1 k. st., shell in shell, 1 k. st. fasten in k. of 2 last rows, 1 k. st., shell in shell, ch. 3, 1 tr., 1 k. st., 1 tr. under ch. of 4 made in

last row, repeat twice, catch in next 4, ch. 1st. row, ch. 5, fasten in same st., ch. 7, fasten in last st. of ch., to form p., ch. 5, catch in same st. with first 5, 2 k. sts., catch in first tr., ch. 5, fasten in same 7 ch., fasten in last st., ch. 5, fasten in same st., continue round scallop.

4th row.—Tr. in tr., shell in shell, 2 k. sts. fasten in k. of last row, 2 k. sts., 4 tr. on ch. 3, ch. 2, 4 tr. on ch. 3, 2 k. sts., fasten in k. of last row, 2 k. sts., shell in shell, 2 k. sts., shell in shell, tr. in tr., turn.

5th row.—Ch. 4, shell in shell, 2 k. sts., shell in shell, 1 k. st., fasten in k. of last row, 2 k. sts., fasten in k. of last row, 2 k. sts., 4 tr. under ch. 2, 2 k. sts. fasten in k. of last row, 2 k. sts., fasten in k. of last row, 2 k. sts., 4 tr. under ch. 2, 2 k. sts. fasten in k. of last row, 2 k. sts., fasten in k. of last row, 2 k. sts., shell in shell, 1 k. st., fasten in k. of last 2 rows, 1 k. st., shell in shell, turn.

6th row.—Ch. 4, shell in shell, tr. in tr., turn. 6th row.—Ch. 4, shell in shell, 1 k. st. fasten in k. of last 2 rows, 1 k. st., shell in shell, 2 k. sts. fasten in k. of last row, 2 k. sts., 4 tr. on last k. st. of last row, ch. 2, sl. 2, tr. in last tr. of last row, 2 on ch. 1 on k. of last row, 2 k. sts. fasten in k. of last row, 2 k. sts., shell in shell, 1 k. st., fasten in k. of last 2 rows, 1 k. st., shell in shell, turn.

7th row.—Ch. 4, shell in shell, 2 k. sts., shell in shell, 1 k. st., fasten in k. of last row, 2 k. sts., 1 tr. in k. of last row, 2 under ch. 1, in first tr. of last row, ch. 3, 1 dtr., under ch. 2, ch. 3, tr. on tr. of last row, 2 under ch. 1 in k. of last row, 2 k. sts. fasten in k. of last row, 1 k. st., shell in shell, proceed for scallop as directed before.

8th row.—Ch. 4, shell in shell, 2 k. sts., shell in shell, 2 k. sts., tr. in k., 2 under ch. 1, tr. in first tr. of last row, ch. 5, 3 s. c. on tr. of last row, ch. 5, 4 tr. under ch., last one in k., 2 k. sts., shell in shell, 2 k. sts., shell in shell, tr. on tr., turn.

9th row.—Ch. 4, shell in shell, 1 k. st. fasten in k. of last 2 rows, 1 k. st., shell in shell, 1 k. st., 1 tr. in k. of last row, 2 on ch., 1 in first tr. of last row, ch. 7, 5 s. c. on 3rd st. of last row, ch. 7, 4 tr. under k. st. of last row, 1 k. st., shell in shell, 1 k. st., fasten in k. of last row, 1 k. st., shell in shell, tr. in tr., continue from 5th row.

MRS. GEO. BATTEN.





### Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand on an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### DEAR COMFORTERS:

Let me tell the dear sisters that I am a farmer's wife and my life is a very happy though busy one. I am five feet five inches in height, weight is about one hundred and fifty pounds and have light hair and gray eyes. There are seven of us, my husband, one boy, four girls and myself. But one of the children, however, is my own and she is just two months old. The other children are my husband's by a previous marriage, yet they are as dear to me as my own. While I am really only their stepmother I believe they love me as well as they do their father. It is a fact of which I am justly proud. We live on a homestead, my husband having lived here for several years before my coming. I am very well satisfied yet would be more so were it not for the severe wind-storms which occur in the spring and early summer.

The soil is very sandy in some localities, yet taking it as a whole, this country is a very productive one. We are fourteen miles from town and have no churches except our school-houses. They serve the purpose quite well, for where the heart is right it makes no difference whether our church be out of doors with nothing but the blue sky for a roof or a costly structure of stone. We can serve God just the same.

Some of our city sisters would open their eyes to see a common little country schoolhouse used for church services. I lived in an eastern city until my marriage, two years ago, and will confess that things, at first, seemed very odd and strange to me in this new country.

The following suggestions may help someone: A small lump of lard put into the starch, while cooking makes clothes iron smoothly and leaves a glossy effect.

For the crust forming on baby's head use a generous application of olive oil, then in two or three hours wash thoroughly with warm water into which an egg has been beaten. This is a tried and true remedy.

Will some of the sisters write me? Wishing COMFORT another twenty-one years of success and the sisters much happiness, I am an Okla. sister, Mrs. L. E. JOHNSON, Galena, Okla.

Mrs. Washburn sends a good letter, expressing herself in a similar vein.

I believe the home is thrice happier after little ones enter it. It certainly strengthens the parents' love for each other as I know by experience. I know of more than one couple who have parted for the simple reason that they were childless. What is sweeter than baby's love? They bring more real happiness into the home than anything on earth can.

Mrs. Elsie Day and others please write me. I will answer all.

Mrs. B. G. WASHBURN, Frewsburg, N. Y.

### DEAR SISTERS:

Time flies quickly and our birthdays come so often that gray hairs and wrinkles multiply, but we can rise above the inevitable and enjoy this beautiful world as well at sixty as at twenty. One of the most attractive women I ever met with said she thought that in order to offset old age one should deem it a duty to redouble their efforts in dressing neatly and becomingly. She practiced what she preached and outshone her daughters. The most particular aged lady I ever saw, told me that when she was a girl she visited a friend who had the care of an elderly woman and she said in all the three years she had been with her, she never knew her to wash her face and hands, this made such an impression upon her young mind that then and there she resolved to be more careful of personal care as she grew old.

Miss Amelia Brotherhood of Los Angeles, Cal., is president of a Hundred Year Club. No doubt if its rules are followed, a long life would be insured. Thousands of dollars are expended for food inspection and balanced rations for man and beast, but it is just as necessary for the welfare of the body to have variety, rest, recreation and reading in the twenty-four hours. How many women, especially farmers' wives take a daily brisk walk just for the exercise? While there are some husbands who are pleased to see their helpmates get out of their routine of toil,

**BUNCO STEERERS' Tricks which victimize thousands every year exposed in instructive, entertaining, startling story, "Reuben Jones at the County Fair," in September COMFORT.**

there are too many who do not look kindly upon anything that takes them away from it even for an hour, saying the place for a woman is at home, but they patronize clubs and barrooms evening after evening while many a wife is too often alone at that. When there is no grange, A Neighborhood Home Reading Club, taking in whole families, old and young, is productive of great good in a community. I have witnessed its success, there were no homes broken up, on the contrary they were made more harmonious for

the wives grew broader minded, thinking of loftier things than the petty cares which tend to fretfulness. Dear sisters do more of your own thinking, keep abreast of the times. Remember that every century advances. You will be the loser if you do not know of the wonderful happenings taking place at Melbourne, Australia, Joannesburg and Pretoria. The passing of matter through matter by scientists in the astral spheres. The investigators and scientists on this side are proving to the world—without money and without price (which precludes fraud) that the so-called dead are more alive than ever, and are anxious to establish communication with earth friends from their realm which interpenetrates ours and it is no more an impossibility under certain laws than wireless telegraphy. Mr. Gannett cannot but help make COMFORT far reaching when he is doing such a good work for the helpless. M. E. MALLETT, Lee, Maine.

### DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Warm and sweet has been the welcome extended me—at the same time so flooded am I with white-winged messages that still continue to pour in, it is impossible for me to neglect answering the same.

My heart goes out to the mothers who have lost their little earth angels and whose arms are empty—Mrs. Harriet Kilse, Ada Marlin, Mrs. Gustave Pollath—and all others the loss of your beautiful children finds an echo in my own soul, and sends me back to years ago when another little sliken head lay on its pillow of white-scented blossoms and my baby finding her wings, opened them wide and vanished beyond the golden stars. But through the darkness there comes to me such a comforting message—so beautiful a thought I must share it with you all. A sweet little girl, whose white brow had been pressed deep by the red-rose of pain, lifted her big starry eyes to her mother and said when she heard of a little friend's death: "O, mamma, don't you think Jasmine's little girl will meet baby Rose and just love her she's so sweet and won't she take her around in that beautiful Heaven so she won't be lonely?" What a wave of rapturous delight the child's beautiful thought sent over me. Often I sit here in the twilight or lie awake in the soft dusk of the night and have such glorified visions and dream such dreams.

I see my baby coming across the silver sands, where in the far distance under the smiling skies stretches out an endless sea of blue waves—green fields and white blossoms—the air heavy with the breath of tall white lilies, jasmine and rose.

O, my little golden-haired baby—wide are her arms and sweet the little faces coming to greet her! Blue eyes and brown, what a dear welcome burns in each! Lips like Cupid's bow and mouth like a flower unblown meet in kisses we all have known and loved so well. No—our babies will not be lonely. I see them standing there in the white light of that glorious kingdom watching and waiting for us, when the gate swings back and life's long dream is over. And think for a moment how blessed it is to have a little angel on the other side waiting to greet you! Come close, put your hands in mine and listen. There are no tears for those beautiful eyes to weep, nor will the sorrowful angel Pain press down kisses on the wee red mouth, and more exquisite yet—is the knowledge sin will never sully the lily whiteness of your little blossoms or press on their golden tresses the cruel crown of thorns. To me, all this is unspeakably sweet to remember. It makes all this longing and loneliness possible to bear. I often thank God when sorrow and anguish come to me that my little child is safe from it all; that under the pitiful skies never will she wander alone with heart-aches such as all human hearts have to endure.

I am not sorrowful, for the little one who has passed on is always my baby. She remains tiny and sweet as when I laid her away in her flower cradle, so dear hearts look up through your tears and smile. God knows best. My thoughts are with you often.

ANGIE L. FAIRCHILD, 47 Orange St., Chelsea, Mass.

### DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have endeavored to answer all letters and send patterns; if anyone was omitted please excuse me, for I have been ill. For the benefit of all I will give a little general information.

Expectants should wear loose clothing, bathe often, eat nourishing, easily digested food, get as much air as possible, keep bowels open, exercise but don't overdo it or lift heavy articles.

Baby's layette at least should contain three half wool second size shirts, three pair cashmere stockings, one year size (to allow for

**NEVER GAMBLE is the great lesson that COMFORT'S September story, "Reuben Jones at the County Fair" teaches. Don't gamble on the chance of your subscription expiring this month. Renew or extend now, 24 months for only 25 cents.**

shrinkage and several months' wear), three bands twenty by five inches with two inch hem on each side, three petticoats of half wool flannel, one lawn skirt in band, two shoulder blankets of fine bleached outing flannel, one dainty outing kimono, two or three outing nightgowns, three bishop slips, three cheap nainsook washes well, couple pretty lawn dresses, six bibs, two or three dozen diapers made of soft muslin, two or three dozen small square towels, two or three dozen small square towels, soft baby hair brush, small sharp scissors, bottle sweet oil, tiny cake pure white soap in covered box, safety pins, small and medium sizes and everything is in readiness. Don't forget to have rubber sheeting at least one yard square, water bag, bed pan and drinking cup.

Put yourself in baby's place and practice the golden rule, be sure to close doors and windows at bath time, however warm. Use soap sparingly, baby when small is not really dirty; after its face is bathed shake soap in bowl of water, but not enough so water looks soapy. If anything looks at all like chafing bathe with care, fully, applying boracic powder each time, and in a couple of days tenderness will disappear. Give teaspoonful water two or three times a day, when baby is restless you know it is dry and not hungry, turn it over, if it still frets and love it a while; love never spoils I know, when it lies quietly and needs no special attention leave it alone. For colic apply water bag warm weak checkerberry, peppermint, catnip, etc., if breast baby eat no pickles, cabbage, turnip or tiny; if specially colicky drink glass ginger tea (yourself) each day same time. If those who have babies whose stomachs reject nearly all food taken, or those suffering with cholera infantum and bowels in terrible condition, and all foods and remedies fail, try common crackers, crumb half of one, pour enough hot water over so when lukewarm will be soft, creamy, feed with teaspoon in place of bottle as much as your judgment tells you is right. It saved my boy sick with cholera, his stomach rejected all food, an elderly French neighbor told me of it. Later my five weeks' old baby girl was dying of malnutrition with doctor attendance. The food passed directly through her, she losing one pound in four days. When I began crackers, the doctor was horrified. I only smiled for they remained on her stomach and in a week he said she would pull through—crackers had saved her, though he never heard of such a thing. I shall be glad to explain more fully if needed. Send stamped addressed envelope.

Mrs. MARJORIE NEE, Wilmington, Mass.

### DEAR SISTERS:

It is a year since my last call and we all are plodding along in the same old way.

As our editor has asked us to touch on all subjects of general interest, I will ask this question, what do you each think the greatest evil next to liquor? To my mind gossip does the most damage. Whenever some little bit of news is told, have we not all noticed how it becomes exaggerated and in too many cases much mischief

results? Should not we each pledge ourselves that we will have no part in idle gossip? We each know our own business best, and we really actually know very little even about our most intimate neighbors and friends.

Let us strive to keep to the truth and pledge ourselves not to repeat anything which we hear detrimental to another.

Now as to those who wrote me and received no reply, please be patient for pennies are scarce with me. I certainly enjoyed all the pleasant letters and answered those which seemed most urgent first.

To the lady who wrote of her child waking and screaming at night I want to say, one of my boys was troubled the same way and later developed into a sleep walker but now at the age of seventeen is getting over it. If you care to, sister write me a personal letter and perhaps I can help you.

Just a word in regard to license. At present ours is a dry town but some of the business men think it harms business, traveling men do not like to come. I say liquor is a curse, let us all stand firm, business or no business. My husband might have been well off, but for this evil I lead of plodding along, working by the day.

We women must use our influence and stand pat, as they say, in this fight.

Mrs. MARY B. COOLIDGE, Hume, N. Y.

### DEAR SISTERS:

I have just been reading Mrs. Chester's letter which interested me. I think you are right in ignoring the rules of those who you say tell us to never talk religion or politics in company. The Bible says: "They that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened, and the book of remembrance was written before Him for them that \* \* \* \* \*thought upon His name."

I wish you would write again explaining more fully what you mean in the first half of the second paragraph. There are many more of us

**The THIMBLE RIG. You'll shun it if you're wise, if you know it. If you don't know, then get wise by reading the exposure in that interesting story, "Reuben Jones at the County Fair," in September COMFORT.**

who want our (?) church to just "take the Bible at what it says." I think we could come nearer bringing this about if each one would accept and practice all those things and only those which Christ and His apostles taught and commanded the first Christians. Let's try to understand the Bible just as we should if we had studied it before we ever heard or read what anyone else thought about it.

You think Satan causes our suffering. I think physical ills are caused by the transgression of physical laws, and that compliance with these laws the only "sure cure."

Annie Peavy. I can't tell you how much I sympathize with you. I'm a sort of "shut-in," too—not so much as you, though I was for several years. I don't think you would envy me, but there are many things "dear to every young person's heart," that I can never have. I am very far from being miserable, broken-hearted or hopeless. I used to rebel at my misfortune but though not yet as old as you I already have at least some of the "peace which passeth understanding." Of course I still wish very much that things were different but there is still so much in life that is beautiful and so many people to love and think about that I need not think much about myself.

Whatever is the cause of your mental pain. God can "heal the broken hearted" and the Psalmist says: "Delight thyself in the Lord and He shall give thee the desire of thine heart."

How many of you would rather the letters were printed before they get so old, and that we didn't have to sign our real names? I would.

MISS DORA HARRIS, Bradleyville, Mo.

### DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have read all the letters from month to month, and you have said so many good, helpful things there really seems nothing left for me to say. I'm sure we shut-ins appreciate the letters and the privilege we have of writing thus, more than the well ones do, it brings us in touch with the outside world.

I notice often we are spoken of as being patient and it always causes a little guilty feeling to come over me.

Oh, dear sisters if you knew how hard it is to keep a rebellious feeling from arising in our hearts when we see others able to work, go to town on Saturday, and to church on Sunday the year round while we are never able to do either, and how hard it is for us to keep from growing bitter toward the world when these same ones pass us by. No wonder we appreciate so highly and shed tears of gratitude over the words of cheer and encouragement from those who do try to send a ray of sunshine into our lonely lives. I read something the other day I would like to pass along. It was like this:

A rich man was dying and he thought "I am sure that money must be worth something in the other world too, and I must see to it that I do not go there with empty hands."

As soon as he had arrived inside the gates of Heaven he had to go through the usual formalities. He was asked where he came from, what he had done and so on, and he was very tired and terribly hungry and thirsty before the whole thing was over. He was just about ready to think he might die a second time from starvation when he saw a counter filled with eatables of all kinds, as his eyes wandered over the tempting dishes he seemed at a loss to select anything.

The girl behind the counter looked at him patiently for a while and then said:

"It is customary to pay in advance here."

With the greatest of pleasure the rich man took from his bag a gold coin and said: "Please."

Although the money was there the girl smiled, shook her head and said:

"I see you have not learned very much during your life. Here we do not accept the kopeks which you hold in your hand, but only those you have put into the hands of others. Think back and see if you can remember that you have ever helped a poor man or encouraged a sick one."

The rich man bowed down his head and thought. But never had he assisted anyone, never had he done anything for the sick or for the poor. Then two strong men appeared and carried him off below.

I wanted to say a lot about fancy work and all mail or give our COMFORT (after we have read it over and over) to some tired mother, cut out a pretty picture or two and stick in for the baby to look at while she reads. With love and best wishes to all.

Mrs. A. PROCTOR, Cement, R. D. 2, Okla.

### DEAR EDITOR AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I do not think anyone has written from this part of Texas. I cannot say how many years I have been a reader of dear old COMFORT. It is a comfort indeed, and has been a great help to me in many ways. I have only been a subscriber about two years. I do not think I could do without the paper.

I am twenty-five, have been married nearly five years, have had a very happy married life, with one of the best husbands and two dear little children, the oldest boy nearly four, the baby a girl nearly two; they are both bright little fellows and a great comfort. I do all my own laundry and keep me busy most of the time but for that.

This is not a good fruit country but we can raise most anything else; we have had it very dry this year having no rain until the last of May; as a rule we have plenty of rain to raise good cotton and feed crops.

I enjoy the talks on children. I think like Mrs. Ida Foile that first we should win the confidence of our children and always keep it; it is better than half the battle I believe. I remember how it was with my own dear mother, we

were just comrades and anything one of us was interested in the other was.

I sympathize with Mrs. Josie Burrows; it is sad indeed not to be blessed with health.

Mrs. Josephine Linden expresses my views on women's rights exactly.

Mrs. John Davison you have my sincere sympathy.

Bettie Mathes. I think you are a cheerful little woman and if a few more of us showed your Christian character the world would be better.

Mrs. Esther Serviss. No indeed I do not think that one's husband should think his mother's way the only one or allow his mother to criticize her ways unless it is very kindly put and badly needed then I would thank them for it and try again. I have such a dear mother-in-law, a second mother to me, and if she scolded me about anything I would deserve it. We may be a trial to our mother-in-laws as well as the other way.

I want to tell you sisters what play my washing is; my husband has a wood saw, and a three horse power gasoline engine and he fixed my washing machine so I can run it with his engine, and you do not know what a help it is. I do not have to rub any and all the clothes are perfectly clean, and white clothes will be snowy. I cannot say enough about it, it takes so much work from me as I have large washings. I wish all you dear sisters had something as convenient. I would like to share it.

Mrs. C. E. GOSS, Robert Lee, Texas.

### DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

After being a silent and constant reader of this paper since it was first published, I thought I'd draw round the circle and put in my little mite in exchange for benefits received.

How many know and have tried using a potato or turnip to rub on a griddle instead of lard, it works like a charm and no smoke. Greasing a new agate dish on the bottom with unsalted grease is best, before putting in the arch of stove and snout will wash off easily.

Clean your blue steel ranges with Bon Ami that is used to wash windows.

Make a gored apron of table oil cloth to wash dishes in and the clothes and note the saving of dirty aprons.

When you first feel tenderness between the toes as though a corn was forming place a thin cloth between, that is previously oiled and sometimes it arrests it.

Have any of the sisters made a practice of washing lamp chimneys in the morning when the breakfast dishes are washed then they are seldom forgotten?

Take salt and lemon juice and put on rust spots on white goods and then hold over steaming tea kettle spout, some may take several treatments, but they will come out if persevered in. If any of the sisters have wooden sinks buy a wire broom and use it, also to clean frying pans and dishes.

Have a hand brush to wash potatoes before peeling or baking and put a few broken stones, size of potatoes into a deep bucket with the new potatoes when they come, and cover well with water; slushing about will take almost all the skins off, saving those ugly stains from the fingers.

Keep an empty baking powder can on the kitchen cabinet to put all strings from packages, then a string is always obtainable; take two large paper bags and into one put all large pieces of whole paper large articles were wrapped in, folded tightly, into the other put all whole, clean paper bags of all sizes neatly folded, they are so handy when sending luncheon and different articles.

Dry all egg shells on back of stove, crushing and putting into a bag to keep to clean bottles, feed hens and to mix with little chicks' feed.

I take flour sacks from which the letters have been removed and hemstitch or stitch on machine and outline a small design on them, making them in oblong shape or leaving square to put beneath each individual plate to save table-cloth and much easier washed and ironed.

Will Idaho readers please send me particulars, prices, climate, and conditions of land in the following parts of Idaho: Shoshone, Twin Falls, American Falls, Payette Valley, or Coeur d'Alene.

I agree with Vere Cook perfectly. Mrs. I. D. POYFAIRE, nee COOKE, 1914 Summer St., Eureka, Cal.

### DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

When nothing but a very small child, I eagerly read COMFORT. Now that I'm married and the mother of two small children, I enjoy its many useful and interesting pages more and more. I've often thought of writing, yet fearing my letter would be of little value I've remained a silent reader. And as our esteemed editor has recently requested that our letters be of value and importance I feel more than ever incompetent to occupy a seat in your corner. However as I haven't seen any letters from this territory, I feel that someone should represent it. We know that in centuries past, when the Eastern part of the United States was being "settled up" it was thought to be a great and dangerous proposition, going across the briny deep to new homes in a bleak and dreary land. Those who, with courageous hearts, came and struggled through many hardships that they might live in the "land of the free and the home of the brave," are rightly and reverently termed heroes. So it should be this day and time considered of these brave men and women who are here contending with the many difficulties, characteristic of a new country. While the lot of these pioneers is not so hard, compared with our forefathers, still I think they deserve to some extent, the praise given them. Yet it seems there is little said concerning the present-day pioneers. Little praise is bestowed upon the brave women and children who stay alone holding their homesteads for months while the father goes away to work for their daily sustenance. But happily the worst is over. The drought and the panic have paid their visits and seem to be forgotten, since the glorious news of the coming of the railroad will be a permanent improvement, enabling people to develop their land and make it equal to the very best and far superior to some.

If any of you wish information concerning this lovely valley write me, inclosing stamp, and I will tell you what I can.

To prevent a dust in sweeping use moist sawdust on bare floors. If the room is carpeted, moisten a newspaper and tear in small pieces, scattering over the room before beginning to sweep.

Can some of the sisters tell me how to prevent a cold in the breast (not chest). Every time I have my hands in the washing, which is necessary each week, I take cold in my breast and it makes me very sick, also of course hurts the baby after nursing.

Mrs. MINNIE L. HUDGENS, San Jon, N. Mex.

### DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

This is my first attempt at writing to COMFORT. I like our dear old corner very much and I think it kind of the publisher to allow us this space in this, one of the best of papers. I live in the little village of Valley Creek, Texas, situated three and one half miles from the town of Leonard, consisting of some fifteen hundred inhabitants, situated on the M. K. T. Railroad. Leonard is famous for its grand picnics or the beautiful Lake Park. Leonard Lake covers about twenty acres of ground and is deep enough for small steam boats to run on, these are constantly used for the benefit of the picnickers and pleasure seekers who throng its shores in good weather. At this time of year Texas is noted for its beautiful wild flowers. I wish some of the Northern sisters could view a Texas prairie in May, they would certainly be overwhelmed with wonder and admiration.

Mrs. M. E. WEAVER, Leonard, R. D. 2, Texas.

### DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for several years. I often thought of writing but al-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)





## LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents.  
To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.  
To love our country and protect its flag.

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

## CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

**A**UGUST. My, but it's hot, isn't it? Toby's just looked at the thermometer and says it's forty in the sun. I just want to tell you these Maine summers are sizzlers. Talk about the tropics! Well they simply don't begin to hold a candle to the weather up here. I am fanning myself with a red hot wood stove. You have to do that in a Maine summer to keep comfy. We have thirteen months winter in the year here, all that's left over we call summer. Not much of 1909 remains. Father Time as a traveler has all the airships skinned to death. Boys and girls, make good use of your time, and always try to be on time. (I trod on a watch the other day, that was the only occasion I was on time in my life.) I don't think that certain misrepresentatives in Washington have any idea what time means, though some of them know pretty well what dollars mean, and where to get them. At least they are very rich and seem bent on serving only the interests of the rich. The U. S. Senate is largely an assembly of millionaires, some of whom acquired their wealth by methods none too creditable and bought their seats in the Senate by the notoriously corrupt use of money.

I am wondering if I shall ever live to see the day when Congress will permit the people of this trust-ridden land to have the parcels post and the postal savings bank. In my travels in foreign lands, I became so impressed with the great benefit of these two public utilities under government control and operation which other civilized countries enjoy, that it simply exasperates me to think that the great American people, who in private enterprise are the most progressive on earth, and who strut around with their chests thrown out, puffed up with pride and idle boasting that they are free and self-governing while in fact they are ruled by the trusts, professional politicians and corrupt political bosses, should be denied these valuable privileges just because certain powerful interests want to continue milking millions out of the people and have sufficient influence in Washington to set your wishes at naught. Successive Postmaster Generals have recommended, and presidential messages to Congress have urged the establishment of both. Why are the express companies, railroads and banking interests able to prevent the citizens of America from having conveniences which the subjects of the monarchies of Europe have enjoyed for nearly half a century? Honestly, it makes my blood boil to think of it, and if your blood doesn't boil too, it is because you've long since given up expecting anything that would help you from your government. That's just the trouble, the hopelessness, indifference or apathy of the people. You still have the power, if you good people would only get together and act; for thank God, the good people are still in the majority and can turn down and kick out the grafters whenever they become sufficiently aroused to take united action.

I know of nothing that would benefit this country so much as the parcels post and the postal savings bank. So there is some benefit to be derived from being governed by a hereditary monarch who, being above the temptations of avarice and political ambition, has no interest other than the welfare of his people, and is sufficiently strong to curb the arrogance of the trusts instead of being controlled by them. If the American people can't or won't master the criminal trusts they had best import from Europe a first-class king or emperor and hire him to do the job for them.

Both political parties in their platforms and by their spokesmen on the stump solemnly promised a revision of the tariff downward for the benefit of the people; one that should wrest from the rapacious trusts some of their excessive loot and bring down the prices of the necessities of life so as to make the problem of living less of a heart-breaking tragedy than it is for so many of our people. But how have they kept their word? With few exceptions the duties on necessities have been raised or left at the too high figures of the outgrown old schedule. Just another instance of the people being fooled by promises made for election purposes only. When all the states have a direct primary law like that of Oregon and a few others, which practically transfers the election of U. S. senators from the legislatures to the people, we may look for a little more regard in Washington for the wishes and interests of the people.

The effect of the panic of October 1907 has passed long since, and with the favorable crop conditions that have existed general prosperity has been restored and a big business boom is now impending, held back during the last nine months only by tariff uncertainty, and yet Congress called in extra session immediately after President Taft's inauguration, though urged by all business interests and constantly reminded by the public press of both parties to act expeditiously, has prolonged the agony of uncertainty late into the summer.

Too much time of Congress, especially in the Senate, has been wasted in windy attempts at oratory for consumption of constituents or for political purposes, while the business interests of the country in breathless suspense have been awaiting and demanding definite and final action.

But unsatisfactory as the results of this tariff revision appear to be, the most important thing is that it is done, settled, finished and out of the way for a time, at least, so that the business and industrial interests of the country, with the removal of the doubts and uncertainties which have hampered and checked their activities ever since election, may now readjust themselves to the new conditions.

There is one bright spot however, which is the exceedingly important and valuable amendment suggested and urged by President Taft in a special message and which provides for a U. S. tax on the net income or profits of corporations. Not only will this yield a large revenue to the national treasury, but the greatest benefit, as President Taft explains, will consist in the government inspection of and publicity given to the operation and management of the corporations necessarily incident to the assessment and collection of such an income tax. Each corporation will be required to keep a set of account books that will truthfully show all expenses of operation and all receipts of income, so that it will be easy to ascertain exactly what their respective net profits are, as it is on the net profits that the tax is to be assessed. This will give the government that power of inspection

and investigation of corporation management that ex-President Roosevelt repeatedly urged on Congress as an efficient means of regulating and curbing the criminal trusts. But Congress turned a deaf ear to this, as it did to most of Roosevelt's valuable recommendations of progressive legislation. But never mind about tariff. Even if you do have to pay three dollars and a half for a safety razor that can be manufactured for forty-five cents. What I want to get at and keep driving at is this: Let our six millions of COMFORT readers send a postal card once every month at least to their Congressmen, demanding post-office savings banks and parcels post. If we did that for six months, we'd get these great blessings which progressive democratic Europe has had for nearly fifty years, and which reactionary, behind the times, trust-ridden America hasn't got, because its people have not the horse sense to insist on having what is theirs by right. For heaven's sake let us remove this stain upon our national intelligence, this disgrace to our national honor, and thunder at the doors of Congress for these measures of reform that we will no longer be denied.

We are accomplishing great things with our wheel chairs, but not a hundredth part of what we might do. When we send out three chairs in a month, they represent seven hundred and fifty

**GEORGE SHELDON'S LATEST AND BEST serial love story begins in September COMFORT. Other great serial stories will begin in our October Harvest and November Anniversary numbers. Don't wait till you miss it. We can't send back numbers. Renew or extend your subscription two full years NOW while you can for only 25 cents.**

subscriptions. COMFORT goes in to a million and a quarter homes and each copy is read on the average by five people. This gives us six millions of readers, so that when seven hundred and fifty of you send in a wheel chair sub, reduced to figures, it means that only one in eight thousand of our readers has made any effort to help in this glorious work. So my dears, when you send in five subs, to the wheel-chair fund, you have done work that forty thousand people might have done, and didn't do. Surely there is some glory and credit in that. Please don't ask me to write and tell you how you can get chairs for shut-in friends. That means that I've got to write you a personal letter just because you are too lazy to neglect me to search COMFORT yourself, and I won't do it. We're giving this idea more publicity than anything we've handled. Every month it is explained how these chairs can be got in great, big, black type, and then the trouble brigade bobs up (though I myself have explained the matter again and again), and wants me to explain it all over again in personal letters. Let me tell the trouble brigade something, and let them ponder it well. In twelve years that I have been a bed-ridden shut-in, the pressure on my life has been so tremendous that I've been denied every pleasure which makes existence endurable. My bed is heaped high with mountains of papers and letters, and though I'm passionately fond of reading I haven't been able to read a single book in twelve years, with the exception of the Bible, which I've gone through time and again, as I make it a practice of reading three chapters every night, before going to sleep. I scan the daily papers and the magazines while I'm eating, so I can keep up with current events. The only vacation I ever get is when I'm visited by some severe illness. So please be merciful and don't ask me for information that is already printed monthly in this magazine. You know very well, if you want wheel chairs you must either pay for them, or work for them, and as we don't sell wheel chairs you must work for them. It takes two hundred and fifty subs. to get a chair, and if you don't earn those subs. somebody else must. Anyway they've got to be earned. Virginia Lynch of Campbellsburg, Ky., by her own exertions, got two hundred and fifty subscriptions and earned her own chair. I am going to get her to tell you how she did it. If I were going to try to get a chair, I would send lists to twenty-five people. On the top of the lists I would write a brief account of my case, and then ask each of the twenty-five to get me ten subscriptions for COMFORT and the trick would be done. Some would probably get more, some less, but the trick would be accomplished. Now, my dears go ahead and do it. There are scores waiting for chairs. They don't grow on bushes, and a hard luck tale won't get them. We put it in your power to get them by easy methods and if you want them you must earn them, or get your friends to earn them, or wait until COMFORT readers as a whole have earned them.

Next month is September. I guess you know that. September is my birthday month. It is on the twenty-fifth day of that month that I condescended to honor this planet by making my appearance on it (I shall still further honor it when I make my disappearance from it). So many are anxious to make me useless presents on my birthday. If it isn't a dynamite bomb that is sent me, it's a hair brush, a pair of pants, a bicycle, a piece of song pottery, or other such useless thing. I am very fond of dynamite bombs but regret to say they interfere with my digestion and Billy the Goat declines to eat them. Billy is a wise gazabo. I haven't used a hair brush in twelve years, nor pants either, and I don't think I'd make a success as a bicycle artist, so if you want to celebrate my birthday, you can just hustle around and get four subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents and earn Uncle Charlie's poems. Mr. Gannett has been exceedingly kind. The club rate should be five subscriptions at twenty-five cents, but with his usual generosity he made it four at "twenty-five" so that it would be easier for you to get up clubs, and easier for me to buy glass bottles for Billy. Another thing I may tell you, and I ought to have told you long ago in simple justice to Mr. Gannett, that worthy gentleman pays me full price for my books. Just the same as anyone else does. He of course could have had a big reduction, but simply wouldn't hear of it. The new edition contains all the old favorites with several new ones added. For information of several who have written me I may say the price has not been increased. Every copy is autographed by myself, and with something more than a mere name. Copies bound in silk cloth, lilac shade, are sent to the ladies, scarlet cloth to the boys. Remember a club of only four twenty-five cent subs. wins the best book of funny verse in the world, and forty-eight great glorious copies of COMFORT into the bargain.

You will be glad to know that Mrs. A. G. Tennant, the poor consumptive lady in whom you were all interested, received the splendid sum of one hundred and twenty dollars, as a result of my appeal for her, and best of all, a bighearted soul in South Dakota sent for her and her

children and has given her a home. She reports great improvement in her health, and thanks you for all you've done for her. That's another feather in our cap. We lead the world in good deeds.

No premiums are given with League subscriptions. The expense of running the League is too great to allow it. Read the printed instructions how to become a member, if you want to join us. Every reader of COMFORT should join this League. The League is not only for the young, but is for you all. Come and join us. Write your name, age and address on a separate slip of paper if you want it to appear on our correspondence list.

And now for the letters.

WOLCOTT, N. Y.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: We have organized a small band here in our neighborhood, to help the shut-ins. We call it "COMFORT'S Band of Mercy." If you or any of the cousins can recommend anything that will be of any benefit to the club please let us know. Your niece,  
ORPHEA M. WADSWORTH and EFFIE REED.

Glad to hear from you, my dears, and wish every success to your new organization, COMFORT'S Band of Mercy. Your hearts must be in the right place to have prompted you to take up this beautiful work. There are all sorts of things that you can do along sunshine lines which will bring comfort and cheer to your brothers and sisters who are lying helpless in the dark valleys of affliction all over our land. First of all, look around you, take an interest in the sick and needy in your immediate neighborhood first. There are many things you can do for shut-ins that are near you that can't be done for those who are far away. I have no doubt if you make inquiries you will find many who need your love and help right at home, but as the spirit of sunshine had hitherto never illuminated your hearts, or Christ's commands to visit the sick meant anything but empty words, you never gave them a thought or paid any attention to them. Now go and seek them out, draw up a list of the needy chronic sufferers in your little town and make a point to visit them all at least once a month. Take a few flowers along with you first of all, flowers are abundant in the country in the summer and will cost you nothing. Flowers, smile, and a few kind words, will serve as an introduction and win the shut-in's confidence and make you friends. Then you can tell about the COMFORT Sunshine and Mercy Club that you have started. Make a list of what your various shut-in friends need. Some will need reading matter, others clothing, surgical dressings, bed linen, little delicacies to eat, stamps for correspondence. Nearly all will be grateful for hot water bags (they are cheap and always necessary), invalid tables, bed rests are most acceptable luxuries for the sick and not very expensive either. You will find that the majority of the things you need can be obtained from people in your town for the asking without any cost to you or your organization. Families, during sickness, accumulate many articles that will be useful in your work and will be gladly passed on to those who need them, once the need is brought to their attention. Make it a point to get an invalid chair and let it remain the property of the organization. You can loan it to those who need it. As your membership increases and more workers join your band you will probably be able to acquire three or four invalid chairs and quite a quantity of articles which you can loan or give to the needy sick. I know a wealthy lady in New York City who goes to several invalids every week, gives them each a bath and an alcohol rub down, changes their body and bed linen, has it sent to the laundry, tidies up their rooms, leaves them reading matter and a little money, and then goes on her way to other helpless ones and repeats the operation. I remember when I was in the hospitals (I spent six long years in them) I used to give a young man five cents a night to crawl out of bed and fix my pillow for me when the night nurse wasn't looking. That young man knew just how to fix my pillow so I could sleep, and no one else did. In those days I couldn't do it for myself. There's many a pillow, my dears that you can smooth, kind words you can speak, little acts of mercy that you can do that won't make any demands on your pocketbook. Get all the members you can



COUSINS SADIE AND DOLL FINZEL, Finzel, Md.

In your organization, have a secretary and treasurer, meet at least twice a month, keep an account of what you have done and plan for your future work. Organization and system are necessary in every line of work. After business is disposed of have a social time and enjoy yourselves. Get the boys interested. Boys will take an interest in anything when pretty girls show the way. Let each member pay a certain sum monthly into the treasury, let that money be disbursed for shut-in work. Get up an entertainment and let the proceeds go towards founding an emergency fund. You will find plenty of use for it. If ten of you canvass the town you can easily get two hundred and fifty subscriptions for COMFORT and get a wheel chair. This is the best possible thing you can do to start with. With COMFORT going into two hundred and fifty homes in your vicinity and sowing the seeds of sunshine and mercy work in that number of families you'll have a splendid recruiting ground for your work. You will soon learn by your experience with invalids at home what to do for those who are far away. Now I think these few remarks ought to help you to get your beautiful work started. May God abundantly bless you both, and crown your efforts with success. You have set a good example for others to follow. Every town and village ought to have a COMFORT Band of Mercy.

153 W. 106th St. New York City, N. Y.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am a young girl sixteen years of age. Have blonde hair, grayish blue eyes, light complexion and also two large dimples, one on each side of my cheeks. I am about five feet four inches tall. I am employed in a dental office, taking care of the books and instruments and most important of all the patients.

Say Uncle Charlie why don't you come here and have some teeth pulled? You ought to live in New York. Uncle Charlie it is a dandy place. I live two blocks away from "Central Park" and two blocks away from "Riverside Drive." I guess you have heard of both. You ought to see "Riverside Drive." It is a beautiful place. One can see Jersey City across the Hudson, when visiting the Drive. We also have many tall buildings here. Some are as high as

twenty-five stories or more. I guess I have told you enough about New York at present so I will close, hoping to see my letter in print. remain,  
Your niece,  
DOROTHY LANDERS.

Dorothy am always pleased to hear from you little New York girls, as I have quite an extensive acquaintance with Manhattan Island, Hoboken, Brooklyn, and the other jungles and wild regions around little old New York. You ask me if I have ever seen Riverside Drive. Well, I should cough up a collar button. I've not only seen Riverside Drive, but I've seen a stone-step, and a side-walk, and a horse-dy. You ask me to come to your dental chambers and get my teeth pulled. The only thing a dentist ever did to me was to pull my leg. Most of them are better hands at pulling legs than pulling teeth. Dentists are remarkable people, they always manage to get at the root of things. They are influential people too, as I never yet knew a dentist that didn't have a pull. They're a miserable lot though, as I never met one of them yet who didn't look down in the mouth. Dentists have done some mean things to me. Once I had a mouthful of glorious teeth, at least I thought they were glorious. I went to the dentist and he said there was a cavity in each one big enough to put your head in. He said that every cavity had to be filled with gold, and that it would cost eight hundred dollars to do the job. An old aunt of mine

**STARTLING EXPOSURE OF UICE AND CORRUPTION IN COMFORT'S great moral story, "Reuben Jones at the County Fair." Make sure that your children read it in September COMFORT for the wholesome lesson that it teaches, for the salutary sermon that it preaches. Renew or extend your subscription 2 full years from date of expiration for only 25 cents NOW, and take no chance of missing it.**

obligingly died about that time and left me her modest fortune, so I thought the best thing to do was to put it in my teeth, so I couldn't lose it. By the time the dentist got through I had a gold mine in my mouth, and the dentist charged five hundred dollars for his work. He had every cent I had in the world for money all I had to do was to crawl in my mouth with an axe and dig half a ton of gold out of my back teeth. Just about this time the doctor sent for me. He said he'd found another cavity, but he wouldn't put any gold in this one, but told me he would make a cheap job and fill it up with cement, glass bottles, fertilizer, and nail a piece of board across the top. In order to do this it was necessary for me to take gas, so he attached a rubber tube to the gas jet and put the other end in my mouth. I don't know how many years I was in gas land, but when I woke up and came to (maybe I came more than two, maybe it was three or four), anyway that infernal dentist had pulled all my teeth out, stolen the gold, dumped me in the back yard and skipped. I was thirteen hundred dollars out. Take my advice, boys and girls and when the dental gentleman starts to give you gas, beat it and run. I am glad you take care of the dentist's instruments of Dorothy. A dentist can get more music out of his instruments than any orchestra or band in the world. As soon as a dentist puts one of his instruments in a patient's mouth and the patient starts to yell murder (as most of the victims of painless dentistry do) music is produced that I can hear a mile off. Thank you, Dorothy, I haven't any teeth to pull now. I've a set of store teeth, or did have. I put them on a chair the other day and a man sat on them, and of course they bit him, and he got hydrophobia and died. The officers arrested me for murder, but the judge decided that I wasn't the guilty party, so he let me go and arrested my teeth instead. The judge is holding my teeth for trial. The trial doesn't take place for six months, so if he holds them for six months, well, I guess his arms will ache and he'll get tired of the job. You talk about your twenty-five story skyscrapers in New York! Why, you never saw tall buildings until you get a line on Augusta, Maine. Wait until we get a new roof on our cow stable then you'll see a real swell building. We have no less than three buildings in Augusta that are two stories high. I dare New York to equal our proud record, it cannot do it and what's more it dassent.

NICHOLS, Mo.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: I am five feet three inches tall; have brown eyes and black hair. Say, Uncle Charlie, I can say I have done, at least one thing which pertains to the League. Today as I was coming from the post-office, I saw an old widow woman chopping wood. Well, I was in a hurry and I wanted to help her too, but I started for home. Then I happened to think of the League, and the rule "to protect the weak and aged," and I went right back and cut the wood for her. She thanked me very much. It made me feel so much better. All of you who have not done some little act of kindness try it when opportunity presents itself.

I would like to correspond with some of the Western cousins as I intend to go West soon. I am fourteen years old. Hoping that the future may hold many joys, for the members and Uncle Charlie, I am your loving nephew,  
LUCIAN OGLES, (No. 27,356.)

Lucian I have long been waiting for a letter like yours. Kind words and kind deeds are things that never die, they are written in letters of gold by the recording angel in the Great Book in realms above. There are thousands who join the C. L. O. C. to whom the rules mean nothing. A great many help our shut-ins, but our young folks do not have a great deal of rule young folks do not have a great deal of spending money and if they do have the money, it's usually frittered away on foolishness. The reason we do not help one another more in this world is we are too engrossed in our own affairs to think of the needs of others, and the majority of us anyway have so little of this world's goods that charity is something we cannot afford to indulge in, even if we would. But there are a thousand and one things we could do to help the sick, weak, aged, without putting our hands in our pockets. When we try to help those at a distance it can seldom be done without an expenditure of money, but usually right at our door there are poor old people that we could help in a thousand ways. The reason we don't help them is, that we don't think. If we would put ourselves in their places, we would at once see dozens of ways we could be of assistance. The pocket soon becomes bankrupt, but in the sympathetic and loving heart, and in the strong willing hands God has given us an inexhaustible supply of wealth, which we can lavish on all our brother humans without ever getting one bit poorer. Time and again, when I walked the streets of New York, when I met a blind man or woman, I have asked them if they wanted to cross the street anywhere, and offered my assistance, which was always gladly accepted. I always kept my eyes open for the blind, and I always felt "good" all day if I had the privilege of helping a poor sightless brother across a crowded thoroughfare. You often hear people say: "I didn't know Mr. or Mrs. So and So needed this, that and the other. If I'd only have known, I'd gladly have gone and chopped their wood, cooked them a meal, or done other little services for them, but the fact of the matter is I didn't know they needed it, but now they're dead, of course I can't do anything for them." Now make it your business to find out whether or not you can be of service to some of your poorer and needier, weaker, and more aged neighbors before they are dead. I have a friend of mine, a trained nurse. She is too delicate to follow her profession, and is a great sufferer herself, but every day of her life, after she has fixed up her own flat and got her brother off to business, she goes off to a poor old woman who has a terrible cancer, dresses the wound, paying for the dressings out of her own pocket, straightens up the little room, and once a week gives the poor old soul a bath. This she has been doing for three years. She walks a mile to the old lady's home and a mile

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)



# THE PRAIRIE FIRE

## A Story of Pioneer Life

Copyright, 1909, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher, Inc.

By Comfort Joy

"The pioneers possessed mighty spirits and built a nation from the beginning of nothingness."

**T**HE mellow August moon shone down upon the tiny log cabin, set in the little clearing, and lighted up the faces of the man and woman standing before its one door.

"You ought to know, Nancy," the man said a little huskily, "that I've loved you for a mighty time past."

He leaned forward a little trying to see what was written in the eyes of the girl, who leaned back against the rough logs, but in vain. Nancy Pruett had learned how to keep her feelings imprisoned behind her long lashes, and she gave no sign as Seth Brockett went on:

"I've been awaiting until I had something to offer you, Nancy, for I know you won't be satisfied with just anything."

"No, I won't," she confessed candidly.

She was a magnificent specimen of young womanhood, this sturdy pioneer girl, destined to be the mother of many strong sons and daughters. Deep of bosom, broad of shoulder, almost as tall as the man, who came but little short of six feet, she had sprung into womanhood early, developed by the hardships of her rough life. Barely sixteen, she was fully grown, and her parents considered her ready for marriage, as did her few neighbors, including Seth Brockett.

"But you know I've got a good one hundred and sixty, and my crop's fine and nearly ready to harvest. I've a fine drove of hogs, and half a dozen cows, and four horses. When I sell all this, I'll be able to buy the lumber to build us a real house, honey, one worth your while. Come Nancy, don't you care the least bit for me?" and there was that in his voice that made the girl quiver with sweet pain, but she slowly shook her head.

"Seth, I can remember something of the old life, before Pappy and Mammy came from home. It seems to me I cried a tear for each step of the way, and so did Mammy. Why Seth, Mammy has become an old woman since we came here," and there was a sob in the girl's voice.

She looked very desirable to the young man, who was just turned twenty-one, and was as fine a specimen of young manhood as the girl was of developed womanhood. The open-air life both had led, the freedom from dissipation of any kind, had brought their powers to an early maturity, and stained their cheeks with the rich red of health and vigor.

"But Nancy, honey, you shan't work like your Mammy," he pleaded. "You must surely love me. There can't be anyone else, is there?" with jealous anxiety.

Nancy shook her head, heavy with its dusky tresses.

"No, Seth I do love you," she said simply, but she shrank back from his arm as it encircled her shoulders, and he bent eagerly towards her lips.

"No, don't, for I ain't going to marry you," "Nancy!" he cried, and there was anguish in his voice.

"No, I ain't, Seth. I want to know something of the real life. I'm sick of this awful hard life. It's work, work, all the time. As soon as we get through in the house, we have to go into the fields. Why Seth I can remember a real house, not with just the one room you are planning to build for me, but with a whole lot. I remember glass in the windows. Just think real windows," throwing out a scornful arm towards the log shanty guiltless of any windows. "I know how a real floor feels under the feet and great, big beds with feather ticks. Feather ticks, Seth."

"But Nancy, I love you," the man ventured, but she only shook her head and continued:

"Why Seth I want shoes, and a dress made from cloth we haven't woven ourselves, and I want so many things. I've just one life to live, Seth, and I can't shut off all hope yet," and her dark eyes glowed.

Seth had laid many plans. With the money from the sale of his crops and stock he had decided upon buying enough lumber to build the frame shanty of one room for his bride; to invest in some almost necessary implements, and to lay aside a few dollars in case the next year's crop should fail. At her words, however, he changed his plans, and cried exultantly:

"I'll tell you what, Nancy girl. We'll take some of the money from my crop and stock and get you shoes, a fine calico dress, and anything else you want. Nancy, honey," and his voice sank, and once more his arm stole about her shoulders, and his boyish cheek rested against hers, "the preacher's coming Sunday. Let's be tied up, and then as soon as harvest's over, we'll go to Terre Haute, and have a regular spree. Come on Nancy, let's be tied up Sunday," and his lips sought and found hers. As he kissed her, Nancy yielded for the moment, then drew away:

"Don't Seth," she pleaded, "for I can't marry you. Even all that won't make me."

"What are you hoping for?" he asked more sadly than angrily.

"I don't know, Seth. Maybe someone will come on here from out of the real life and give me a chance. I can't risk it, yet, Seth, I can't," and her voice trailed off in a wail.

The man had offered his all, and had nothing more to put in the balance against her natural craving for what she dimly remembered, but he tried once more:

"Nancy, the preacher maybe won't be 'round for a year."

"I can't help it, Seth."

"Then you don't love me," he cried, turning away, but the girl laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"You musn't say that, Seth, you know I do, but I just can't be married yet. See here," waving her arm about. "Pappy got this claim. Mammy and me have worked it until it seems as if we had watered each seed with our home-sick tears. If it ever 'mounts to anything, it will be flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone. We've put our blood into this work. Mammy's 'bout wore out. She and me have tramped back and forth barefoot, the blood from our soles staining the ground. We've gone half clothed to buy seed, and hungry to feed the stock. Inside you know what we've got. There's the mud fireplace, the puncheon floor, the slab seats, and split log of a table. The dishes wouldn't be fit for the dogs in the real life way back there," waving her hand towards the east. "Many's the night when I've nearly frozen, and the snow has drifted in on bare skin. Seth, pioneer life's hard on the men, but it's death for the women, and I ain't going to shut the door on my chance of getting away," and then she burst into tears, the first the man had ever seen her shed, and he had known her for four years.

He had nothing more to say, so with bowed head, he made his way to his tethered horse, and springing into his saddle he was gone, leaving her in front of the door, to dream of the far-off life she but dimly recalled.

The moon climbed a little higher, the mists from the meadows gathered about her and the odor of farm life mingled with a new one, but she does not notice. She can feel the impress of his tender lips upon her own, can still thrill under his lover's touch, and her woman's soul cries out for the mate she knows nature has selected for her. But above this is the ever-present cry of her inner self. She comes of good, New England stock. Back in Maine, in one of the typical New England villages, there is a rambling old home, supplied with the comforts for which

she so yearns. There under the roof-tree that had sheltered many generations, she had been born, but the home nest had grown too small for the many who were crowding it, and so Benjamin Pruett had ventured forth with his wife and four children, making the weary trip overland in the prairie schooner. The trip consumed many weeks from that far-away Maine home to the new one in the center of Illinois, and their path was marked by little graves. The baby had been the first to sicken and die. Then it was Benny, the eldest who was left behind. Katy also had to be given up, and the parents centered their love on the only one remaining, their Nancy. However, all their love and devotion had not saved the girl from the hardships that were so a part of the life of the Illinois pioneer, and she had grown into beautiful young maidenhood, entirely untaught save by her mother from the couple of books they had been able to bring with them.

The nearest neighbor, over a mile away, was Seth Brockett, who had been born in the state, but lost his parents and forged his way to this newer section, where he had manfully worked to establish himself. The parents had noticed the devotion of the sturdy young farmer for their daughter, and rejoiced. They desired nothing better for her than to see her the wife of a man of his caliber. Indeed the mother knew nothing of the hopes in her daughter's heart. She would have promptly discouraged them if she had realized that they had sprung into being for she knew that no chance traveler would make Nancy the husband Seth would. All unconscious, however, of what was taking place, the tired mother with the father, slept inside the little cabin, while outside Nancy fought with her ambition and her love.

Another conflict was eminent, however. The strange pungent smell was growing stronger, and finally roused the dreaming girl. Instantly that she became aware of it, she sprung to her feet, her roddy cheeks blanched with fear, and almost as she did so, she heard the sound of a horse's feet, and Seth dashed into sight.

As soon as he came into calling distance, he shouted a word, that seemed to beat against her ears, so fraught was it with terrible import to her. Not for nothing had she been taught



NANCY AND SETH KEPT DASHING BACK AND FORTH TO SAVE THE CABIN HOME.

in the ways of pioneer woodcraft. Full well did she appreciate the dangers opened up by that one word:

"Fire."

Yes, she understood now. The prairies were on fire and all of their possessions were in danger. Not only the tiny log cabin and its crude contents, but the stock, and crops, everything.

With a wild cry she dashed into the cabin, rousing her slumbering parents.

"Quick, the blankets!" Seth ordered, and she dragged them from the rude beds, and brought them out. He had caught up the two clumsy palls and ridden his horse away like mad to the spring. She rushed off after him, dragging the blankets. Under his direction, she mounted her father's one horse, and the two, she and Seth kept dashing back and forth, carrying water for Mr. and Mrs. Pruett to wet the blankets, and fight back the fire which kept gaining upon them. It was a terrible fight. The four were arrayed against all nature, so it seemed, and yet above them gleamed the cold moon, unsympathetic, uncaring.

The reek of the burning grass assailed their nostrils, burned their throats, and the weight of their burdens tore their hands. When Mr. and Mrs. Pruett were worn out with fighting the fire, the young people took their place, and let them carry the water. Never before did Nancy appreciate her strength and power of endurance. Side by side she fought the terrible battle with Seth, never flinching, never falling behind.

Inch by inch they worked. Oftentimes they beat out the flames with their bare hands, and at last they were able to pause, for they had conquered. As they stopped to draw a long breath, Mrs. Pruett gave a low sob of horror, for on the north was that terrible gleam that told the enemy had executed a flank movement and was assailing them on their weaker side.

"My God have mercy," she whispered, and sank exhausted on the ground in front of the cabin. Nancy had been right when she said her mother had become an old woman since they had come to this new home. Not yet thirty-five she was worn and gaunt, she had retained but few of her teeth, and her scanty hair was heavily threaded with gray. Truly this pioneer life was death on the women.

"Quick, we must meet this fire with another," Seth cried, and rushing into the house he caught up an ember from the fire which was never allowed to die out winter or summer, and with unflinching hand set fire to the grain still standing, waiting the weythe of the pioneer.

Benjamin Pruett, also utterly exhausted groined as he saw the fruit of many days of unremitting labor, disappear, but he realized that only by this sacrifice could he hope to have anything. He and his wife sat there, dazed, too worn to lift a hand, and watched the two young giants pit

their strength against that of nature.

"They'll win," Benjamin whispered at last, as he saw their brown line meet the rushing crimson tide. The two stood out against its blood-like shadow. With a roar like some dis-appointed monster it tried to roll on, but found nothing with which to feed its hungry maw.

Like a baffled concentration of all the furies it reached forward, grasped at the browned spears of what had once been ripened grain then gradually died out, and melted into nothingness, leaving behind it desolation, despair, but no further danger.

The parents slowly rose to their swollen feet. They had lost much, but their shelter and cattle remained. With a prayer of thankfulness in their hearts they disappeared within the cabin, hoping that this night would settle their daughter's future. Although in the very prime of life, they felt old and broken and wanted to know that she was in the care of a good man.

With lagging limbs Nancy and Seth came up to the spot where so short a time before she had dismissed him, and then the man said slowly:

"Well, I guess everything's all right, Nancy, and I'll ride along."

His clothing was burned and hung in tatters about him. His face was scorched, and his hands torn and bleeding. The girl was equally burned and ragged, and yet neither had ever appeared so desirable to the other.

"Good night, Nancy," he said huskily, turning towards his horse.

Under the moon the girl's burned face flushed painfully, and she laid her blackened hand on his arm.

"Is the preacher coming next Sunday, Seth?" she whispered.

Seth started, then shook his head, saying mournfully:

"It don't make no difference now."

"Seth!" she cried tenderly, reproachfully.

"Ain't it strange," he asked her, "what a difference just a few little hours makes, honey? When I was here first this evening, I was thinking a lot about next Sunday, but now I ain't."

"Don't you love me now, Seth?" Nancy cried, raising her arms and laying them about his neck.

"Don't I?" he cried, setting his teeth in his lip until it bled. "Don't I? But Nancy girl, things have changed now."

"How, Seth, I love you," and she drew his face down to hers and kissed him of her own volition.

"Don't Nancy, you make it too awful hard to give you up," the man pleaded.

"Give me up," Nancy cried, her arms tightening about his neck, "I'm not going to let you give me up, that fire has done more than you think."

"Yes, honey, and more than you know about."

"Tell me," she pleaded.

"Nancy," his voice broke, "there ain't anything back there," sweeping his hand towards his own claim, "but the ground. All the rest is gone, crops, hogs and cattle. Even my leanto."

"And you left them to be burned up and came here to us?" she cried, her eyes glowing.

"There was only my crops and stock there,

honey, and here was you."

"And you think I'll let you give me up? Oh, Seth, my own man, oh, Seth!" and she held him tight in her strong young arms.

"But Nancy, I ain't got nothing. I'll have to begin all over again."

"I'll be ready Sunday, Seth."

"There won't be a cent for the shoes, the dress or the frame house," he warned.

"I don't care."

"The work will be terrible hard."

"It will be our work."

"Our home will be worse than this," he cried looking at the tiny cabin.

"It will be our own home, Seth, yours and mine," she returned clinging to him.

"You won't ever see that real life back there," he warned her, pointing towards the east.

"I don't care Seth, for I have seen in the light of that fire, that the real life for me is right here in this wild land with you," and then he held out no longer but gathered her into his loving arms.

## VIVIAN VOSE

### The Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

pressure upon the brain produced by the blow he had received on the head were removed there was no hope of his recovery. This could only be done by performing the dangerous and delicate operation of cutting a piece out of his skull at the seat of the injury—as the surgeons call it, "trephining the skull."

"And even then, Madam," the greatest specialist of all declared to Mrs. Graham, "we cannot promise that trephining the skull will cure him. It may result in death. However, it is the only New England stock, Mrs. Graham insisted upon having the operation performed."

During all this terrible trouble, the family have had something else to contend with, and it adds very materially to the load they bear, and after while they were still at Bar Harbor, conversation between Charlie and Elsie, and comprehending its trend, she listened in blank amazement, for she felt that her mentally helpless brother needed her sheltering care.

Elsie was the only one he remembered. His love for her was so strong that he remembered it when all else, even his own name was forgotten, and it was very pitiful to see how he leaned upon her. His love of Elsie was the only link which connected his past and present. The two

were sitting in the veranda one afternoon, when Grace came into the adjoining room, and these words caught her ears:

"I may not remember anything, I do not, all seems a blank, except that I love you, Elsie, I always have."

"And yet how do you know that you do?"

"How? Elsie, how?" and the tears rained down Grace's cheeks as she heard the pathos in his voice.

"How? By the thrill of my whole being each time I hear your voice; by the response my heart gives to each touch of your hand or lips. Oh, Elsie, have pity on me, I am so helpless. These people about me tell me that they belong to me, that I am theirs, and yet I can remember nothing, nothing, except you. You are all my past, and darling you shall be all my future. Tell me again that you love me, ah, do," and it seemed to Grace that her heart would break as she listened.

"Really Charlie you make me creep," Elsie cried fretfully. "Of course I love you, but it isn't very comfortable to have you remember me in such a creepy way."

"Then kiss me," he demanded pitifully.

"Out here?" Elsie asked.

"No one will see, and what if they do, no shame, you are soon to be my wife; kiss me, oh, my darling; put your arms about my neck, and tell me that you do not mind, that you will always love me," and Grace knew he was stretching out his arms, and fruitlessly, for Elsie broke in coldly:

"Really Charlie you are very exacting, I am not going to run the risk of being discovered kissing a young man in broad daylight," then she added very low, but not in such an undertone for Grace to miss, "even if he is crazy."

Grace heard Charlie sigh, then there was silence, and the noble-hearted sister stole away to her own room to weep out her sorrow.

The following day, Elsie pleaded home engagements as an excuse for leaving, and after she was gone, no pleadings of the family availing to keep her, Charlie grew rapidly worse, because she had been the one tie that bound him to the past, and as it now seemed to life itself. Perhaps this was one reason his mother felt the necessity to have the operation performed.

After their return to Philadelphia, Elsie came to see Charlie occasionally for a short time, but after it was decided to have the operation, Mrs. Graham summoned her peremptorily, and Elsie came, but to the consternation of the family, she rode up in a handsome new touring car, seated by the side of Leland Rodgers, the man who had run Charlie a close second when the two were rivals for Elsie's love.

Mother, she's letting Leland pay her attention again," Grace gasped, as they saw the young man hand Elsie out with tender care.

"I never liked his choice," Mrs. Graham said compressing her lips.

"Nor I, mother, for I believed that if father had not had more money than Mr. Rodgers, Elsie would not have chosen Charlie."

"Hush, dear, remember not to judge too harshly," Mrs. Graham said gently, as she went forward to meet Elsie. In a few words she told the girl of the intended operation and said that she thought she might like to see Charlie before it.

"I think you are very cruel to me," Elsie said, rubbing her eyes with her tiny, lace-trimmed handkerchief, but Grace is sure her eyes are perfectly dry.

"Why cruel?" Mrs. Graham asked coldly.

"Why? You can't expect me to tie myself down to him if his memory is entirely gone, can you?" she asked, pouting and letting her long lashes lie on her cheeks.

"Elsie," Mrs. Graham said earnestly, "if I had my own way, my son would never look upon your face again. I consider that you are wickedly false and indifferent to him and to our terrible trouble. If it had happened a few months later, you would have been his wife and a member of the family. It is because he has loved you so, has hung upon your very smile, and his affection for you is all that he has brought back from the very gates of death, with him, that I have sent for you and to ask that you show a little human sympathy. Can you let this poor, helpless boy go to what may be his death longing and calling for you as he does?" and she opened a door, and Elsie could hear Charlie asking tenderly:

"Where is Elsie? Where is my little girl? I know she must be sick or she would come to me. Let her in, she is waiting somewhere for me. Strangers are keeping her from me. She is the only one in the world that I know,—the only one that truly loves me."

The tears were raining down the faces of Mrs. Graham and Grace, but Elsie with a wild look at the inner room, gave a low cry and literally ran out of the house. As she appeared, Leland Rodgers sprang from the car, and assisted her in with loverlike devotion. Then the car disappeared, and Grace caught her mother in her strong young arms, whispering:

"Never mind, mother, Charlie is well rid of such a girl, she can have no part in his new life."

"And if there is no new life for him?" sobbed Mrs. Graham.

"Then he will not have to suffer the pain of her falseness," Grace said firmly, and Mrs. Graham knew she was right. Still it tore their hearts to hear him pleading to see her, and they expect to hear an announcement of Elsie's engagement to Leland Rodgers, but do not; and it is when affairs are in this state that the surgical operation is performed on Charlie's head. It was a desperate chance, but death was better than mental aberration.

Mrs. Graham and Grace will never forget to the day of their death what they went through before they were summoned to his bed after the surgeons had finished and reported that he stood the shock well. Mrs. Graham could scarcely walk, but dragged herself to her boy, sustained by her overwhelming love. He was still unconscious from the effect of the ether. How anxiously they waited for him to come out of the ether to see if the operation had effected any improvement in his mental condition.

At first his lips muttered only incoherent sentences; but at last a shudder ran through his entire body, he sighed, drew in a long, strong breath, his muscles became tense, quivered then relaxed; a calm expression came over his face such as they had not seen since his injury, and he opened wide his brown eyes, and their hearts leaped with joy at the recognition in them.

"My boy, oh, my boy!" Mrs. Graham sobbed. Evidently he remembered nothing after his head struck.

"I thought it was pretty near all over with me, mother," he continued, "but I don't give up easily you know. That comes of my old seafaring stock, I suppose. I hung on to the boat for dear life until I saw I was going to hit that point of rocks unless I struck out on my own account, and then I let go. Mother it was hard to let go of the only hope of keeping afloat, but sometimes it's best."

Grace wondered if he would be able to apply this philosophy to Elsie's desertion of him.

"But, mother, Grace, where is Elsie? Is she sick with worrying?" and he tried to raise himself on his elbow. "I must see her, mother, right away, my little darling girl," and a soft expression came into the merry brown eyes.

Neither could speak.

"Mother, Grace, what is the matter? Where is my Elsie?" he cried wildly.

What could they do? The operation had been perfectly successful so far as restoring his mind, but his life was still in the greatest danger from the after effects of the operation. It was of the utmost importance to keep him quiet and his mind at ease lest a fatal inflammation of the brain set in. Grace and her mother stare at each other in abject terror and despair as each thinks that Elsie's cruelty will kill him yet. Shall they send for Elsie again, or tell him she is sick and cannot come, or tell him the truth at once?

TO BE CONTINUED.



# THE OPAL RING

## Or, The Sensation of Being Buried Alive

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By William S. Birge, M. D.

"DIED, on Thursday, the 19th of December, at Selwyn Hall, Lincolnshire, George Francis Selwyn, aged 59."

This was the first paragraph that caught my eye on taking up the paper this beautiful morning. These were the words that told me I might live again fearlessly before the world.

I draw a long deep breath—freely. I am a gray-haired woman with a furrowed face. When last I felt that I could breathe freely, I was a bright-haired, fair-cheeked girl. Yet it is not that the years have been so many since that time. But the hand of sorrow has been heavy upon me, and the canker of dread has eaten into my soul. These it is and not Time that have shadowed brow and hair and hearts with their leaden wings.

My story will not take long in the telling. That little paragraph which I quoted at the beginning has brought back the events of long, past years, vividly as though they were the events of yesterday.

I was an only child. Brothers and sisters I had never known, for they had died in their infancy and when I was born my father lost my mother. He grieved deeply and truly for her, and, baby as I was, I must have been for a long time a great trouble, and a very small consolation to him. We lived in an old country house that had been in our family for generations—a quaint, quiet old place, that stood on the outskirts of an equally quaint, quiet old village. Shall I ever see it again, I wonder?

He had always been a studious, reserved man, averse to society, and now that he had lost the bright flower of his home—his beautiful young wife—he shut himself up more than ever. I conjure up a vision of him now. A tall, old man, with silver hair, and a pale, refined face, almost feminine in its delicacy and gentleness, with a thoughtful, pained brow, and dark, earnest eyes that rarely smiled, save when they lighted on me.

I grew up as timid, as reserved, as studious as my father. How could it have been otherwise in such solitude? He was my sole tutor, companion, friend. And in all these capacities he was the best I could have had, even if the world had been searched for another. The error—if error is not too strong a word to use—lay in his being the sole one.

Of female companionship I was utterly destitute. The wives and daughters of the neighboring farmers were of totally another caliber. So was the worthy Mrs. Leslie, wife and most worthy helpmeet of the vicar of the parish, for she was old and I was young.

From never having known another life I never weaned, or repined at, the one I led. My father's library told me all I wanted to know concerning men, manners, and the world. I could revel in the literature of Italy, France and Germany. I could read the old Latin poets in their own tongue. For my father was an accomplished linguist, and he had striven to impart all he knew to me. For exercise and excitement had I not the downs and hills to gallop over on my bay mare, Bella. For amusement had I not these same well-wooded hills to sketch. And to enable me to enjoy these things, had I not youth, health, and a spirit that had never known a single care. The very thought of the blessed calm of those days soothes my soul now, as in memory I dwell upon lingeringly, dreading the thought of the storm that was so soon to come.

I was about eighteen when my father told me that a younger brother of his, who had been many years in India, married and brought up a family there, had written warning my father to shortly expect his (my uncle's) eldest son. He held a commission in the Indian army, and was coming to England for the re-establishment of his health, which had been impaired by the tropics. The prospect of receiving his nephew gave my father more pleasure than he had felt for many a long year. And how agreeable that prospect was to me. My uncle wrote of his being amiable and cultivated. What wonder that I was pleased at the thought of such companionship.

He came, this new-found cousin, this breaker in upon our solitude, and with him came a friend of his father's—a Mr. Selwyn—who had met him in London by appointment.

Mr. Selwyn was much older than my cousin, but apparently he took the deepest interest in his old friend's son, for on leaving after a few days' visit, he requested my father's permission to "come down again shortly to see how Charlie got on."

In my cousin Charlie I found the realization of my ideals of my favorite heroes of romance. To anyone he would have seemed a fine, gallant fellow; but to me, a young, untutored girl, he was a most undoubted hero.

My father had been my standard of manly beauty before; but he had to come down from the pedestal of my imagination now, and Charles Merriam mounted it in his stead.

He was only twenty-one, but he was older than his years, and I was younger than mine. So, at first, I looked upon myself as a complete child, and felt flattered whenever he let those eyes (whose light is even now, gray-haired woman that I am, burning in my soul) rest upon me.

By degrees, however, my shyness vanished. There was no longer the feeling that made me tremble in the presence of my handsome cousin.

As he gained health and strength, our walks and rides grew longer. For hours we would be out on those beautiful hills that were daily growing more beautiful to me. I was beginning to live. How tame and joyless, how rapid and unprofitable the past appeared, looked at from those glorious heights of love to which I had so rapidly ascended.

But the memory of those happy days makes me forget that I promised to be brief. It almost plunges me into the old delirium of the reality. Golden days of youth and happiness and trust—golden days of faith and hope and love—so bright, so entrancing, so few!

Mr. Selwyn was a sincere friend of Charlie's, it seemed. At any rate, he was an anxious friend, for my golden dream had not lasted many weeks before he came to disturb it. His arrival was the first shock to the chain that bound me to Charlie—a chain so delicate that it shivered at the slightest touch, and yet so strong that it has lasted through weary years of separation, wrong, and death.

I could not discover what it was, but before Mr. Selwyn had been many hours in the house, I felt that a barrier was interposed between my cousin Charles and myself—a barrier which I was too weak and he was too honorable to break down. It was upon these shoals that my life's happiness was wrecked. Not mine only, alas, but his—the good, gallant young soldier!

A long account of Mr. Selwyn would be wearisome. It is sufficient for the purpose of elucidation to say that he was even then a cold, grim, gray man, with a flickering light in his steel-blue eyes that was as startling as it was fascinating.

At first I cordially disliked him. He came between me and my ideal. But after a time I grew more reconciled to the interposition of his cool, clear tones, and measured, cynical phrases. He could tell me of a world I only know from books. Of Italy, her beauties of nature and art, her blue skies and seas, her statues and sculptors, her paintings and painters, he was familiar

with all I most revered, admired, loved, and yearned for. Then, by degrees, he spoke of his own fair home, of its antiquity, his pride in it, of its hanging woods and terraces, its long picture galleries, its fair, open parks.

I feared him rather, and shrank from him, and loved Charlie. Still it was with something like gratification that I found all these things, together with his hand "and heart" (he said) laid at my feet. He told me he had my father's sanction, my father's wishes for his success. He would not listen to my incoherent words of refusal. He insisted on "giving me time." And then he left me, whom he had found a child, a woman, brooding over her first offer.

He left me bewildered and excited and in this mood I was found by my cousin Charles, who came in and told me that Mr. Selwyn had just told him that he might offer me congratulations on my engagement.

Before I could draw breath and speak, he added that he "had been summoned to town immediately by his father's agents; that he probably should not see me again before I married, and ended by begging me to accept, in token of his friendship, a splendid opal ring."

My brain reeled. I had deluded myself, then. Charlie did not love me—was leaving, even congratulating me on being engaged to another man. That decided me. I steeled my voice, said, "Good by" to him with a light laugh, promised him I would wear the ring he gave me, and turned away with an unconcerned air, and a fearful weight on my heart.

I don't know how the time passed from that evening till my wedding-day. I was in a fearful, painful, hazy dream. I remember that my father kissed me and blessed me when he heard of my "good fortune." And while he bewailed his own desolate condition when I should leave him, he thanked God that mine would be such a brilliant lot. For hermit as he was, he permitted himself to be dazzled by the future of George Francis Selwyn's wife.

Mr. Selwyn took me abroad after our marriage.

But it was not at all the going abroad that I had loved to picture. Wherever we stayed he seemed to have old friends who claimed his attention, causing me to feel left out and neglected. Still he seemed anxious to get home again, and I was delighted to find myself at Selwyn Hall.

I very soon found that my husband was tired of me. And, though I had never loved him, this discovery caused me great pain. After one dreary year had passed, and I had brought him no child, his neglect and indifference became absolute unkindness.

On my first coming to Selwyn Hall I had been made much of by the neighborhood. But now he insisted on my withdrawing from all society. Sorrowful and wounded as I was I did not care to resist his wishes, and so it resulted in my being almost buried alive. How often I used the words in my desolation. How little I realized their horrible meaning.

From constant confinement to the house, added to his harshness and my own sad thoughts, I fell into bad health. Suddenly he insisted on having a nurse for me and brought one down from London himself.

She was a tall, dark, gypsy-looking woman, still young and handsome but fierce in expression and fluctuating in mood. She rarely spoke when I addressed her, generally keeping her eyes fixed on the ground in deep thought. But when my husband came into the room, she would fix her eyes on his face with an earnestness that perplexed me, and seemed to annoy him.

I was getting rapidly weaker; still I had no doctor. I indignantly thought if he did not care enough about me to see how ill I was, that I would not complain. I was losing my youth, my seat for life, my beauty and my spirits.

One night I roused myself from a deep sleep that probably had lasted for many hours, and as I recalled my languid, wandering senses I saw my nurse, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, standing in an attitude of supplication before my husband.

"Don't tempt me further," she moaned. "We have both believed deeply enough; George, George, don't let us add murder to the list."

The words were scarcely out of her mouth, he had scarcely had time to soothe her with a long, fond kiss (what a sight for an almost dying wife), when they saw that I was awake.

Instantly my husband came to the side of my bed and began pouring out my draught. I saw him shake something into the glass before he handed it to me, but too weak to reason about it, I passively drained the glass.

As I finished I heard the nurse cry out in horror:

"George, George! you have poisoned her."

Then, with lightning speed, darted through my brain the ominous words I had just before heard her use. Then at length I realized that the husband who had vowed to protect and cherish was murdering me.

A film began to gather over my eyes. I saw Selwyn bend over me with a ghastly expression of mingled fear and impatience. I felt something gurgle in my throat, I—knew no more.

Where was I? What was this darkness—this darkness that might be felt? What this sickening, earthy odor, that made my heart sink low with a mighty dread? Why this awful difficulty in breathing? Where was Charlie, my cousin lover; did such a person exist, or had I only dreamed about him? Had I ever been married, or was I in my little bed at home? I would try to move my arm and feel. I did so. I touched the side—the top of a box.

Great heaven it dawned upon me then. I was buried alive.

I was on fire with an awful horror, for one moment; the next, I was chilled with more than a mortal chill. I remembered everything with a clear, agonizing distinctness that was appalling. Then I began to wonder how long I had been dead—for at this juncture I began to doubt that I was really alive.

Gradually I grew more alive. I knew I was alive now, but doomed to a fearful death. All the horrors I had ever read or heard of suffocation, starvation, came back to me in that supreme moment of mortal terror. Faugh—that tingling in my forehead—were the worms trying to devour me before I was a corpse?

I tried to scream; only the faintest noise issued from my paralyzed lips. And then I remembered that, even if I could scream, it would be useless, if as I supposed, I was buried in the vault of the little church in the Park. I imagine I had not thought to go mad, or surely I should have done so then.

A stupor came over me; once more all was a blank. When I next recovered consciousness I recovered memory at the same moment. This time I had no fanciful doubts as to where I was and what had happened. Fierce pangs of hunger assailed me; my throat was on fire with thirst; my head seemed to be bursting. I tried to lift my hand toward my head, and something gleamed in the darkness. It was only my opal ring.

They say that the opal never emits a ray of light when its owner's life or fortunes are in danger, I thought of this; and thought, too, how false was my flashing gem. I gnawed my hand, and the pain seemed to steady my wavering mind. I thought of my husband—of the man

who had seen me, and taken me so idly; who had tired of me, and tried to kill me. What devil had prompted him? Was it that dark, handsome nurse? No; I had heard her plead for my life. It was his own hard, cruel heart.

How long these intervals of sense and thought lasted I can't say; naturally every minute seemed an hour. All you who complain of time hanging heavily on your hands, try being buried alive.

The weight on my chest was insupportable. Mountains were pressing me down. There was a fire in my head, and the flames were scorching my eyes out. These were the sensations that greeted me after another interval of unconsciousness. Then something was knocking with a hammer on my brain. A hammer? Ten thousand hammers, at least. I was shaken, thrust against the side of the coffin violently. I was—yes, merciful heaven—I was given light and air. With a scream I essayed to rise as the coffin lid was raised; but I fell back, exhausted, speechless.

I cannot tell what happened for a long time, but I think I had better account at once for my seemingly miraculous resurrection.

It seems that after my death—as my informant persisted in calling it—my hand had swollen so that the opal ring would not come off, and my husband had ordered that it should be left on. This fact had come to the knowledge of old Gibson the butler. He, deeming it just as well that the ring should be turned to account for the living as that it should be allowed to remain as an adornment for the dead, had, on his master's departure, three days after the funeral, procured the keys of the vault, intending to take the ring even if he had to take my finger with it.

My scream frustrated his intention, and alarmed the poor old would-be-thief in a way that was surely fit punishment for his contemplated crime. But after a time he recovered and endeavored with all his will to restore me. When I could speak I entreated him to take me to some safe asylum until I could communicate with my father; for into Selwyn Hall, of course, I could never go again.

Old Gibson kept my secret for his own sake, and when my father came I fled with him, leaving no trace behind. My dear old father never gave one sigh, in my hearing, to the dearly-loved home he had left for my sake, from the moment of our settling down in this quiet little Scotch village—where I still live—to the day of his death. We both shrank from making the crime of the man who had been my husband public. So, according to faint rumors which reached us from the outside world occasionally, George Francis Selwyn lived honored and respected, the happy husband of the excellent woman who had nursed his poor, weak first wife so faithfully.

My years of solitude have been weary and sad enough. Specially weary and sad have they been since my father's death. But they have been brightened by constant correspondence with my cousin Charlie, and by frequent visits from him. He has always remained faithful to that early love-dream of ours; he has always held out the hope to me that we shall be permitted to pass our old age together, though perdy and falsehood separated us in our youth.

Surely, surely the clouds are breaking. The terror, the curse, the shame of my life is dead. The illegitimate son of the woman who nursed me will reign as master of Selwyn. Let him do so, in peace, so far as I am concerned; for once more I can breathe freely, and the flashes seem to me brighter than ever that come from my opal ring.

### Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

ways waited till tomorrow and then I would forget. This morning I am making good my former resolutions. I am a poor man's wife and have to work quite hard as I do all my own work and take care of five little children, four boys and a poor little girl that God sent me three years ago who may never walk, although all that medical aid could suggest has been done. Her limbs from her knees to her toes are twisted and out of shape. My eldest is a boy of eight and the youngest eight months, so you can imagine I have my hands full. I do all my sewing and find a little time for crocheting lace of which I am very proud. I should like to hear from any of the readers.

MRS. M. RONDEAU, R. R. Ave., McKeever, N. Y.

#### DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have received so many letters about the quinine cure for catarrh that I must answer through COMFORT. All who sent stamps I answered by mail. Do you think it fair to expect an answer and ask for patterns and not even inclose a self-addressed envelope or stamp? I will give full directions for catarrh.

Take a pinch of quinine as large as a pin head (not a pea) and inhale up each nostril twice or three times a week.

A druggist told me you could not use it as it was so bitter. I know positively that my mother-in-law was cured by it.

So many asked about my personal appearance. I am just twenty-three and not pretty. I do not want to be pretty but helpful. There are enough beauties but where are the helping hands? God intended us women to help all and keep pure and clean in every day trials. My prayer is, "O God make me a help to some poor soul."

Mrs. Henderson. If you had inclosed a stamp, your request would have been complied with, will you write again? I will send something that I know you will be glad to receive. There was no money in your letter as stated. I did not want money, but we are very poor and you know stamps cost money. You say life is hardly worth living. I am glad to live. Just see how lovely all the people are in this old world. Every one has some splendid quality. Let us see the good dear and forget our own suffering. Will the sisters write bright letters to Mrs. F. Henderson, Walnut Ridge, Ark.

Mrs. Plumley. You are another who inclosed no stamp. Masons get seven dollars a day for eight hours' labor in San Francisco. But times are very dull there now. I do wish you had written what your trouble was. I might have been able to help you.

W. O. W. Neighbors. Thank you for my quilt blocks. I will comply with the request of all who sent me blocks. So many asked for the pattern, no pattern at all. I will take one white block worked in red, one red block from my home circle, worked in white and set it together with green.

How many mothers know that the bottoms of woolen shirts make nice warm skirts for babies? Your true sister, MRS. M. TACKITT.

#### DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

As I read your letters I wonder if there is one among you who is situated just as I am. I am a young girl, twenty years old, and live away out in the country and have a poor old mother to support. You who have an easy way of earning your bread have no idea of the struggle and trials of one who has to work here and there. I can't hire out by the week as lots of you can. Mother and I keep house and I must be at home every night. We have a few hens and they are a great help to us. Our neighbors are like ourselves, poor, and cannot furnish me work very often. We own a little piece of land and raise our potatoes and garden truck. While life is not so pleasant, perhaps there is a better day coming. "The harder the cross the brighter the crown." I would be pleased to receive reading matter and pieces, but cannot promise to answer, will if I can as I do love to write and get letters.

MISS STELLA CONNOR, Milton, R. D. 4, W. Va.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

# Danderine

EVERYBODY CAN HAVE  
BEAUTIFUL HAIR NOW,  
and they don't have to wait weeks  
and months for results either. You  
will notice marked improvement  
after the very first application.

Danderine is quickly and  
thoroughly absorbed by the  
scalp and the hair soon  
shows the effects of its  
wonderfully exhilarating  
and life-producing qual-  
ities. It is pleasant  
and easy to use—  
simply apply  
it to the scalp  
and hair once  
a day until  
the hair be-  
gins to grow,  
then two or  
three times a  
week till desired  
results are obtained.

A lady from California writes  
in substance as follows:  
I have been using your won-  
derful hair tonic for several  
months and at last I am now  
blest with a wonderful suit  
of hair that measures over 48  
inches in length; the braid is  
over 8 inches around.

Another from New Jersey:  
After using sixth bottle I  
am happy to say that I have as  
nice a head of hair as anyone  
in New Jersey.

This Great Hair-Grow-  
ing Remedy can now be  
had at all druggists in three  
sizes, 25c, 50c and \$1.00  
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# The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

## Twelve Points of Woman's Beauty

If a woman is truly beautiful she must be possessed of twelve beauty points and the best way to determine whether you possess them is to consult your mirror. But don't be discouraged, young lady, if after looking in the glass, you find yourself possessed of only two or three out of the twelve beauty points. You can be a very pretty girl, indeed, with only two or three beauty attributes and perhaps only one.

Do you wish to know what these beauty attributes are? Well, here is the list and I advise you to cut this article out and hang it up beside your looking glass for reference during your beauty crusade.

First and most important comes a creamy complexion, with just a tinge of pink in either cheek, if you be a blonde, but if you are one of my dark-eyed, dark-haired girls, your cheeks must resemble damask roses, not a blackhead, pimple or enlarged pore should be in evidence. The perfect complexion has not a wrinkle to mar its surface. It is as smooth as the skin of a baby and as soft. This means that the girl who wants this particular beauty point has to treat her skin with care. No pile for her, no going to bed with unwashed skin, no screwing up her face into a thousand wrinkles, etc. Indeed, she has to be a very particular girl indeed. But fortunately she hasn't been reading my articles on beauty for so many months without knowing just what to do for the complexion.

What comes next? Why a pair of beautiful eyes, large and soft. They may be appealing if you are the clinging type of girl, or mischievous, if you are the jolly girl, or solemn as a winter's night, if you are the serious girl, but always whatever the expression, they must be strong, austere and well placed. The white of the eye must not be a muddy yellow or of a bluish tinge. In order to have melting brown eyes or sparkling sapphire orbs, the utmost care must be taken to rest your eyes often during the day and to keep them normal in color by bringing the body in to a healthy condition. A sickly body means dull, lack-luster eyes, the reverse of beautiful. I hate to confess it, even a confidentially like this, but it is a sad fact that blue eyes are quick to age! And there isn't any eye dye so what are we blue-eyed women (and men) going to do?

Another mark of beauty is the well defined eyebrows. A girl with thin eyebrows is not beautiful, so she must hasten and apply warm sesame oil which will soon start the desired growth of hair. Here is a secret for the coquettish maid. Brush your eyebrows up toward the temples and in a short time you will have the brows highly arched and decidedly piquant looking. Nothing makes a woman look so irresistible as delicately arched, inquiring brows. Did you know that brushing the eyebrows with a tiny, soft toothbrush will make the roughest and most "out-standing" eyebrow lie down and behave itself? Try it and see.

A most decided beauty attribute and one which all women long for is the long, curling eyelash. Really nothing adds quite so much beauty to a woman's face. They are well worth striving for so I am going to give a formula for an ointment which is said to greatly stimulate the growth of eyelashes.

## Quinine Ointment

Sulphate of quinine, five grains; sweet almond oil, one ounce.

Apply this to the eyelashes with a very tiny brush and be careful not to get any in the eye itself. This ointment strengthens the hair roots and makes the lashes grow long and silky.

A perfect figure is a graceful figure without an extra ounce of fat upon it, a figure which is tall in proportion and which is shaped in the modern style, with nicely curved hips and a little waist. Few women have it, although it is not at all hard to obtain. The only thing required is persistence and self-denial. The woman who stoops when she walks, or she who throws her abdomen out, instead of in, the woman who will eat "just one more piece of cake" and the woman who is too lazy to reduce, need not look in the glass to see if they have a perfect figure, because they haven't.

A great many people have the sixth mark of beauty, a beautiful head of hair. The hair must grow thickly and be glossy in appearance, and so arranged that it looks pretty. Poorly "done-up" tresses will detract from the prettiest face while careful hair-dressing will do wonders for the plain woman. Get out your brush and combs, girls, and try a new way of arranging your beauty locks.

Next in importance comes a set of teeth without not a gold filling visible. Who does not long for beautiful teeth, glisteningly white and even. Such teeth are the jewels, which complete the attractiveness of a pretty, red mouth. The want of this beauty mark is an irreparable misfortune. So look over the back files of COMFORT for my article on teeth and follow the good advice given. You will soon have teeth as pretty as any.

Here is the eighth point of beauty and one that every woman should have if she intends wearing the Dutch collars so fashionable just now. A pretty throat! Do you want to know, Miss Curious, what constitutes a pretty throat? Well, to begin with, it must be white and minus all collar marks, then it must be round, well shaped and soft, in a word altogether alluring. A thick or stiff throat is not pretty, neither is the throat looking as if made out of dough—ugly and shapeless.

Of course, you know the next beauty attribute, is a nice, oh, a very nice chin! It must be shaped like an egg with the small end down, a round chin, one would scream at the mention of a double chin, a perfect daintily cut chin, and if it has a dimple in it, all the better. You read about this pretty desirable chin in your favorite novel, where it is described so clearly, you wished down in your heart, you had one just like it. Perhaps you have, my dear, but you don't know it.

Everybody admires a tiny shell-like ear and the girls who are possessed of such ears can rest happy in the knowledge that they have the tenth mark of beauty. The small ear, however, is not often seen and when it is, should it stand out from the head, its beauty is marred. All ears, whether large or small, should lie flat to the head.

The eleventh beauty mark, I am sure you know is a pretty hand white and exquisitely kept. Hands of this kind can be the property of all of my girls if they will only give a little time to the task. Perhaps you didn't know that a pretty hand is fully as fascinating as a pretty face. Of course, well-cared-for nails are an essential of the beautiful hand.

Last, but not least, on my list comes the foot. A nice foot should be long and graceful with an arched instep and a cute pretty little heel. All feet are created pretty but after years of neglect they become so ugly it is a blessing they are concealed in their leather casing.

Don't be discouraged, my dears, if you have no beauty marks at all because care and a little common sense will soon bring you several beauty attributes, if you really, truly want them. You do? Then begin your beautifying this very day and inside of three months you will be delighted with the pretty girl you see reflected in your looking-glass.

## Questions and Answers

BY KATHERINE BOOTH.

Margaret D.—Why not leave your hair alone as red is a very fashionable color for one's glory crown. Dipping the hair in sage tea is said to darken it slightly, but home-made dyes are almost always disastrous to the user. Better let well enough alone and don't forget that half the girls in the United States are wishing for red hair, so you see you are the lucky one.

Mrs. F.—As one grows older, the scalp receives less nourishment as the heart, growing feeble, cannot send the blood as far. As a consequence gray hairs come, but their arrival can be almost indefinitely postponed, if you will massage your head for twenty minutes each night, thus bringing the blood to the scalp and causing the hair roots to take a new lease on life. Use a vaseline pomade for this massage.

Mary Jane, Florida.—If you will write me, inclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope, I will send you address of drug-store where I think you can buy Henna.

Mrs. Myrtle B.—You cannot dye a switch but Peroxide of Hydrogen put on will bleach your hair to a golden shade. This hair bleaching is impossible to do at home without laugible results. Your hair would probably need to be bleached once a month.

Miss V. A. C.—You must have sent to some small store an elderberry water is used in half of the toilet preparations and extract of thyme is very common. I do not put up preparations myself. There are many other hair restorers but as they contain dangerous ingredients I cannot recommend them.

Mrs. G. M. W.—If you will use the following remedy every night, massaging it into the scalp for twenty minutes you will, I am sure, have a new growth of hair in a month. This remedy was recently used on a man who had been bald for fifteen years and in two weeks a growth of hair started. Of course most of this is due to the massage which promotes blood circulation, thus nourishing and invigorating the hair cells. As you are only twenty-one, you can expect good results. Don't let the oily hair discourage you. Wipe it off thoroughly every night with a dry towel and the oil will show very little. Wash your hair every ten days.

## Vaseline Pomatum

White vaseline, three ounces; castor oil (cold drawn), one and one half ounces; gallic acid, one and three fourths drams; oil of lavender, thirty drops.

Miss Thompson.—See reply to Mrs. G. M. W. Puffiness under the eyes can be helped by massage, but you are probably suffering from eye-strain and should consult an oculist.

Brown Eyes and Mrs. Dew.—You should weigh about one hundred and forty pounds. Here is a lip rouge:

Spermaceti ointment, one ounce; balsam of Peru, fifteen grains; alkanet root, fifteen grains; oil of cloves, five drops.

Digest the alkali in the ointment at a gentle heat, until the latter is a deep rose color, pass through a coarse strainer, then slightly cooled, stir the balsam in, let settle, then pour off clear portion and add the oil of cloves. You can keep your hair fluffy by washing it every ten days and by putting in the water one teaspoonful of powdered borax. For the last, rinse use six cups of warm water to which the juice of two lemons have been added. Wait a few minutes then rinse again in hot then cold water. This last treatment will cure your dandruff.

Mrs. Calch.—You are about twenty pounds too heavy and I should advise your eating less. Have fruit, crackers and coffee for breakfast, and a similar lunch. Have one good meal a day.

Bella.—As your height is five feet, eight inches and your weight one hundred and seventy-five pounds you are just about right. Your waist and hip measure seems about right. If you eat less you'll lose a little flesh. Omit lunch and for breakfast eat shredded wheat biscuits, coffee and fruit.

Antoinette.—Judging from your letter I think your mother should take my Hot Water Cure for two weeks to get her stomach in better condition and then start on the Milk Diet, which builds up the tired nerves, supplies fresh blood and causes the patient to relax and sleep.

## Hot Water Treatment

Two glasses of hot water half an hour before each meal and before going to bed. Read my recent milk article in COMFORT.

Geraldine Etheta.—Yes, one hundred and fifteen pounds is too little for a height of five feet, five and one half inches. You should drink three quarts of milk a day and see the pounds of flesh pile on. The average gain in flesh is two to four pounds a week. Regarding those horrid bunions, wear low-heeled, wide and long shoes so the toe joints feel no undue pressure.

## Bunion Lotion

Glycerine, two drams; carbolic acid, two drams; tincture of iodine, two drams.

Paint the inflamed joint with this lotion several times daily. Protect the point from rubbing by a large ring of plano felt or of felt and chamomels combined. Use lemon and glycerine freckle remover for several weeks if the skin does not become irritated. No this does not produce a growth of hair. To obtain long curling lashes touch them with warm sesame oil.

Longton, Kansas.—Take from one and one half to two quarts of milk a day and a few salted crackers. This will reduce you from one to three pounds a week. Of course you mustn't do very heavy work while on this reduction diet.

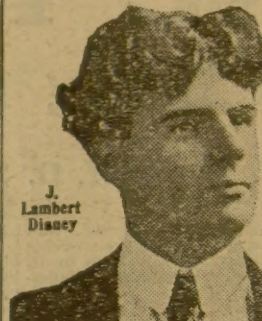
Grateful, New York.—See reply to Geraldine. This diet will plump up your cheeks.

Glenn V., Goodland, Kans. and others.—Regarding your inquiry I would say that the Milk Diet is a wonderful bust developer increasing its measurements from one inch to one inch a week. Take two quarts of milk daily, sipping the milk slowly. You will soon have a full bust.

Eva H.—I am glad you are interested in the Milk Diet. Four quarts of milk daily will give you fresh pure blood, restore to health the jaded nerves and beautify the complexion. Read my March article on Milk Diet in COMFORT.

Mrs. P. E., Boston.—I am glad to hear from you and sorry to hear you are having such bad luck. I advise stopping the Diet and instead take for one month my hot water treatment as this is a great improver of stomach conditions. Take two glasses of hot water half an hour before meals and before going to bed. When the month is up, start your Milk Diet but begin slowly, say two quarts, then three quarts, then four quarts, then five. Sip the milk very, very slowly, holding each swallow in mouth until it becomes salivated. Are you sure your milk is good? Don't take the pasteurized milk.

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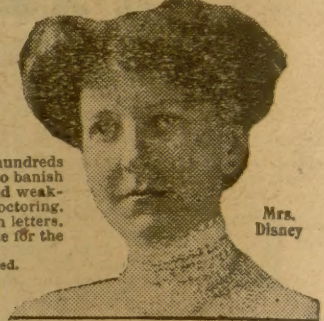
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# A Pretty Hat.

The transfer embroidery design illustrated here may be adapted to almost any style of hat, made of linen, duck, lawn, nain-sook or batiste. The blossoms have the outline padded and then worked in solid buttonhole stitch, the inside being done in eyelet design. The center of the crown shows one of these blossoms, the scroll being worked in solid outline stitch. In fact almost any kind of embroidery may be employed once the design has been transferred to the material. Some of the hats this summer have the embroidery done in the natural color of the blossoms and their foliage, though many women prefer the all-white embroidery. This pattern may be obtained by sending a club of two five months' 10c. subscriptions to COMFORT, only 20c. in all. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

# Shirt-waist Pattern.

Adaptable to any style of shirt-waist is this transfer pattern of a charming conventional flower and leaf design. It may be worked in solid stitch, the inner portions being done in eyelet design, or by transferring the pattern to the wrong side of the material if it be lawn or organdie, or any transparent material the design may be developed in shadow embroidery. In fact it may be worked in any stitch that suits the wearer's fancy. If worked on washable material mercerized cotton in white or any preferred color may be used. If however the design is transferred to silk, mercerized silk should be used for the working. This pattern may be obtained by sending a club of two five months' 10c. subscriptions to COMFORT, only 20c. in all. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.





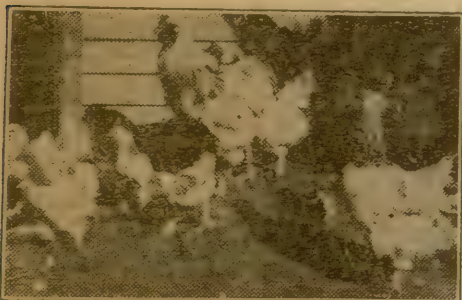


BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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**The Best Care at the Right Time.**

**A**RE you thinking of next winter's eggs? It is quite time to select a laying stock. Go carefully through the young birds, and pick out the bright, energetic-looking pullets. If possible, allow them free range, and small, clean houses which will hold fifteen or twenty without crowding. Place thirty or forty feet apart on a side-hill—the ideal condition. But if you can't have small houses on the side-hill you must contrive some place away from the older and younger birds, and make sure that it is free from vermin. Pullets must be well cared for right now, or they won't make good layers next winter. It is just a waste of time and money to rear young chicks carefully and feed them heavily in winter, if there has been an intermediate period of neglect, and unfortunately the majority of ordinary farmers do let the half-grown stock run down. By neglect, I mean carelessness in the matter of fighting vermin, supplying clean water in hot weather, and proper food. Corn, nothing but corn, won't do for growing birds. It is like giving growing children nothing but pork. They want, or rather must have, material to make bone and muscle. Build a good strong frame, and it is comparatively easy to get eggs in winter. If you don't believe what a difference this intermediate care makes, just try the experiment with ten healthy youngsters this season. Put them in a quarantine coop, for two weeks, and powder them every



OLD AND YOUNG SHOULD NOT RUN TOGETHER.

other night, then remove to a clean house. Give them free range, let them have ground oats, barley, wheat, and meat scraps for breakfast. Supper, wheat or wheat and oats. Keep fresh water in clean vessels always before them in a shady place, and just watch them grow. It will, I am sure, convince you of the desirability of following my advice. About the first of October all the laying stock, young and old, should be put into their permanent winter quarters, for changing fowls from one house to another often upsets them, and interferes with the egg yield. One year, a house intended for young pullets was not finished until the end of November. Several of them had commenced to lay, but after they were moved, not an egg was found until late in December. Other years, birds from the same stock, hatched at about the same time, and receiving the same care, have usually been laying regularly by the end of December, so I am positively convinced it is a mistake to delay winter housing until winter is really with us. About October 1st commence winter rations. Breakfast, seven o'clock; mash made of chopped clover hay, oats and corn, ground together, two quarts of hay to one of ground feed. Give what the birds will eat up clean every fifteen minutes, then scatter a pint of rape and meal mixed, or finely-cracked corn in the scratching material on the floor. Lunch, eleven o'clock; ground green bone or meat scraps if it is not possible to get fresh bones, cabbage or other green food, and a little more small grain, scattered as before. Supper, five o'clock; corn and oats mixed until cold weather, then omit the oats and increase the quantity of corn. Provide plenty of sand-baths (shallow boxes filled with clean, dry earth, placed in sunny parts of the house) sharp grit and clean water. A span of skimmed milk whenever you have it to spare, but don't think milk takes the place of water. Remember if you neglect the pullets now, they won't be profitable through the winter.

**Correspondence.**

**E. E.**—Can you tell me what is the matter with my turkeys? They commenced to die when about two or three weeks old. They get very weak and die in a few hours after I have noticed that they are ill. On examination I find that the liver is almost white, and the gall much enlarged. I feed oat meal, hard boiled eggs, millet, bread crumbs, onion tops and corn meal. They have plenty of sand, and seem to have a good appetite until a few hours before they die. I feed often and plenty. Is there any danger of over-feeding?

**A.**—You may have been rather over-anxious about the birds, but I can't say surely, not knowing the quantities in which you fed. I really think the birds must have worms and liver complaint. They seem rather young to have such a bad case. Give them a few drops of castor oil, and see if they will eat. Birds hatched from eggs laid by unhealthy stock may inherit such tendencies, which will develop rapidly under adverse conditions. Are the brood-combs dry and clean? Soft food sours very quickly in warm weather, and that may have caused acute indigestion. Try adding a few drops of lemon to the drinking water, until the brood-combs are clean. Wash the brood-combs with boiled water, and use a little finely-cracked corn, mixed with clean, dry earth, placed in sunny parts of the house) sharp grit and clean water. A span of skimmed milk whenever you have it to spare, but don't think milk takes the place of water. Remember if you neglect the pullets now, they won't be profitable through the winter.

**M. C.**—Please tell me what is the matter with my chickens. Their eyes swell, and in a day or two they can't see. They have a yellow-looking substance in their mouths, and slimy stuff in their ears and throats. They have free range in oak woods. I feed corn and lean meat.

**A.**—Your birds have a malignant form of roup, which will require drastic measures to stamp out. Roup may develop from a quick cold, or be transmitted from the parent stock. In either case, once established in active form, it is most contagious, so the moment you notice the suspicious looking bird, remove it from the flock, and confine it in a small coop for treatment, or better still, kill, and burn the carcass. Personally, I don't think it is worth while doctoring for roup, excepting in the case of some special show-bird, as I would never breed from a bird which had once been affected. If you wish to try your skill as a doctor, get ten cents' worth of permanganate of potassium from a drug-store, put a thimbleful in a quart bottle half filled with water, and shake till dissolved. For use dissolve one teaspoonful in half a glass of water and thoroughly wash out the bird's

throat and nostrils. A strong wing feather makes a good mop for the purpose about the eyes and face. Repeat the treatment twice a day. Feed on bread which has been steeped in scalded milk, and squeezed dry. Thoroughly cleanse all the drinking and feed vessels in the house from which the bird was taken. Disinfect the house and yard, and keep a strict watch on the flock.

**F. H.**—I have hatched duck-eggs under hens; have five out of the first setting, sixteen from the second. Have only ten left. Am keeping them in a greenhouse in which there are no plants, and which is quite dry. There is a stove in the house, and on cold days I kindle a fire, but give them plenty of fresh air through the window. Fed them at first with stale bread-crumbs, then bran, boiled potatoes and wheat. I give them a little water. When I see they have got enough, I take away the water, so they can't get wet. They get black around the eyes and rump. When they want to pass droppings, they back three or four inches, and then pass only a drop or two of water. I took them from the old hen as soon as they were hatched and let her go back to laying.

**A.**—No bread or boiled potatoes for the future. Use bran and ground feed (corn and oats ground together). To every cupful, add one teaspoonful of sharp sand. Make the mash much moister than for chickens. In fact quite wet. They must have water before them all the time. They need to drink every few minutes, and it must be in something deep enough to allow them to get their entire heads under water, though they should not get their bodies into it. A big stone in the center of a granite pudding pan, or a narrow strip of board across the center of such a pan, will prevent them from getting into it, and yet allow their heads to be submerged. Do you put them into a box or basket, with good hay or flannel at the bottom to keep them warm at night? For that is the time they must be dry and warm.

**L. S.**—At what temperature should an incubator be run? Please tell me all about taking care of it. A.—From 102½ to 103, following the instructions which came with your machine. Refer to back numbers of COMFORT. There have been several articles on incubation in this department during the spring months of past years.

**Mrs. G.**—Dressed several hens lately, which, instead of having small eggs, have large bunches of dark-blue looking balls, varying in size from my thumb to buckshot. I opened some of them, and they were filled with a substance like the yolk of an egg after it has become old and stale. Some had three or four red eggs mixed with them. I am also losing my chickens with bowel-trouble.

**A.**—The condition you describe is very odd. I should imagine it was caused by some want in feeding, or some disease of the egg-passages. Unfortunately, you don't say if the hens have been laying recently, or if it is from the same flock that the hens are dying of bowel trouble, so I really can't diagnose the case, without more specific information. I would be very glad if you would write me more fully, for I like to investigate into and solve odd cases, as it enables me to help others in the future.

**M. B.**—My little chickens have a peculiar disease. No one can tell me what it is, or a remedy. A great many chickens through the neighborhood have it. Some flocks escape it. As a general rule the chickens do not take it until five or six weeks old. A few have it at the age of two weeks. In several cases they become suddenly blind, but otherwise seem perfectly well. In about twenty-four hours their feet and combs blister. When picked, a watery fluid exudes. The chick is feverish, and its little heart beats like a trip-hammer. During this stage of the disease the little birds droop around. After three or four days the blisters disappear, leaving the affected parts sore and scabby. But they never recover their sight, although seemingly all right otherwise. A great many die during the second stage of the disease. Some have it in a lighter form, do not go blind, and sometimes only one foot is affected. When healed the feet are stiff and turn up. Some are so badly stiffened birds cannot roost on a perch. If the chick recovers, it is dwarfed, never growing to the full size. I would like very much to know the cause, and a remedy.

**A.**—This entire case is beyond my ability to prescribe for, for I have never met with a similar condition. If any of my readers have I should be pleased to hear from them. Meantime, I regret not being able to help you. If it were my own case, I should try using the permanganate of potassium, as recommended to M. C.

**A Subscriber.**—I'm writing you for information as to a trouble with my turkeys. Their symptoms are as follows: When they first hatch out they are healthy-looking, but in a few days they begin to droop, grow weak, and quit eating. They sleep like chickens that have lice on them, but there is no vermin on them. Seem to be very thirsty all the time, but no sign of bowel trouble. When they die, their gall-bladder is larger than a grown hen's should be—much larger—and the liver is too tight. Their mouths are a little too pink, but with that exception there is no outward symptom except sleeping, weakness, and great thirst. I feed on corn bread sprinkled with black pepper as long as they eat at all. In the way of medicine have used International Chick food, charcoal, copperas, but all to no avail. Out of fifty-one hatched off, have only two now, and they are drooping. Will inclose self-addressed envelope for an early reply, and assure you that any helpful advice will be very much appreciated.

**A.**—Your case is somewhat like that described by E. E. I have also received four other letters of the same description, so I am going to consult an expert on turkey diseases, and next month you shall have the result of my investigations.

**W. J. H.**—The A B C of Bee Culture, by A. I. and E. B. Root, will tell you all about bees. Foot note.—A subscriber has kindly sent in the following recipes.

**A Sure Remedy for Limberneck in Chickens**  
Just catch the chick and hold its mouth open



A USEFUL HOME FOR YOUNG STOCK.

and pour two or three tablespoonfuls of sorghum molasses down the chick.

I have tried this and known others to try it, and never knew it to fail, and here is a remedy for gapes in chicks:

Just a little turpentine in the dough or mash that you feed them, or if they are so that they won't eat, catch them and put three or four drops of turpentine in a spoonful of sweet milk or water and pour down them.

**Comfort Sisters' Corner**

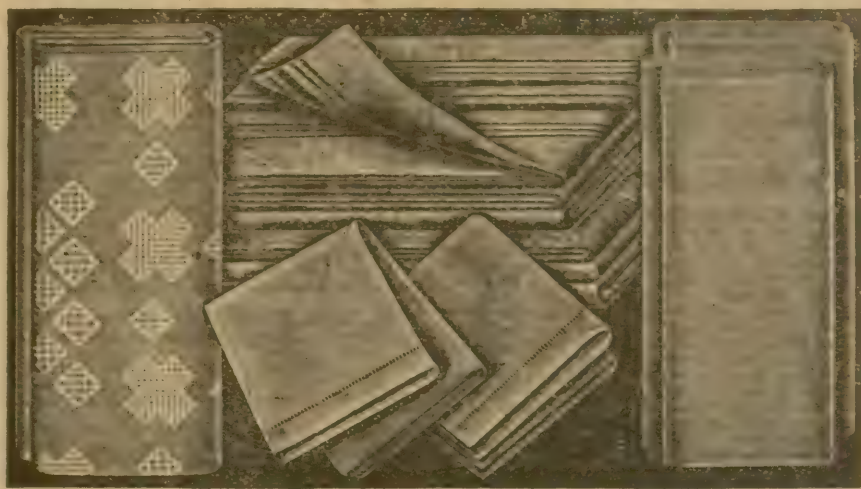
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

**DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:**

Being a New Yorker, having lived there until the last two years, I cannot tell very much about Nevada. Sparks is a small city, built up by the Southern Pacific Railroad moving their repair shops from Hazen to this place. Reno, three miles distant, is quite a large city. We are completely surrounded by mountains and foothills. Mt. Rose is the highest, its peak covered with snow the entire year. The Truckee river running between the mountains, has some very attractive scenery, although un navigable, fish abound in it. The country is watered by irrigation which enables the farmers to raise whatever they wish. I, too, enjoy COMFORT, and wish to say that I look for it every month, although I never saw the paper until I came to Nevada. Being a young housewife I find many helpful hints, as well as recipes. Thanks to the sister who gave directions for cleaning light wool goods with Fuller's Earth.

May I ask if any of the sisters can tell me how to clean Battenberg lace and a worsted shawl, with a dry cleaning, and also how to

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make my own extract or flavoring. I will be very thankful for it.

To clean white kid gloves, wash in benzine, using Castile soap, rinse in fresh benzine and rub flat on a piece of white cloth and hang out in the air (in the shade) until dry. While wet they look dirty, but when dry look like new.

As I am a young housewife would be thankful if the sisters would remember me with pieces of silk and cotton goods for patchwork, also flower seeds, if they have any to spare.

Mrs. E. H. McNEES, Sparks, Nev.

**DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:**

After reading Mrs. Sadie Barne's letter I cannot keep silent any longer. Our past experiences are very much alike, as we are the same age. I also have three children and the two eldest are twi. I quite agree with her that no one has any idea the trouble of twins but those who have the care of them.

I take several magazines and papers, but give me dear old COMFORT; it has brightened many a lonely hour for me.

My husband is a Choctaw Indian, he owns one thousand acres of land and though this is a rough country I like it, it is my home. We are a mile and a half from the village of Alma.

Mrs. M. E. Woodard. Please write me. I have lost your address. I should like to hear from others, too. BELLE McLELLAN, Alma, Ok.

**DEAR SISTERS:**

I am so glad the editor of COMFORT permits us to talk on religion. One reason I never take any of the magazines is because they nearly all have some love story or so much trash in them they are not fit to be in our home. I think we ought to study how we can do the most good to help each other and to please the Lord. I don't think we can do that and read novels and love stories. I think that is a sin as much as card playing, theater going and dancing. In answer to Sister Chester's letter, my Bible reads: "Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord."

And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him.

Confess your faults one to another and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. James V. 14, 17. Please read Psalm 111. The question sometimes is asked where are the Elders that believe in healing. If you don't know of any find the best saints and pray through them to the Throne and believe God hears and answers prayer. By your faith He will answer and heal all diseases.

Your sister, M. J. DUNN, Topeka, Kans.

**DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND MRS. WILKINSON:** I think the Sisters' Corner is not a dark, gloomy nook but like a corner of a bow window of sunshine and flowers.

I am from New York state, and from a child I wanted to be a missionary. The way was opened at last, after my marriage to an Evangelist, in 1901. We finally drifted South and on to the Bay Islands, Central America; they are known as the "Lazy Man's Paradise."

We saw glorious results. Nearly all the people speak English and we had to have an altar in the church and outside at one place, such crowds came and came seeking salvation.

But my definite call was to the poor out-cast girls in the slums of the cities, so I am now struggling in rescue work, and husband carries on the work in the Islands, going there and keeping others in the field.

I will be glad to write to any more fully of my work and the strange but awful experiences I have in the dark mines of sin where few of the good dare to venture to dig for treasures in the rough. But praise the Lord it is a paying business for the Kingdom of God, as about eighty-nine per cent. of the girls who really get saved (not reformed) stand and make some of the best Christians the church has. I have no salary. I am getting out a little paper telling of my travels, lectures and experiences, etc., and would like very much to receive clippings from papers

on my line of work. I will ask God's people to pray the Lord to give me great success in all our work and give us a home for girls to be taken in, helped, loved and supported by a good industrial plan.

Now you may not think I could add anything of benefit in the domestic line, but missionaries know how to economize from necessity and learn many inventions.

I will tell you how to make "Mock Butter." (CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

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# HER SPIRIT GUARDIAN

## Or, The Angel Mother's Message

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By Ida M. Black

**R**UIN stared Margaret Idle in the face. The mortgage on the farm which had never been paid off, as she had always thought it had by her father before his death, would fall due on the seventh of August, and if it were not paid then, they would be sold out, and lose the home so dear to her and her blind sister Louise.

It had been a hard struggle with pretty, brown-haired Margaret to keep the wolf from the door since the death of her dear, dear mother, who only that March had folded her tired, white hands over her patient heart, and drifted to that shining land beyond the stars, to join Henry, her loved husband. Only a month before he had gone to the "great beyond," leaving her and the two orphan girls alone with a heavy mortgage on Beechtree Farm, and the "wolf" very near.

Margaret had bravely buried her dream of love in the grave of her father, and bade her sweet heart, Edwin Greble, "good by." The dream had been so sweet, with scarcely a cloud to mar the beauty of their love, which an indulgent father, ready and able to gratify every whim; a lover always eager to grant her slightest wish; and a mother who simply idolized her, life seemed all sunshine. Then came the bitter awakening with her father's seizure. Only one course was possible, she must sacrifice her love and devote herself to the care of her mother and afflicted sister.

"I will never marry you until I have paid off the mortgage," she had said valiantly. "I will never come to you a poor bride with a load of debts upon me," she had replied to Edwin's pleadings.

"But I want to share them with you. I am young and strong, Margie, let us work together," and the blue eyes looked lovingly into the level brown ones.

But she refused. She was proud, it was the inheritance that she had received from the Fredricks, and, after vainly trying to change her, he had left her to sail "over the seas" to the Rhineland, where a brilliant business opportunity awaited his sagacity and sterling honesty.

"I will only be gone a year!" and he smiled with an inward conviction that all would be well, their mutual love was too strong for pride and distance, and when he returned to Melrose he would be junior partner, and Margaret Idle would be his wife.

How that mortgage had embittered the hearts of the three weak women! Henry Idle had always been of a trusting nature and when Wallace Long had asked for a loan of ten thousand dollars, he had mortgaged his all for that sum with a confidence that was lacking in business shrewdness, and thus signed away the birthright of "Beechtree Farm" from his family. Long had failed, and the "sure thing" like all of its kind, went up in filmy smoke. On his deathbed he realized his mistake. Was it the ravings of a mind diseased by sickness and fever? As Margaret bent over his dying bed she heard these words fall from his lips:

"Gold! Gold, hidden gold! Follow the Beechtree path, and walk eight paces, face the dying sun. Dig, dig! and the gold is yours! The secret of the old miser's hoard will be yours!"

Then he had died with a look of wild appeal in his eyes.

"It's only his ravings," the widow had said, and so Margaret and blind Louise thought that she was right.

The position of district school teacher opened to the girl and she gladly accepted, for no sooner had her father been laid at rest when Jonathan Green, or Miser Green, as he was always called, on account of his penury and closeness, notified her that he held a ten-thousand-dollar mortgage which he would foreclose on the day that it was due unless she promised to be his wife.

Miser Green had always been a friend of her father, but none of the helpless women had ever heard that he was financially indebted to him. Margaret had always had the strongest aversion to his attentions, and had shown him plainly that they were distasteful to her. Mr. Idle had been a man that had kept his business dealings from the knowledge of his family, and they had always supposed that he was comfortably well off, if not wealthy.

The anxiety was too much for the invalid mother and she collapsed. Then followed days of anxious nursing and sleepless nights ending in wild despair when it was all of no avail, and again the Death Angel visited Beechtree Farm.

For four months Margaret struggled to avert the ruin, but she could see no ray of light, so this dark day of August first found her facing ruin and despair, her lover far away, keeping the silence that she had imposed upon him.

"How can I save the farm?" she cried again and again. "I know how my mother loved it, and I am sure she could not rest in her grave if I would let it pass into the sheriff's hands. But to marry Miser Green would kill me, even she would never wish me to make such a sacrifice."

One scheme after another presented itself to her mind, only to be rejected as unfeasible, until at last her mind seemed all in a whirl. Sadly pondering, wishing so longingly that Edwin was here to comfort and advise her, Margaret wandered idly down the white-washed lane until she came to the beechtree woods that had always been her delight.

As she sauntered through the rustling leaves, the chirping of the birds overhead seemed to say: "Cheer up! Cheer up!" The buzzing bees too, seemed cheery in their humming, and the south wind kissed her lovingly on the brow. Unconsciously she took the path that led to the "Haunted House." This was an old structure, in a dilapidated condition that belonged to Miser Green now, but at one time belonged to an old recluse that had lived there many years alone, and was reputed to be wealthy, still when he was found dead, apparently from heart disease, no signs of any fortune could be found.

After his death many professed to see strange sights in the house; one family after another moved in, but no one could be prevailed upon to stay longer than a month or two. They all agreed that during the night strange sounds proceeded from the cellar, while a ghastly blue light was liable to appear at any moment in any of the apartments. No one could discover from whence it came or whether it went, but it was always followed by the unearthly noise that no one could describe.

One of the tenants also declared that she was awakened by a choking sensation, and to her horror beheld an old man standing at her bedside, beckoning to her with his long bloodless hand. She sprang up and he floated noiselessly out of the room. Her blood nearly froze when she found that the door was still locked, so he must have entered as he departed, as there was no other means of exit.

No impressed was she that the vision was a reality that she prevailed upon her husband the following night to lie awake and await the coming of the "ghostly visitant." He agreed, and they both declared that precisely at twelve o'clock they saw a glimmer of ghastly light descend into the room, and as they watched it, it grew more and more distinct, until, as it came nearer and nearer, it developed into the ghostly visitor of the night before. Again it stood by the bedside and beckoned towards the door, then again disappeared.

They both rushed to the door, opened it, and saw the beckoning hand descend the stairs; following, they felt a rush of clammy air, and saw that the cellar door had been opened, and that the uncanny light had disappeared.

These various stories had given the house the reputation of being haunted, so for the past few years Miser Green had been unable to rent it.

Margaret and Edwin had often walked through the whispering trees and stopped to rest and chat on the deserted porch, where still remained an old rustic seat. Today Margaret mechanically took the old familiar path, so lost in trying to solve her perplexing problem that she scarcely realized where she was going, until with a start she saw that she was again where she had spent her last hour with Edwin, when he had pleaded so heart-brokenly for her consent to his suit.

"Oh, Edwin, if only you were here to help me! My beloved! How I miss you! I wonder if you ever think of me!"

With a rush of tears she threw herself upon the rude bench, and sob after sob shook her frame, until thoroughly exhausted, she sank into a troubled sleep.

The setting sun sank lower and lower, the beeches looked ghostly in the darkening shadows, the wind sobbed and whistled through the branches until it seemed like voices from the under world.

Hour after hour passed, still Margaret slept on. Twelve o'clock rang solemnly out in the stillness from the town clock in the distance. Margaret awoke with a start. Was she dreaming? Was it indeed her mother that she had seen? Surely she had been with her, her face all aglow with the old love light, as the dear voice had said: "Do not worry, Margie, dear, I have come to help you. Be led by me!"

She rubbed her eyes, was it indeed but a dream! How happy she had felt! Oh, God! If it were but true, and her mother was more alive to help and guide her!

She tried to get up, but was so stiff from the night air and her cramped position, that she sank back again with a groan, and closed her eyes in despair.

When she opened them again she saw a sight that made her hair stand on end. Ascending the steps, his lean figure looking ghostly in the glimmering moonlight, his scant hair dying in the breeze his bulging eyes wild and glazed, glided Miser Green!

What could he want here at this hour of night? All her fear left her, her vision returned to her. Her mother had said: "Do not be afraid, I am with you." She felt that it was true, she felt so brave, strength must have been given her from a Higher Power. She would follow him and see what he was doing.

On tiptoe she followed the silent figure, through the doorway into the parlor, then to the dining-room, out into the kitchen. Once he turned so she had a full look into his face, and then she knew that she had nothing to fear. He was unconscious of her presence, for he was walking in his sleep!

Opening the cellar door he descended the steps, went to the coal bin, took a blue candle from the shelf, lit it, throwing a gruesome light over the darkness, took a shovel, and walked to the corner, facing the west, and began to dig.

"Dig, dig! And you will find the gold!"

It almost seemed to Margaret that again she heard those words of delirium. Could they have meant something after all?

Almost breathlessly she watched the busy worker, who seemed to work with almost superhuman strength; shovel after shovel of heavy dirt he threw as lightly as if it were but dust. Great beads of perspiration broke out upon his face, and his bony hands clutched the shovel as if his very life depended upon its fast movement.

Deeper and deeper grew the hole, more and more excited grew the digger, now he can no longer control himself. Groan after groan bursts from his trembling lips.

"My gold! My gold! Where is my gold?" Just then the shovel strikes something with a ringing sound and with a cry of joy the old man digs frantically further and further down, until suddenly he stoops, and reaching down into the cavity, draws up an iron box, which he clutches joyously to his breast.

Spellbound Margaret watches his every movement. Placing the box upon the floor he unfastens it, muttering hoarsely:

"Margaret's gold, but all mine! Only six more days and she'll be mine, too! Ha! Ha! Little did Henry Idle think that he was trusting a wolf in sheep's clothing when he trusted me with the hiding place of his gold. I knew that Margaret would never be mine unless I could get her in my power. How I have blessed the hour that brought him to me, asking me to take care of his gold as he was afraid to trust the bank, as so many were crumbling to pieces in the financial depression. Ah! I have taken good care of it! Good care!"

His face looked like a demon's, as he gloated over his treasure; Margaret could scarcely believe her ears. "Her gold!" What did it mean? Was it possible that after all Beechtree Farm would be saved? He must know, she could not control herself any longer. Rushing behind the old man, she grasped his shoulder crying:

"My gold, did you say, Miser Green? Then I claim it. Give it to me!"

With a shriek that was scarcely human, the old man clutched his treasure, and stared at her with wild, dilated eyes.

He tried to speak, but his tongue was thick; he could utter nothing intelligible. With a cry of despair he flung himself down upon the ground, hugging his gold beneath him. Only for a second, then with a convulsive shudder, his clasp loosened, and he rolled over, dead! No more could earthly treasure appeal to Miser Green.

With fear and horror Margaret realized the awful truth. Miser Green, whom she had feared and detested, could never again give her a moment's worry. Her heart beat rapidly with joy and hope. He had said that the gold was hers then surely she had the right to open the box!

Bending over it she found that it was unlocked, and opening it, she saw her father's familiar handwriting upon a letter upon the top, addressed to her. With trembling hand she broke the seal and read:

"My dearest Margie: In these troublous times of financial uncertainty and collapsing banks, I have decided to trust my fortune to Mother Earth, so that you and Louise will never run any risk of losing it. The gold was given to me by the 'Recluse' of the 'Haunted House,' as he said that I was the only one left alive that had ever shown him any kindness. He, too, had no confidence in the safety of banks, so he converted all his wealth into gold and concealed it where you will find this last message from him who loved you dearer than his life. I have confided my secret to my friend, Jonathan Green, who has promised to reveal it to you whenever the time may come that you may need it. May Heaven deal with him as he deals with you! May God watch over you and protect you from all harm, is the prayer of

"Your loving father,"

"HENRY IDLE."

With a sob, Margaret kissed the lines penned by the now silent hand, and then turned to further investigate the contents of the box. Roll after roll of gold pieces met her astonished gaze, it seemed as if there must be thousands and thousands of dollars. Her heart grew light as

a feather. The mortgage could now be paid! A sudden thought made her start. Perhaps it had been paid and Miser Green's claim was only another case of his villainy. She was so excited by this hope that she could scarcely wait until she had closed the box and concealed it, until she could return for it with help, for it was too heavy for her to remove it.

As she sped through the darksome woods not a thought of fear oppressed her, her heart was so light, and her mind so above earthly conditions that she never noticed the tall, manly figure so rapidly approaching, until she heard: "Margie! Margie! Thank God I have found you!"

Before she could realize that she was indeed awake she was clasped in the arms of Edwin Greble.

It was such a shock, and her nerves were so unstrung by the experiences of the evening, that it was full five minutes before she could control herself. She sobbed and sobbed in Edwin's arms, until at last he became alarmed.

"Sweetheart, what is the matter? Where have you been at this hour of the night, or morning, I should say? Louise is nearly frantic, I left the household all aroused and searching for you everywhere. I happened to think of the beechtree walk and so succeeded in finding you. Come tell me what has happened?"

"Oh, Edwin I am so glad to see you!" She at last faltered, calling forth all her will power to control her tears. "The most wonderful thing has happened. Beechtree Farm is saved! My father has left us a fortune in gold and I have just found it tonight. He had left it in Miser Green's care and when I fell asleep on the rustic bench on the porch of 'The Haunted House' I was awakened by his arrival, in a somnambulist state. I followed him, and discovered the secret. The shock was too great for him, and he was seized by an apoplectic stroke. He is now lying dead in the cellar of the house. I have just left him, do you wonder that I am unnerved?"

"My poor darling, do not think of it any longer," he whispered, lovingly. "I am here to shield you now, and take all responsibility from off these poor tired shoulders. How thankful I am that I received the message!"

"Message? What message? It is so good to see you that I really forgot to wonder how you happened to be here when I need you so much."

"My dear, I have a strange story to tell you. I was sitting in my office a week ago thinking of you and wondering how long it would be before I could again clasp you to my heart, when I heard distinctly:

"Edwin! Edwin! The office was empty. 'Again I heard the voice, and Margie, I recognized it. It was your mother's! You know I always loved it, it was so clear, and musical. I was awake, for I glanced at the clock, and it was just nine o'clock. Again the voice cried:

"Edwin, Edwin, go to Margie! She needs you. Go at once!"

"That was all, though I waited and listened. I could not tell from whence came the voice, but so impressed was I that it was a message from the other world that I made immediate arrangements to return, and succeeded in catching 'The Deutschland' and arrived tonight, just in time to find that you had mysteriously disappeared. I was nearly wild with all sorts of forebodings, so you can imagine my delight when I beheld you in the distance, and again held you in my arms."

Margaret listened to the story in wonder and awe. How it corresponded with her vision! Her mother had indeed been with her and helped her, and sent her to the one who could help her the most, now when she needed a man's wisdom and shrewdness.

By this time the couple had reached the farm and relieved the anxiety of Louise and the servants. Edwin then left to notify the coroner of the tragedy, and make arrangements for the funeral, as Miser Green was without relatives.

On looking over his papers it was found that Margaret was right in her surmise. The mortgage on Beechtree Farm had been paid off by Henry Idle, probably at the time he had given the balance of the gold that had been bequeathed to him in his care.

There was nothing now to prevent Margaret from rewarding Edwin for his loving devotion, and as it was urgent for him to return as soon as possible, he persuaded her to make him the happiest of men on the very day that she had so long dreaded—the seventh of August.

Two weeks later they sailed for Berlin, taking Louise with them, for Edwin had heard of a specialist there who had performed the most wonderful operations on the eye, restoring vision when other physicians had pronounced the case hopeless.

Margaret scarcely dared hope that this joy would be added to her life also, but it was indeed the case. Louise's sight was fully restored, the hidden gold accomplishing the almost seeming impossible task, as if it were enchanted.

After Miser Green's death the Haunted House lost its reputation, no more were heard the unearthly noises, no more was seen the "Ghostly Visitant." When Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Greble returned to reside at Beechtree Farm, they had the old house remodeled into a summer house, and they spent many happy hours beneath the waving trees, without a fear of any disturbing element.

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This stem wind Gold Watch fully warranted to keep correct time, and this beautiful Solid Gold Laid Signet Ring are given to you FREE for selling only 20 packages of our Post Cards at 10 cents a package. Our cards are all High Class Arts & Flowers in many colors, gold & silver. Order 20 packages and when sold send us the \$2.00 and we will send you the Watch and Ring & Chain. Satisfaction guaranteed. RELIABLE MFG. CO., DEPT. 104, CHICAGO.

**MEN WANTED** in every locality in the United States to advertise our goods, tack up show cards in all conspicuous places and distribute small advertising matter. Commission or salary \$83 per month and expenses \$4 per day. Steady work the year round; entirely new plan; no experience required. Write for particulars. ROYAL REMEDY CO., London, Ont., Canada.

**GREAT MONEY MAKER FOR AGENTS**  
Sell Magnetic Combs and get rich agents wild with success. They remove dandruff; stop falling hair; RELIEVE HEADACHE, never break. Send 2c stamp for sample. PROF. LONG, 720 Ash St., PEKIN, ILL.

**CAN YOU FURNISH A BOND?**  
If you can, we have a steady job for you, delivering goods and collecting money for us. You need no experience and risk nothing. We furnish everything and teach you the business. Don't pass up this chance. Write today for particulars. CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT & FRAME CO., 290-161 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

**\$3 a Day Sure** Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 900 Detroit, Mich.

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**FREE** We will send you this beautiful GOLD PLATED RING absolutely free if you will send us the names of five of your neighbors and 10 cents to pay postage, etc. GEM CITY SUPPLY CO., Quincy, Illinois

**COINS** I pay from 1 to 600 for thousands of rare coins, stamps and paper money to 1894. Send stamp for illustrated circular, get posted and make money quickly. VONBERGEN, the Coin Dealer, Dept. C. F., Boston, Mass.

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**Club Offer.** For a club of only 4 ten-cent five to this paper at 25 cents each, we will send an Album free and will include a set of twelve Post Cards free, as a beginning towards filling the Album.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



# THE PARSON'S PRAYER

## Or, The Young Minister's Strange Wooing

By T. B. Weaver

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WE all loved our young pastor, Rev. Charles West, highly educated and deeply pious. Unmarried, he brought with him a sister, his senior, to have charge of the parsonage adjoining the church. I once heard a minister say that it was a proverb, "that the devil lurks in the choir," but I fear that Mr. West found his Satanic majesty's influence apparent in the organist.

I had played our pipe organ for three years; but never before was I so deeply interested in the welfare of the church. My zeal attracted our pastor's notice and won his words of praise. My father, president of the official board was an enthusiastic admirer and friend of Rev. Mr. West.

One beautiful Sabbath evening in early June, after the service I went to the basement to get my Bible which I had left there after the morning session of the Sunday school, and the janitor not having been informed of my errand, turned off the lights and closed the building before I could return to the auditorium.

A chill of fear came over me with such force that I ran wildly from door to door, place to place, and my imagination conjured spirits fair and spirits foul, and the thought of my staying there all night greatly frightened me, for I had arranged to spend the night with my dear friend, Florence Weltner, a teacher in the city schools.

I was huddling down near the main entrance and was trying to collect my thoughts when the dear old organ like a loving friend seemed to call me, so I crept up into the organ loft and decided to turn my back bravely to the dark room and play mightily; the sound might attract attention and work my deliverance. I turned on the power, which quickly filled the great lungs. My hands were upon the keys in waiting, I was too nervous to be sure of correct positions; so I thought, one glance more behind me and then the grand organ shall do its best. Then peering into the depths, my eyes caught the figure of a man entering through the door of the pastor's study. In terror, I slid from the bench and hid before the organ. My whole life flashed before me, as I listened with supreme effort; and presently I heard a voice low, sweet and pleading. I raised myself a little and caught only occasional words. Higher in the secluding darkness then I climbed. At first, the voice seemed familiar; but my dazed mind did not recognize it. Then I stood upright to see where the strange figure had gone. Lo! it was kneeling at the chancel in prayer. Quietly I crept nearer and recognized the face of our esteemed pastor.

I was filled with emotion under the spell of his prayer; and as my thoughts followed him through the outer court of his being into the holiest-of-holies of his soul, a keen sense of unworthiness came over me, and I could scarcely restrain my feelings. With him, I supplicated a throne of divine love for guidance. My heart was beating wildly, my temples throbbing, so as the moonlight was streaming in through the door of his study, I crept noiselessly down and passed out into the night, my heart overflowing with new life, new joy. I was in a new world, transformed by a single prayer in my behalf. I heard him ask God's approval of his love of me, and pray God to manifest it by a sign before he should confess his love to me.

My lateness I explained easily to my friend, but after she had retired I remained at the piano and mused on the words of prayer, the love and love of my heart, until the moon with her somber mantle had covered tired face asleep in her lap.

"You never seemed so charming," remarked Florence, next morning. I thanked her, but withheld my secret—I was to be an answer to prayer. "Why, Marabel," interrupted my mother, next Sunday morning while I was preparing for service, "do you intend to dress in black, this bright June Sabbath?"

"Please indulge me, this time," I begged, giving her a kiss and a hug which she failed to interpret. "You always have abhorred black, dearie, so I cannot understand this strange fancy," she added as she left me.

My black eyes and fair skin, reinforced by an abundance of glossy, black hair, harmonized with the rich black dress that I wore; and red roses at my waist relieved with beauty the plainness of my appearance. My costume was the sign for which the young minister had prayed. My face, that morning, glowed with the warm blood flowing through my body. My joy was beyond words. The large audience seemed to be held alike by the power of the sermon and the charm of the music. The pastor very cordially complimented me and friends were profuse in their words of praise.

Thursday afternoon of that week, Rev. Mr. West and his sister took dinner with us, after which he requested me to show him through my flower garden. Out there he asked me how I could play with so much inspiration as I had the previous Sabbath; and I replied it came from the heart. Then he said, "Miss Given, do you believe in prayer?" "Certainly I do," I replied, adding, "and I've heard of remarkable answers to prayer." This seemed to please him; and he would have said more on this subject, but I switched to floriculture and kept him engaged until we returned to the house.

After returning home that evening from prayer service, in my room, I began to realize that the strong life of my pastor was drawing me gently and steadily to him. He appealed to me in the irresistible sway of the noble, vigorous manhood. I admired him, but doubted that I could love him.

My business training in father's real estate office had made me critical and perhaps indifferent to the finer sensibilities of feminine ideals. But a polite note from a gentleman friend, begging a social favor at my hand, sobered me; and a grave question arose in my mind—whether I had been trifling with divine things, by complying with my pastor's prayer and thus deceiving him, providing it were not my wish that he love me. Again I feared that if I should not fulfill his second prayer as I had his first, his faith might waver; because he truly believed me to be under divine guidance. Then so distracted, I tried to pray and a martyr's spirit calmed me.

On the third consecutive Sabbath I dressed in black and wore red roses as I had done the two preceding Sabbaths. This one fulfilled my pastor's first prayer concerning me. But what I should do to fulfill his second petition was beyond me, for I did not know the sign he had prayed for as a token that I loved him.

So I decided to confide my secret to my dear friend, Miss Florence Weltner, a practical, keen girl of rare executive ability. That afternoon, I related to her my experience. A scene followed—one of smiles and tears. We sat on each other's laps, paced the floor up and down the enchanted lover's lane—chatted freely—spoke in whispers, hugged one another—pledged our loves—sealed repeatedly our vows with girlish kisses. Finally Florence cried out:

"I have the plan!"

"Do tell me, dearie," I begged.

"Tip the janitor and have him, after service, close the building, but leave the west side-door unlocked and the key on the inside. We'll pass out with the crowd, but soon return and enter, hide in the organ loft and lasso the agonies of your would-be lover's heart. Capital, sis!" she said.

"Oh! Florence," gasped I.

"No sentiment here—business to the limit. There's a fluctuation—now's the time!" she continued enthusiastically.

Now, the janitor was a hard-headed, suspicious old man, and while he accepted my bribe readily enough and made no objection or other comment on my strange request, I was not a little troubled by the cold, cunning look he cast at me from the corner of his small black eyes, and I half repented of my undertaking. I communicated my misgivings to Florence, but she said:

"How foolish! it's all right, and we are not going to be frightened out of it by that old curmudgeon's sour looks. He can't even mention it without betraying his own guilt in accepting your money and being a party to the scheme."

The janitor was always imputing a wrong motive to everybody's conduct when possible. He had noticed our minister's practice of going to the church sometimes in the evenings to pray and so, when I hired him to leave the door unlocked after evening service, he at once jumped at the conclusion that he had unearthed a dreadful scandal concerning the young minister and the organist.

So he went home and talked it over with his wife. She stood up for the minister and said it was all my fault, that I was a designing hussy and had got the minister under my influence; that he was a diffident young man, unfamiliar with women's wiles and it was too bad to have his career blighted by such a scandal, and wanted her husband to go to him with a word of timely caution.

But the old man refused. He said that I had always been a good girl and borne an unblemished reputation and that there were too many such snakes-in-the-grass in the ministry, ruling good young girls and that he should try to make an example of him without exposing me, if possible, but at all events should drive him out of the ministry for his wicked conduct.

"T. miserable skunk," he said, "why don't he court the girl honorably and openly? He would, if he was any part of a decent man and had any idea of marrying. What would Squire Given do if he knew this scoundrel was planning to betray his only daughter? I don't just know how I'll manage it, but I'm going to fix him."

At last the eventful Sunday evening came and we were unconscious of the old janitor's sinister design.

I confess the fine sermon that evening was not very edifying to either of us.

There were two generous-hearted girls full of life and love—in the choir loft of an old stone church, partly covered with dead vines, roots for oaks, in the dark, anxiously waiting and in great suspense.

"What if Mr. West fails to come over to pray?" whispered Florence.

"But that's his custom, on Sabbath evening after service," I replied, adding, "but if he don't I shall then infer he has dropped our love affair."

"What if he prays two or three hours?" she sent me on the wireless.

"That will be so dreadful, if he prays about me!" I answered and gave her a hug.

"Mercy! what's that screeching noise back of us, Marabel?" she asked.

"That was an old owl pulling up his covers to go to sleep," I answered to amuse her.

"Listen, dear," she whispered, "there was a real noise back at that side door. Hear it?"

"Indeed, I do," said I, "and I do not know how to account for it."

"Oh, horrors! Marabel, what if there are mice in here," she whispered piteously.

"For all the world, do not think even of mice, I'll not stay a moment if I hear one," said I and continued, "Think of Rev. Mr. West, how noble, devoted and good he is. Think, dearie, if you thought he loved you, what you would gladly endure to learn if he truly loved you."

"Yes, I suppose so; but unless he comes shortly I shall have a spell of nerves," she replied.

"Be patient!" I whispered. "He'll come, my heart tells me so."

The silence was oppressive indeed, and only by chatting continually could we endure it. The city clock struck nine; and when that doleful sound died away, I could feel Florence's arms tightening about me. Our hearts in a hot race were beating off the heavy moments—the nervous strain was becoming painful, when the door of the pastor's study opened, and Rev. Mr. West, dressed in his robe, entered and knelt at the chancel. How relieved we were!

"We are safe, Florence dear," over the wireless. "Catch every word," came back.

His deep, resonant voice, so clear and flexible, was music to me. Thanks for divine favors, worship for grace, blessing, adoration, and praise were the humble sacrifices of his contrite spirit.

We felt lifted from a benighted world to one of eternal sunshine and love. Possibly ten minutes of devotion had quietly passed, when he changed the burden of his prayer and made a personal appeal for divine guidance in his love affair. He expressed his assurance of divine approval of his loving me, and supplicated heaven for a second sign directing his next step, namely to reveal his love to me. Oh! how I was hugging Florence now; and she in turn drew me more closely to her. I could hear his every word. He loved me! He confessed to the Master so much. I was lifting my face, christened with tears, upward into the darkness for some condescending angel to touch my hot face and shrive me—to make me pure enough to be a pastor's wife; and my heart was urging my trembling lips to speak the sweet words of love and confession, when a horrid mouse ran over Florence's bare arm. She screamed. I shrieked, we knocked over chairs. Rev. Mr. West leaped to his feet without an Amen! or a Hallelujah! and cried, "Help! help!" and was making for his study when three men rushed up the aisle and called him to halt. They quickly turned on the lights and there stood father, the janitor, a policeman and Rev. Mr. West, like statues gazing in wonder at us two helpless girls, victims of Cupid's pranks. Father's suspicions had been aroused by the janitor, but he took in the situation now, and quickly dismissed his companions under a ban of secrecy, and suggested to Rev. Mr. West and us that we retire to the pastor's study. There I related my strange experience, while dear Miss Weltner kept her face hidden behind my back and her loving arms about my neck. When I had finished and buried my face in my handkerchief to conceal my tears, Rev. Mr. West quickly arose and extending his arms, stepped before father and feelingly said:

"Bro. Given, may I marry your precious daughter?"

Then father, taking Rev. Mr. West's hands in his own, and looking him in the face, replied:

"You may, my noble boy!"

Then we girls hugged somebody until he cried:

"Enough for this time, dearies!"

My engagement to Rev. Mr. West was announced; and one bright morning in June, the anniversary of my night in the church, we were pronounced husband and wife.

### A RECORD BREAKER

It is said that the greatest and quickest permanent advertising success on record is that of Cascarets, Candy Cathartics, which have been persistently advertised in every way but chiefly in the newspapers for about ten years. In that time the sale of Cascarets has grown from nothing to over one million boxes a month. This wonderful record is the result of great merit successfully made known.

Those who tried Cascarets as a direct result of advertising, were pleased and recommended the article to their friends, until its fame was spread to become universal.

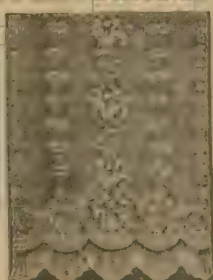
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TYRRELL WARD & Co., 60-64 No. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.

### Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

back to her own home. Not one nurse in a thousand would render this service not because they haven't the heart or desire, but because they don't think. There are people around who need them, but they won't hunt them up. Now bear this in mind. All the great monarchs and warriors and all the deeds they did are soon forgotten, they pass like the breath of the wind. The only men whose names will live forever are those who did something for their fellowmen. That is the only fame that endures, the only fame that is worth while. The fame that is won on bloody battle-fields, and the monuments that have their foundation, and have been reared on the bodies of the slaughtered victims of cannon and sword will crumble to dust, but the record of one deed of loving kindness, such as Lucian Ogles rendered to this poor old woman, will live forever, because such deeds are seen of God, and recorded by his angels, and are evidences of the Divine showing forth in our natures. When we are doing acts of love and kindness it is then we are God-like, and more of heaven than of earth. Now dear cousins, try every letter you write me to tell me of at least one good deed you have done, one act of kindness you have shown to bird, beast, or your fellow beings, and remember in doing a kindly act there is more enduring fame and glory for you than if you had conquered on a dozen battle-fields and triumphed at a thousand bloody Waterloo's.

MANTON, CAL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I received your card and button some time ago and I am very proud of them. I think the C. L. O. C. is a great order. It helps us all to get acquainted with one another. I will tell you who I am. I am a farmer's son, twenty-five years old, height five feet eight inches, weight one hundred and forty-five pounds. I am working for the Northern Cal. Electric Power Co., and I board at home with my parents. I will make this letter short for this time for I am in a hurry to get to my work. I would like to hear from all the cousins. You can put this in print if you have the space. I will close for this time. I remain as ever your nephew and cousin,

CLAUDE CROOKER, (No. 27,971.)

Claude, I am glad to know that you approve of the C. L. O. C. It is as you say a grand order, and the man or woman, who will live up to our rules will never go far wrong in this world and will be pretty sure of a comfortable place in the

Give your children a sharp object lesson in the seductive influence and ruinous consequences of gambling, by having them read "Reuben Jones at the County Fair," in September COMFORT.

next. It is very hard to get acquainted in this world, but the C. L. O. C. provides the means by which friendships can be formed with the nicest kind of people in every section of our country. If we had done nothing more than this, we should be entitled to the thanks of the nation. There is a remarkable statement in your letter, Claude, that has caused considerable astonishment in my chicken coop. You say you are a farmer's "sun." That is some new invention of science I suppose. I have heard of a theatrical star, but I never heard of a farmer's sun. It must be a glorious thing for a farmer to have his own sun. In the section where I reside, there is only one sun, and that's up in the heavens, and sometimes it shines, and sometimes it won't shine. It does just as it dinged well pleases. If every farmer could have his own sun as your father has, agriculture would be reduced to an exact science. We could have as much or as little sunshine as we pleased. How does it feel to be a farmer's sun in Claude's Billy the Goat says it must be a pretty hot job. In the language of the poets you must be a red hot proposition. How many hours a day do you have to shine? With such a brilliant luminary as you on the premises, the heat and light problems must be easily solved. If you were up in Maine, I would like to sit on you all through the winter to keep warm. How do you manage to walk around without setting fire to everything? I presume you wear a pair of asbestos pants and coat to match. Every farmer in the country will envy your Pop. I should think you'd be in great demand on cloudy days. Anyway Claude, I am proud to have you in the C. L. O. C., as our religion is to spread sunshine, and now that we have a farmer's "sun" and the only one in creation, we can spread sunshine by the wholesale. Kindly let us know, Claude, what you would charge to turn on the sunshine tap by the hour when needed.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Can you find space for a few lines from a true Ky. boy? I am five feet seven inches tall, weigh one hundred and twenty pounds, have blue eyes, black hair, mediumish dark complexion. I am a printer by trade, also I am an amateur photographer. Uncle Charlie I don't think some of the cousins live up to what they promise. I know some don't. Several have written that they would be glad to hear from other cousins and some have said that they would be glad to exchange cards with the cousins. I have written several cards and possibly three letters and only received an answer to one card and that was from a married lady. I appreciated it just the same for it was the only one I have been lucky enough to receive. I think it is a shame the way some of them do. I know that you know nothing of this, therefore I write this letter to you. I am sure you will agree with me when I say that they are treating this organization, which stands for purity, truth, kindness and all that is uplifting to mankind, in a shameful manner. I would like to see this in print, not that I want to stir up anger between us but that I want to bind us closer together as the grand old C. L. O. C. should. Yours very truly,

A. B. HANCO, (No. 24,296.)

Arthur, or Alfred, who is it? I know you feel you have just cause for complaint

against those to whom you wrote and from whom you received no reply. Now I am printing your letter so that I can convince you that you have no real cause for complaint, and the very first you find with others, you will be guilty of yourself, and for the same reasons that they are apparently guilty. Any cousin who is lucky enough to get a letter printed in our columns, as I have often stated in previous issues, receives from one hundred to three thousand letters. Olea Littleheart, our Indian cousin, received seventy thousand letters. You are probably one of those who wrote to her, and feel badly used because she didn't reply to you. Now I am going to ask the cousins to swamp you with letters and postals and I know they will do it, and when you find a couple of thousand letters staring you in the face, and all the writers of those letters demanding instant replies, you'll begin to realize that the people you have blamed for not replying to you were to be pitied and not censured. You will no more reply to their letters than they did to yours. You will get so many letters that the sight of the mail carrier will make you sick at heart, and you'll want to run for your life every time he rings the bell or blows his whistle. We

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

### AGENTS—80% Profit

7-Piece Kitchen Set on handy rack. Finest steel. Guaranteed—exchangeable. Sells for \$1.50. Free outfit and exclusive territory. Write today for agency.

F. Jarvis, Ok., "Sold 50 the first day." Profit \$35.00.

N.D. Home Mfg. Co., Philadelphia

### Natureform Extension Shoe

OLD LAME PEOPLE have long wanted a better Extension shoe. My Natureform Extension makes both feet look alike. Fits with perfect comfort and security. Readymade shoes worn. I have a short limb myself and the Natureform is the successful result of years of experiment. Distance no barrier. Write for my booklet today. J. A. SINN, 26 Cottage St., Newark, N. J.

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Easy work with horse and buggy right where you live in handling our training and fitting machine. One agent says: "Made \$4 in 5 days." We pay \$75 a month and expenses, or commission.

PLASS MFG. CO., Dept. 42, Cincinnati, Ohio.

### "GOOD LUCK" KEY CHAIN

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FOOTE MFG. COMPANY, Dept. 912 DAYTON, OHIO

### Baseball Curver

With it you can fan them out as fast as they come to bat. It is so small they cannot see it and they wonder where these awful curves come from. Fits on the hand and gives the ball a rapid whirling motion, thus causing a wide curve. Send today for new model Pat. Feb. 16, '09. Price the with free illustrated book on curve pitching. CURVER CO., Box 54 Braid, N.H.

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representative in each State. Only one hour daily required. We furnish the orders; you fill them. Profit \$25 to \$100 monthly. Cash required \$100. Fully secured. N. Y., Pa., Ill., Mo., reserved. GENERAL SPECIALTY CO., 416 Walnut, Phila.

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sold in your territory; horse owners wild about them; automatic fastener sells at sight; commission; a fortune in your territory; free sample to workers; write at once. Automatic Fastener Co., G 873, Cincinnati, Ohio.

### Fish Will Bite

like hungry wolves any season if you use MAGIC-FISH-LURE. Best fish bait ever discovered. Keeps you busy pulling them out. Write to-day! And get a box to help introduce it. Agents wanted.

J. F. GREGORY, Dept. 29, St. Louis, Mo.

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# Trapped in the Dark, or Branded by a Kiss

Copyright, 1909, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher, Inc.

By A. W. Koenig

JUDGE KING sat at his desk so deeply lost in thought, that his friend and associate, Mr. Lester, opened the door of the outer hall, and, crossing the main office, entered the Judge's private room and stood for several minutes at the doorway without being noticed. With a twinkle of amusement in his eyes, he saw the Judge open a package, take from it a miniature of a beautiful girl, and press it to his lips. A lock of golden hair and a small object that looked like an overgrown wafer were next unwrapped, and upon these the old Judge gazed for some moments, smiles and shadows chasing each other over his benevolent face.

At length, with a deep sigh, he was about to replace the articles in their wrappers, when a noise in the outer office caused him to raise his head, and he saw the doctor standing in the doorway. Hurriedly, he drew a newspaper over the contents of the parcel, and was about to rise, when the doctor exclaimed with a hearty laugh:

"Well, well! What next? Will we live to see the sphinx ogling some far Egyptian devotee, or the shade of Blackstone coquetting with a pocket edition of Venus? Or is it another Maud Muller? Tut, tut! Judge, I would never have thought it of a staid old bachelor like you," and the doctor laughed again.

"Probably not," replied the Judge, "most people wouldn't; but you have shown me the mark this time, for the articles you saw are not connected with any romance in which I played a leading part."

"Ah! a cousin perhaps, or a sister; hey, Judge?" replied his friend slyly.

"Sit down, doctor," said the Judge, "and I will tell you a story which I think will interest you, the point of which you have no doubt heard a number of times. I dare say, however, that you never knew that such a circumstance really occurred, and that the principals in it were among the best known of our society people of a quarter of a century ago. My connection with the affair was through my relationship to the lady in the case. After her death her only daughter was my ward, and I afterward adopted her. I had been her mother's attorney for a number of years, and one day she gave me this package and told me the circumstances. It had such a spice of romance in it that I have always enjoyed thinking about it, and I often look at the picture and try to recall her as I knew her in the prime of life. I will tell you the story, as I am sure you will consider it interesting."

"The fall season at the Seminary in Cambridge, in the year 1875, opened with unusually full classes (and the buildings were overcrowded). Indeed, the number of resident students was so far in excess of the provision made for them, that it was found necessary to put at least two students in every room in the dormitories. A new wing was to have been completed in time for the opening of the session, but for some reason it had been delayed, and the students were compelled to content themselves with crowded accommodations; in the mean time, the work on the new building was rushed as rapidly as the weather and the limited means and help would permit.

"The building was situated on a high tableland overlooking the village, the plan of construction being in the form of a Maltese Cross. The central portion and main floor were used as a chapel, libraries, classrooms, dining-rooms, and the business offices; while the wings above the first floor, were used as dormitories. Three of the wings and the central portion had at that time been completed, but it was upon the fourth wing, which was to be built longer than the original plan, that the work was then going on.

"As it was expected that the new wing which it was intended should be occupied by the boys, would be completed by the holidays, it was finally decided after much consideration, to turn one of the halls into a dormitory for the younger girls, as well as for the working pupils who assisted in the domestic affairs of the institution; for, with the exception of the cooks, housekeeper, and scullery maids, all of the household service was performed by students who in this way paid for their board and instruction. One of the girls' dormitories was therefore given up to the boys and young men, and a large number of the girls occupied cots in the long hall."

"The regular boys' dormitory was reached by a separate stairway from the lower floor. The two others which were usually occupied by the girls opened upon a space landing connecting with the hall of the main building.

"In giving up one of these wings to the boys, the young people were necessarily brought into rather close quarters, therefore, arrangements were made for night monitors, who were secured from the assistant teachers, and were stationed in the hall. They had regular watch hours, and were compelled to relieve each other at stated intervals. In this way a check was kept upon the frivolous youngsters for fear they should forget or ignore some of the rules of the institution.

"There were no doors to the entrances to the dormitory halls, and, as the occupancy by the boys was merely to be temporary, it was not thought necessary to put them up, especially as the halls were wide and very high, and the entrances handsomely finished in arches that would necessarily be very much disguised by the process. Screens were therefore provided and placed at each entrance, and it was taken for granted that this was all that was necessary.

"The graduating class of the year previous had been more than ordinarily large, and so much had been said by outsiders in favor of the Seminary, that an unusual number of strangers had presented themselves. The opening days were formal and there was an air of constraint about the place, quite out of accord with the usual order of things. Many members of the graduating class had been students there for several years, the teachers had been much more like a large family circle than such institutions are wont to be.

"But now everything was changed. There were several new teachers, the few remaining pupils from the old classes were late in coming, as they would drop readily in their places, and the regular teachers were too much engaged in arranging details of the new work to be able to give more than general attention to what was going on about them. The older and more sedate boys and young men were put into the dormitory, while the youngsters and madcaps, always numerous in such institutions, were left in the old wing.

"One night toward the end of the week of the first term, Albert Drew, one of the older of the new pupils, was alone in his room in the new dormitory. The retiring bell had sounded some time before, and having extinguished the light in his room, he was sitting at the window and looking out over the village. He was very homesick, but was trying to reason himself out of a state of mind which he knew would be fatal to his progress in his studies, and a stumbling block in the way of his ambition.

"ful things! I'll never do any more of your old errands! I came very nearly getting lost, too. I tried every door down the hall before I found the room."

"Albert Drew was not only a young man of nerve, coolness, and judgment, but he was in every respect a gentleman and possessed the generosity, chivalry and delicacy which are occasionally found in such natures in their greatest perfection. He instantly comprehended the compromising situation for both of them, in case this young girl was found in his room at that hour. He also understood that, in her eagerness and haste to escape the watchful eyes of the monitor, she had taken the wrong entrance which was the reason she had gotten into his room, instead of the one occupied by the girls.

"Impatient at not receiving an answer, the girl threw the parcel upon the floor which had evidently been the object of her errand, and cried in a louder tone: 'I'll get a light and see where you are, if I raise the whole house in the attempt! I'll play sick if anyone comes.'

"The girl was evidently full of spirit and the young man was at his wit's end. If she should by accident find the matches and strike a light, she might rush out again and try some other room. Something must be done at once. Gliding quickly to the door he laid his hand upon the knob, and in a very low tone of voice exclaimed: 'Hush! don't speak for your life!' and in an instant he caught her in his arms and put his hand over her mouth, holding her as if in a grasp of iron.

"The girl was too much frightened either to speak or scream; and, fearing she might faint, he placed her in an easy chair and knelt upon the floor beside her, but without relinquishing his hold upon her. Requesting her to be silent, he explained the situation to her, warning her of the danger of an outcry and discovery; and when she had become sufficiently composed to realize her situation, he released her, charging her to trust him to get them safely out of their unfortunate predicament. He asked the number of her room, but she refused to give him either that or any portion of her name. At last, fearing that the girls might become alarmed and start out in search of her, he opened the door and went out to reconnoiter, returning presently with the comforting information that the monitor was fast asleep, and that he had moved one of the screens so that she might pass behind it, and reach the entrance to her own hall without being discovered.

"But before she left the room he determined to possess himself with some clue by which he might recognize her the next morning. He touched her hands but she wore no rings; she had also removed her earrings; and among a couple of hundred girls a lock of hair would be absolutely useless as a means of identification. He did not like to cut off a piece of her gown and



THE DOOR WAS CAREFULLY CLOSED AND THE KEY TURNED.

possibly destroy it, and was about to give up in despair when suddenly a bright idea came to him. He quickly clasped her in his arms and pressed his lips to her cheek with a force that made her wince, and after drawing the blood to the surface of the skin he released her and whispered: 'There, my little girl,—there is the mark by which I shall know you, and it will last about a week; good night!'

"She threw over her head, the shawl which she had whisked off at her hasty entrance into the room, and drawing it closely around her face, she flew, rather than ran, up the dark corridor. She had sufficient presence of mind to pick up the parcel she had thrown down, and a moment later had the satisfaction of slipping into her own room through the door which the girls held ajar, waiting for her. They had become alarmed at her long absence and feared she had fallen into the hands of the monitor and had been locked out for violating the rules. Frightened, trembling and chilled she could only gasp out that she had been hiding from the monitor and was nearly frozen.

"The girls believed that she had been caught and reprimanded and being much their junior and a new pupil they feared the consequences of their conduct as they had actually forced her out to go their bidding. They therefore left her to herself and creeping to their beds were soon fast asleep leaving her to her own reflections.

"She was much too prudent to think of telling them of her escapade but she dreaded the morning and the light when the tell-tale spot on her face must lead to inquiries and possibly to exposure. She had not the slightest idea who her late companion was nor would she dare to attempt to make any inquiries. After thinking for some time she decided to go to the principal and tell it: whole story. It was not yet midnight, and after satisfying herself that her companions were asleep, she slipped out and hastened to the little private parlor where Mrs. Hamilton, the principal, was often occupied until the small hours, going over the work of the day. Bravely and frankly she told her story. Mrs. Hamilton looked grave, and carefully examined the spot on the girl's cheek; it was a deep purplish red, and was as distinct upon the delicate white skin as a spot of ink. She at once decided that at all costs, the young man must be foiled in his purpose to recognize her; but how? It would never do for her to go away, or to feign illness.

"Well, my dear,' she said, 'it is a pretty bad piece of business and I don't see how we can get over it, but it must be done in some way.' After a few moments of deep thought, she exclaimed, 'Ah! I have it!' She requested the girl to go to her room and not arise in the morning until she was sent for. In the meantime the room-mates were to be called away on some plausible errand. The girl went back to her room, and toward morning fell into a troubled sleep.

"Mrs. Hamilton sent for the girl's two companions early the next morning, as she had promised, and afterwards called all of the girls by classes into her room. Just what occurred in that little private parlor the girls would never tell, except that Mrs. Hamilton had asked a personal favor of each, with the request that they do not indulge in any conversation on the subject, and ask no questions either then or at any time thereafter.

"When Albert Drew entered the breakfast-room and cast his eyes about him, intent upon dis-

covering the tiny red spot upon the cheek of the partner of his last night's adventure, he beheld to his astonishment and chagrin, one hundred and ninety-six demure maidens, sitting with folded hands and downcast eyes, while in a precisely similar location on one hundred and ninety-six cheeks were one hundred and ninety-six pieces of court plaster, each about the size and shape of a ten cent piece.

"By Jove! that's too bad!" he said to himself as he took his seat.

"The suppressed excitement in that breakfast-room was something painful. When the meal was finished, the professor in charge requested the boys to proceed at once to the chapel, and after calling them to order, briefly stated, that, for reasons which were not necessary to mention, a rather unusual decoration would for some days be worn by the young ladies at the Seminary. He also made a special personal request of them that neither were they to indulge in any conversation on the subject, nor ask any questions at this or any future time. He also stated that if his simple request was insufficient to restrain the students, that any disregard of his wishes in the matter would be considered as a mark of discourtesy, and would subject the offender to more serious consequences than the violation of any of the established rules of the institution.

"So strongly were the professor's remarks emphasized, and so especially earnest did he show himself to be, that no one dared to provoke any such infraction or punishment, and as a result the subject was entirely ignored.

"The condition of Miss Eaton's face was carefully noted, and when the last vestige of discoloration had disappeared, the court plaster was removed, but the request for silence however, was not; the professor giving a gentle hint to that effect in language not to be misunderstood. There was too much mystery surrounding the affair to make it safe to meddle with and so it was, by general consent, left alone.

"But a few days after the removal of the decoration from the faces of the girls, Albert Drew was called home by news of the alarming illness of his father. After a few days of agonizing suspense, during which time Albert scarcely left his father's bedside, Mr. Drew died. When his financial affairs were investigated, it was found that they would require the attention of an interested party, and as Albert was the only son, it was decided that he assume entire charge of the business.

"After his grief for his father had somewhat subsided, his thoughts turned again to his adventure at the Seminary, and his desire to know who was the sharer in it grew upon him until it formed the basis of most of his reveries, and developed into a living and ever pleasant romance. A strange and overwhelming affection for the little stranger gained possession of him, for she was so sweet, so timid, and yet so determined. How unspeakably delicious was the memory of the moment during which he held her in his arms while he made the mark on her cheek, which the court plaster hid so effectually. Sometimes he felt that he must go back, no matter what the result might be in a business way. But his sense of duty came to his aid, and he took up the burden of his daily business life, hoping always that some fortunate incident might reveal to him the identity of the fair, unknown young lady.

"At last, persuaded by his inclinations, he wrote to one of his friends who was pursuing his studies at the Seminary, inviting him to spend Thanksgiving with him.



HE QUICKLY CLASPED HER IN HIS ARMS AND PRESSED HIS LIPS TO HER CHEEK.

During the visit the court plaster episode was thoroughly discussed, but without any results so far as additional information was concerned. Albert's friend said that one at the Seminary seemed willing to speak of it, and its cause and purpose were as much of a mystery as on the first day of the occurrence. Therefore, reluctantly Albert was compelled to abandon the idea of discovery in that direction, but still cherished the hope that some day he might meet and become acquainted with the object of his romantic devotion.

A short time later, a portion of the Seminary building was destroyed by fire. The circumstances were most shocking as several of the young ladies were suffocated by smoke and paralyzed with terror; a number of them were unable to escape and perished in the flames. The school was almost entirely broken up as many of the students returned to their homes, and some of them entered other schools. This seemed to Albert to be the final blow to all of his hopes, and he became sad and depressed to such a degree that his friends grew anxious about him and insisted upon some recreation, fearing that he was being overtaken by business responsibilities. He had never related the story of that well-remembered night as it was one of the sacred occurrences of his life that he treasured in his heart of hearts.

"About fifteen years later, a select and fashionable party of visitors assembled at one of the well-known watering places. Among the number was Albert Drew, then one of the most respected and wealthy citizens of the community in which he resided. He had been persuaded to join the party as a sort of guardian to his invalid sister who had been advised by her physician to try the waters for her health. Mr. Drew was still unmarried, all the efforts of the many charming young ladies of his acquaintance having failed to dim the brightness of the first star of love that shone upon his youthful pathway.

"After a week of gaiety, the little circle became somewhat flattered by the announcement that on the following day the party would receive an addition in the person of a fashionable star of the first magnitude. The only information given by the two ladies who chaperoned the party, was that the 'Princess' was coming.

"Mr. Drew arranged for a fishing excursion which should last for several days, he having, according to his own account, seen quite enough of fashionable beauties, and having no mind to let the part of satellite to any such dazzling planet. An accident, however, delayed his departure, and he was present when the 'Princess' arrived. Against his will, and in defiance of

all his resolutions he was deeply impressed by the fair visitor and became very much infatuated with her. He learned that she was the niece and adopted daughter of a gentleman well known in financial as well as national political circles, the heiress to large properties, and had an immense fortune in her own right.

"She had been educated abroad, and had returned home to wed a distant relative of the family. Although it was a marriage of convenience, it was as well assorted as most unions are, and the couple lived amicably for two years, when the husband met his death in a railroad accident. His wife mourned him sincerely, although she had never appeared to feel any of the enthusiasm of affection for which her intimate acquaintances gave her credit. It was often discussed in the family whether or not she could have formed any previous attachment, but every suggestion of this sort was promptly contradicted by those who knew her best. Now she was a widow, weary and beautiful, elegant and accomplished and possessed of an indefinable charm of gentleness and tenderness that drew all of her intimates to her presence, and made her the favorite of every circle where she consented to present herself.

"Before many days had passed Mr. Drew was forced to admit to himself that she was by far the most lovable and gracious creature he had ever met, and with some reluctance he gave up the dream of his youth, and resolved to woo and win the 'Princess' if possible. So well did his wooing progress, that before the party broke up he had the unspeakable pleasure of announcing to his friends, his engagement to the bewitching and aristocratic Mrs. Sherwood, 'the Princess'. The wedding was arranged for the latter part of October, and the intervening time was fully occupied by the bride to be, in the preparation of a magnificent trousseau, and by Mr. Drew in fitting up a mansion which was worthy of his lovely bride.

"The evening before the wedding day, they sat in the drawing-room of Mrs. Sherwood's charming home, when suddenly the stillness of the evening was broken by the clanging of bells and the rattle of wheels, and a fire engine dashed around the corner close by, stopping in front of the house directly opposite. Mrs. Sherwood arose hastily from her chair and left the room in great agitation.

"I fear she will never get over it," said one of her friends.

"Over what?" asked Mr. Drew anxiously.

"The fright she received when the Seminary burned," was the reply. 'She was at the Seminary in Cambridge when the girls' dormitory was destroyed by fire. Her room-mate was burned to death, and she barely escaped with her life, and was insensible for hours, from smoke and fright.'

"Mr. Drew appeared so deeply interested in the place and the terrible occurrence, that one of the gentlemen asked if he had ever been there, and was greatly surprised to learn that he was in the institution at the beginning of the term during which the fire occurred.

"After a little general talk about the place and the fire that had almost destroyed the prosperous institution, Mr. Drew found himself quite alone in the corner of the room with one of the most congenial friends. A confidential mood came over him, and turning to his friend, he said: 'Irving, I have a mind to tell you a very curious little story about the few days which I spent at that particular Seminary.'

"He then went on to relate the incidents of the well-remembered night, his unavailing efforts to discover who the fair intruder was, and finally, the deep and abiding affection that grew out of the memory of the one moment during which he held her clasped closely to his heart. 'I tell you, Irving, since that time, I have been the most devoted of lovers, devoted to the memory of a moment; and I sometimes think, even now, that nothing in the world is so dear to me, and that I would exchange everything but life itself for the realization of the dream I have cherished all of these years.'

"Your 'Princess' would scarcely feel flattered by such a statement," was the reply.

"No, I suppose not, but I do not wish you to think that I fall either in love or loyalty to my promised bride; this is quite another sentiment. I sigh for that memory, as a man grieves for his lost youth with all its freshness and strength. Oh, no; there is not a sentiment of disloyalty in my thoughts toward my peerless 'Princess,' for I shall tell her all about it some day myself, and I am certain she will thoroughly understand me."

"Sh! I thought I heard the rustle of her dress," said the friend.

"Mr. Drew rose hastily from his chair and stepped to the door, which was shaded by heavy draperies. Some one had just passed from the next room into the hall, for the portiere was still swinging, but no one was to be seen.

"The members of the little circle soon came together again, and the evening was a most enjoyable one. Just before the family separated for the night, Mrs. Sherwood asked for a moment's conversation with Mr. Drew. Her manner was somewhat constrained, and as they stood face to face at the window she grew very pale and trembled perceptibly.

"Fearing that she had heard his words and had misconstrued or taken offense at them, he became almost as much agitated as his fair companion, and scarcely knew what to say. At length with an effort she broke the silence:

"You were saying—I heard you speak of a girl—at Seminary. Was she—"

"Oh, my love! and did you hear what I said? Did you hear all that I said? My darling, do you not know—"

"By this time Mrs. Sherwood had in a measure recovered herself, and in a low voice said: 'Stop! You said you had loved her always—that you loved her now—that you would give all, all but your life for her. Who was she?'

"Indeed I do not know," he said earnestly. 'I never could find out, although I tried faithfully. I admit that; but she is only a memory, a shadow, an ideal. Can you forgive me, by words, when I tell you that no other love ever found a moment's place in my heart, only that little reminiscence, and that today you are all the world to me?'

"Are you certain that this is so?" she asked, fixing her eyes steadily on his face.

"Absolutely certain, my own; how can I prove it to you?'

"By becoming the custodian of this little parcel, and of this," and she laid her delicate hand, containing a tiny package, in the one he had extended to her in her appeal.

"He clasped the little hand in his own, and covered it with kisses. Then, wondering what the parcel could contain, he untied the ribbon that bound it, and carefully opened it. Folded within a sheet of note paper, yellow and discolored with smoke and age, was a piece of court plaster about the size of a ten cent piece.

"And so you really were one of those girls?" he said, as he looked thoughtfully at the sheet of paper and its contents.

"Yes—yes," she said slowly, 'I was one of them.'

"And did you ever know who the girl was, and why did they all wore these?" he asked hurriedly his heart beating rapidly—he could not tell why.

"Oh, you stupid, stupid goose! Do you think any girl would keep a thing of that sort simply because the principal requested her to wear it?'

"He clasped her in his arms, and cried: 'God has been very good to me, darling, better than I ever can deserve.'

"Have you known all of the time?" he asked after a pause.

"No, I never suspected until I heard you tell Irving; and I never could get the slightest clue, although I went down the corridor frequently,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



# SOUL MATES

## A Glimpse of the Supernatural Under the Mystic Spell of Hindu Magic

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By Walter Scott Haskell

"WOULD the Sahib like to see a little magic?" I turned with a startled sense of something uncanny to behold an undersized, dark-skinned Indian standing before me and looking into my face with a calm confident air that seemed to say: "The Sahib is very much interested."

Without a moment's hesitation I replied: "It would please me to be entertained in the way you suggest. I have an hour to spare, where shall we go (looking at my watch)?"

"Just across the street, Sahib, to my humble abode where my ancestors' spirits are wont to gather at the full of the moon each month," he replied with a low salam.

As I think of the occurrence now, after years have passed, I marvel at my readiness to follow him to his ill-smelling hovel, for he had neither the appearance of a genuine performer in magic nor a student of asceticism. Perhaps he was both, in disguise, as my subsequent experience would seem to testify. I can account for my ready acceptance of his doubtful proposition, only on the grounds that the man held forces within his mental grasp that enabled him to send his thought to mine in advance, to influence me by some subtle suggestion that only required the spoken words of invitation to culminate in certainty of execution. Be it as it may, I followed my dark-skinned entertainer through the crowded streets of Calcutta, India, and was soon under his roof, and a deeper spell of aroused interest.

He squatted upon a rug and uttered a low chant in a strange language, while his eyes closed and his head drooped.

I took an easy position on a pile of tiger skins in the opposite corner, and watched the Indian for some moments, during which he remained perfectly motionless. After a time he raised his head slowly, opened his eyes and appeared to gaze intently at a knot-hole in the rough wall of the room on the side next to a vacant lot. A contagion was in his gaze, for I could not keep my eyes from following his, and, with imagination alert, I half expected something to come through the knot-hole; nor was I disappointed. With the usual buzzing of its wings, a large bumblebee came through the opening and flew across the room and circled over the form of the staring-eyed magician. As though inviting entrance the Indian opened his mouth wide, and I was horrified to see the bee fly down his throat. Immediately a stream of fire issued from the mouth, shooting out several feet into the room. I instinctively dodged to escape possible contact. Whereupon the Indian blew the fire directly on to my person, and I was surprised to feel no heat or inconvenience, other than the uncanny feeling accompanying the unexpected act. The fire play ceased, and the bumblebee came from the magician's mouth, flew back and disappeared through the knot-hole in the wall.

"Is the Sahib interested?" quoth the Indian meditatively.

"Very much," I answered. "But tell me, is it all a delusion of the senses, or did I see an actual bee come through the hole in the wall, and actual fire issue from your mouth?"

"The Sahib must know that it is a play upon the senses, yet while it lasts, quite real. The Sahib saw the fire, but the fire had no burn to it, and the bee no sting. The Sahib was deceived in point of vision, but the idea of bee, fire, and all, was as real as the idea of this room, yourself, your hat."

"Can ideas thus originated be made to assume actual physical proportions, organic and otherwise?" I asked a little curiously.

"Yes, Sahib, by conforming to the laws governing matter, such as the birth and growth of the bee, the conditions for the fire, etc."

"You lead me to believe that there may be thoughts, ideas of conception in subjective life, endowed with all the potency of life but only lacking the physical form to appear upon the earth plane; thoughts conceived by great minds in other states of being."

"The Sahib is wise in philosophy. There are not only ideas in the subjective that have never been clothed in material form, but there are countless ideas which have been clothed in matter, that are waiting for opportunity to reclothe themselves in the outer garments that through experience on mundane planes growth and development of central idea is possible. If Sahib is agreeable, Pan-ah-la will give him an example of this concept in astral picture, a scene in the former subjective life of the Sahib just previous to his last incarnation."

"I am agreeable, go on," I said eagerly.

The Indian (Pan-ah-la) closed his eyes and sank back as though in a swoon, and I was fearful that he had overtaxed his occult powers and fallen into some psychic state whereby he would never recover. My fears were groundless, however.

In a few minutes I was conscious of new and strange thoughts. Though it was daylight, and light entered the room through a small window, the room appeared to vanish from my sight, and I was in a thought world so strange and so beautiful that I cried out: "This is Paradise!"

It was an outdoor scene where wild flowers grew in profusion, tangled vines, gnarled oaks, spreading elms; and though growing in apparent neglect of the hand of man, I noted that there was a regularity, a system of arrangement whereby the contrasts were made the most off, and the greatest beauty of effect possible to attain. It was as though an artist had studied nature's methods until he had become a part of nature himself, and was able to give nature a mind to enter into all her processions and enable her to outdo herself.

While I seemed to stand in the midst of this beauty and grandeur, I was conscious of a pulling at my heart-strings, and in a moment a woman stood beside me, and I knew that she was my heart's idol. "My soul mate!" I cried. And she came to my arms and I held her in a tender embrace. Looking up lovingly into my face she murmured:

"Yes, love, we are soul mates," and then a shade of sadness passed over her face that caused me to ask:

"What is it darling?"

"The separation, Roderick. You know we have reaped the fruit of past good deeds in a former incarnation, have exhausted our credits and must needs leave this blooming paradise for another period of incarnation that we may lay the foundation and sow the seeds for greater progress in soul growth that will eventually fit us for the highest heaven: Nirvana?"

I realized it all in a moment. That she and I had passed through the bliss of heaven, and not having reached perfection, were about to incarnate for new experience necessary to new growth. Then the spirit of poetry came over me, and I sang:

"We're standing tonight in the gloaming,  
Lucilla, my soul mate so true;  
With fruits of an earth life exhausted,  
We turn back again to renew."

Tonight we must leave heaven's glory,  
To pass through the shadow of birth;  
For the sake of a greater Nirvana,  
We choose to incarnate in earth."

Though known in the spirit as ever,  
The earth-love to knowledge a foe;  
Until we re-cross the dark river,  
Blind folly may rule us below."

### EDITORIAL PREFACE

#### Wonderous Hindu Magic and Philosophy on which this Story is Based

Strange as it may seem, in progressive America and enlightened Europe, which boast the highest civilization the world has seen, notwithstanding all our wonderful achievements in scientific discovery and in the mechanic arts unlocking so many secrets of Nature and mastering her powers for our material prosperity, almost no progress has been made in the study of the human soul, and we know very little of its origin, its nature or its powers.

Man's relations with God and the final destiny of the soul present religious and as Christians we look to the New Testament for the highest authority on this subject; but the Bible does not attempt to tell us what the soul is, nor where it comes from, nor to describe its powers, nor touch, except in a casual way, upon its relation to the body. These are not matters of religious faith, but of scientific research which the Bible leaves for man to discover by the exercise of the intellectual powers with which the Creator has endowed him.

So among Christians we find a wide diversity of opinion as to the nature of spiritual existence ranging from the Swedenborgians, who believe in a material heaven with streets paved with real gold and gates of real pearl inhabited by God's angels and the dead resurrected in spiritual bodies, to the Spiritualists whose distinctive tenet is the belief that the spirits of the departed are able to, and do materialize themselves by taking on bodily existence for the time being, and move physical objects and communicate in various ways with the living.

But the greatest dark-room spirit manifestations claimed by modern Spiritualists are insignificant compared with the undoubted performances of the Hindu adepts, who require no dark or dimly lighted room, no assistants, no paraphernalia, but give their exhibitions and work their seeming miracles in the sunlight and on the public streets, or anywhere at any time.

Brahmanism, the prevailing religion of India where it originated many centuries before Christ, is one of the noblest and most spiritual of the pagan religions and its Hindu followers number more than two hundred millions besides millions of worshippers in other Asiatic countries. Brahmanism teaches that the soul is immortal, and that as it survives the dissolution of the body it must have existed before birth, even from the dawn of creation, it not from the very beginning of time; that the soul begins in a very crude and imperfect condition unfit for an exalted sphere of usefulness in heaven and therefore is given a bodily abode for a time on earth in order to develop and perfect itself for a higher spiritual existence again after death, but that the degree of perfection required for admission to eternal joy of the highest heaven is not attainable in the short space of one human lifetime, and therefore the same soul repeatedly returns to earth and is re clothed in the flesh. It teaches that those who lead pure and holy lives rise higher in spirituality with each successive incarnation, until finally they are fitted for perpetual bliss in the eternal presence of God, while the wicked, becoming debased by their own depravity, drop downward in their meretricious nature so that, unless in the next reincarnation they make a decided change for the better, they become more and more depraved with each successive reincarnation until at last their souls being no longer human are unfit to inhabit human bodies, and so, on returning to earth are compelled to enter into the bodies of ferocious or loathsome beasts of the nature; for instance, the souls of murderers, robbers and other cruel persons into tigers; of spiteful, mean and treacherous persons into snakes; greedy, covetous persons into hogs; and so on, and then with each successive incarnation the soul enters a lower animal until the wicked soul as the result of its own perverted will course becomes extinct. This is the famous doctrine of TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS taught and believed by the Hindus for the last four thousand years or more, for they were a highly civilized people, cultivating the arts and sciences and studying philosophy many centuries before our savage ancestors in northern Europe had given up the horrible practice of human sacrifice.

The Hindu priests lead very pure, abstemious and holy lives; subsisting exclusively on a vegetable diet, abstaining from sensual pleasures, and devoting their entire time and energies to thought and study of spiritual matters and the practice of what we should call magic arts, but what they claim to be merely the development of soul power. Their adepts certainly do attain to the accomplishment of inexplicable wonders, seeming miracles, which all our modern scientific research and investigation fails to fathom, explain or account for. For instance, those of them who have led the most holy and spiritual lives claim that their souls have attained to the power of rising superior to material influences and physical limitations, to the extent of being able to hold mental communication with each other at any distance however great (what we are just beginning to vaguely recognize as TELEPATHY), but even to send their spirits out of their bodies to any part of the world and see and hear what is there going on, or even to visit other planets and distant parts of the starry universe; not only that, but also to bring to mind a distinct recollection of the joys, surroundings and associates in a former state of existence. Nor do their powers stop here, for the psychic power which they exercise in the trance state they are able to communicate more or less perfectly to such untrained persons as see fit to submit to the influence of their magic spell. For certain it is that scientific investigators who have gone as unbelievers to test their occult powers with every expectation of being able to detect some trick or exposure, as humbugs have become more and more astounded things and have felt themselves under control of an unaccountable influence. Some scientists claim it to be a high development of hypnotic power, while others frankly confess their inability to explain it, that it is simply a mystery.

A growing interest in psychic research is sweeping over America, but many of the so-called leaders or teachers in this movement are ignorant charlatans who impose on your credulity as a means of securing their way in the world. So if you are interested in this subject look to India, the fountain head, and read what you can find coming from that source.

For the information of our readers we have made the foregoing explanation in order that they may understand and appreciate the full meaning of "SOUL MATES," which, though only a story, gives a vivid idea of what any one of you might experience should you submit yourself to the magic influence of a Hindu adept. We do not express any opinion, for we do not know, as to whether this power is merely hypnotic and the visions are imaginary, or possibly the Hindus may have discovered a higher power of the human mind. But it is wonderful and interesting, and therefore worth considering, and so we simply present it for what it is worth, and if we hear from our readers that they like it, we may make it a subject for another story.

Sahib is the term of respect usually employed by the Hindus in addressing a white foreigner.

Nirvana means divine and expresses the highest state to which the soul can attain.

And, meeting by chance, we'll be strangers,  
Not knowing, our best friends disown;  
And this is the sadness of parting;  
We reap the bad karma we've sown.

But God is our helper, Lucilla,  
And true is the path he leads;  
His laws are averse to ill-doing;  
But credits are given good deeds.

His angels e'er walking beside us,  
To prompt us by day and by night;  
And though we go about our daily lives,  
We're near to a ray of His light.

Good night, and God bless you, Lucilla,  
Good night, and God speed your return;  
Come back when you've conquered the lower,  
Come back when the spirit lights burn.

I'll meet you in heaven, Lucilla,  
When sun is on Calvary Hill;  
God grant I may bring you bright flowers,  
Whose fragrance all heaven will fill.

Good night, and God bless you, Lucilla,  
I, too, must away to my work;  
Go down to the earth for a season,  
For duty I never should shirk.

Good night, and God bless you my darling,  
I go for a short carnal stay;  
Good night till we meet in Nirvana,  
As pure as the lilies in May."

The angelic creature in my embrace looked up into my face and sang with melting rapture:

"Yes, Roderick we'll meet in Nirvana,  
For soul mates must ever be true;  
I'll cross the dark line of the gloaming,  
Grow flowers, and bring them to you."

Good night, and God bless you my Roderick,  
My lord of the bright golden sphere;  
I go, though I linger at parting,  
And smile through the glint of a tear."

At this moment the spell was broken, the vision lost, and I awoke, or seemed to awake to physical consciousness.

The Sahib has had an unusual privilege. His spirit took advantage of an opening, and passed beyond my control. I know not what Sahib has seen, but I know that he saw something by the eagerness of his gaze," quoth Pan-ah-la, stretching his limbs as though to straighten out the cramps in them.

"I did see, and experience strange things," I admitted. "I saw my soul mate, and—"

The Indian smiled at my eagerness, and asked if I could recall her words. To my surprise I could not recall a single word, yet the theme and spirit of the song kept humming in my head. I will mention in passing that the words came to me a little later, and I remembered everything pertaining to my astral dream.

A few minutes later when I was about to take my departure, Pan-ah-la pressed my hand and murmured in a friendly way:

"The Sahib is yet dreaming in the occult sleep, but he will go out thinking that he is awake, and return by and by, after his lesson is learned, and Pan-ah-la will wake him from the hypnotic trance."

I smiled at the thought of being asleep, for I felt as wide awake as ever in my life. I even essayed a joke with Pan-ah-la, and was in uncommon good spirits. Out upon the street I rather lost my sense of jollity and the street scenes jarred upon my nerves.

To escape the thousand and one noises of rattling carts, shouts of bullock drivers, the whining tones of beggars asking for alms, the street fakers soliciting trade, I hurried on, pushing my way through the rabble and soon neared the hotel where I had left my wife packing her feminine belongings—a task to which I was never invited. To use her words on former occasions, I "would only be in the way." Her tones of bitterness at the slightest provocation, warned me many a time that our lives were not running as smoothly as lives of married persons should run. In truth, Isabella had hinted of separation on the grounds of incompatibility.

We had been traveling in India, my wife and I, and were thinking of returning to our native land, America. The date of our sailing had not been set, but Isabella was so far decided as to begin her packing. As for myself, well, I had not much to pack. A small trunk would hold all my wearing apparel, and I would have plenty of time to pack after my wife had set the date of our departure.

As I entered the hotel office the clerk blandly

informed me that my wife had gone out. It surprised me that he should have taken the trouble to mention it, and I caught myself thinking of Pan-ah-la's last words: "The Sahib is yet dreaming in the occult sleep, but he will go out thinking that he is awake."

Then the absurdity of trying to convince my waking senses of an obvious fallacy, struck me, and I laughed and chuckled to myself as I tripped up the stairs and with a latch key opened the door of our apartment, and entered. A sense of desolation came over me. I gazed at the bare walls, denuded of pictures, little keepsakes given to my wife on her birthdays, her trunks containing all her packed wardrobe, copies of a testament and the Bhagavat Gita that ordinarily reposed in a little book-case on the wall, together with a fancy wall-bracket, were gone. There were only the remnants of a tallow candle in a brass holder, a pair of old shoes, one hairpin, a broken garter, and a piece of paper, to remind me of our domestic life.

I picked the piece of paper from the stand where it lay folded. On opening, I found writing on the inside. Isabella had left a note. It read:

"DEAR ALBEC:  
"Finding it impossible to live with you in harmony, owing to our dissimilar temperaments, I have decided to go away for a while, perhaps forever. I pray you do not try to follow me, for it would be useless to attempt to change my mind in this matter. I am determined. I do not leave you without a pang. Truly, I am overcome at the thought of parting, but life has grown a misery with us, and I must leave you."

"I have taken half of the money that you left in the drawer; my conscience would not allow me to take more, though perhaps I shall need it. It may be best that you get a divorce from me on the grounds of desertion. If you care to marry again, you will have to get a divorce, of course."

Adieu my once husband,  
(Signed) ISABELLA.

"P. S. Tears come in spite of me, and I have blotted the page. Forgive me, Alec, and, good by."

Our previous misunderstandings had, in a measure, prepared me for this trial, otherwise I should have gone mad. As it was, I cursed my stupidity in leaving her alone with her morbid thoughts and exaggeration of trifles. I chided myself for dissenting with her, and holding up my authority as of consequence. If I had let her have her way in everything—but then, she would have asked me for advice in matters, and object to advice when given. What could I have done? What can I do now? I asked myself these questions, and was not long in coming to a conclusion. I decided to find her if by any means it was possible. With that end in view I went out upon the street and hunted up the most renowned official in the secret service, Calcutta being under English rule, I dealt with men who had seen service in Scotland yards, and who from long experience as sleuths, sized up my case in a jiffy, in fact, began telephoning here and there in my interest, before I had given the details of my quest. When the bounds of my malice (justice) were well at work in my interest, I went back to my desolate quarters, and waited.

The hours dragged. I walked the floor with clinched hands and corrugated brow. Every step, in the hall made me start. I would consult my watch every ten minutes. Finally I grew tired of the strain, and from sheer exhaustion sank into a chair and bowed my head. I was startled by a knock at the door. I arose and opened the door and was confronted by the chief of the detective bureau. He was of the Sherlock Holmes type, easy in his bearing, and confident. The aroma of the cigar he was smoking, convinced me that he was a man of good taste; and as he handed me a duplicate of the act, went a long way toward ingratiating me in his favor. It was only a way he had of making it easy for the strain on my pocketbook when I paid for his services, for he had already been successful. His words were short and to the point.

"Easy case. Your wife is found."

"Where?" I gasped.

"She has taken passage on the American steamer now at the wharf and will sail at daybreak, unless we have orders to detain her."

"Ah! Will sail at daybreak?" I said with a

kind of tragic air. Then realizing that the officer was expecting me to decide something, I began to think rapidly.

"No, officer, your services will not be needed further. I shall not have my wife subjected to annoying arrest, but will, if possible, secure berth on the same steamer, and sail with her to America."

"Very well," and with a bow, and a hundred-pound note, he took his departure, leaving me in a brown study.

When the sleuth's steps had descended the last stair, and the sound no longer reached my ear, I hurriedly began packing my effects into a small trunk. In twenty minutes I had everything ready, secured a conveyance to the steamboat wharf, and by dusk was negotiating with the purser for a stateroom. I took the wise course of not immediately making my presence known to Isabella, but chose to take my time while we were crossing the big pond. I learned the number of her stateroom, and was fortunate in securing one adjoining. She had registered in her own name, without disguise. The fact that she did, puzzled me, and I pinched myself to demonstrate that the words of Pan-ah-la had no reference to my present state, that I was not dreaming.

I immediately entered my stateroom, and heard her moving about in the adjoining room. I could not hear distinctly, on account of the constant tramping on deck. Neither could I sleep the first part of the night for thinking of my troubles. About midnight things quieted down, there were no more noises on deck, and my thoughts were more placid. I was able to hear every move in the next room. Presently a sound was borne to my ears, the sound of a woman weeping. Isabella was weeping, alone and uncomfortable. My heart yearned to go to her, but it was out of the question at present. Every quivering sob went to my heart like a knife. How I suffered, in sympathy for her, no one knows except those who have suffered in like circumstances, under like conditions.

She sobbed for a long time, when the sounds gradually ceased, and I surmised that she had cried herself to sleep, like a poor lost child that she was. Soon her heavy breathing confirmed my belief that she was asleep. The thin partition conveyed every sound.

She muttered in her sleep, and cried out once or twice. Then, in the still night, the sleeper raised her voice and sang.

"Sahib, I must be dreaming," I thought, for Isabella was singing in her sweet, plaintive voice, the words uttered by my soul mate as heard by the awakened psychic sense when under the spell of the Indian adept, Pan-ah-la.

I listened awestruck, while she sang the two stanzas, paused a moment, then repeated them in exactly the same tune and pitch. When the sound of the second singing had died away, all was still, save the light breathing of the sleeper.

I lay thinking and thinking until the small hours of the morning. Then nature, asserting herself, I fell asleep and slept until late in the morning.

When I went on deck the ship had already left her dock and was plowing along in smooth waters headed for America. Many passengers were on deck. I looked in vain for Isabella, and not seeing her, decided to go to her stateroom and have the inevitable meeting over, and know the worst. My knock at her door brought no response, and on inquiry, I learned that she had gone ashore while I slept, just before the snip pulled away, forfeiting her passage money.

Reasoning that she had discovered my presence aboard and had left the vessel to elude me, I was undecided whether to continue on to America without her, or jump out and drown myself and end it all. Finally I decided to do neither, but prevailed upon the captain to put me on board the first incoming vessel we met. About noon one was sighted, and as they came nearer the proper signals were made, a boat was lowered and I was taken aboard with my trunk. In a few hours I was again back upon the dock in Calcutta, ready to pursue the search for my runaway wife.

Some instinct caused me to visit the hotel which we had so lately made our headquarters. I was scarcely surprised to learn from the clerk that my wife had been there, and had left a note for me. Why she should leave a note when she had reason to believe that I was on the steamer speeding across the ocean, was a mystery. Possibly she did not know that I was on the steamer, and came ashore from some other motive. Yes, it might be, that she was coming back to me, but the note will tell. I picked it up from the desk where the clerk had laid it, opened the envelope and read:

DEAREST HUSBAND:  
I have wronged you most dreadfully. I shall never forgive myself for the act of running away from you, whom I now realize as my true affinity. It was revealed to me in a strange dream I had last night, and I hastened back to your, our rooms, only to find that you had gone. I suppose you are searching for me. I am afraid that I can never face you without feeling the guilt of deserting you. It would kill me to have you scorn me now that I know you as my lord of the higher sphere. Perhaps I had better end it all with my death. Do not mean for you to be ungrateful to me if you hear that she has found rest in the lake, rest from her remorse."

"Adieu my loved one, until we meet in the land where misunderstandings never occur."  
(Signed) ISABELLA."

I rushed from the hotel in a frenzy, and by some strange intuition found myself on the street where lived the Indian, Pan-ah-la. Then the import of his parting words came to me. That I was still under his influence, and dreaming, and would come to him to be awakened. My own state, however, took second place. My whole thought was to find my lost wife.

"Help me, Pan-ah-la!" I cried breathlessly as I entered his abode and saw him sitting on the rug precisely as I had left him so many hours before. "She is lost!" I cried. "My wife."

The magician smiled faintly, and in his soft Indian voice replied:

"The Sahib will now awake in reality, and find his wife waiting for him at the door. Awake!"

He clasped his hands together, and I looked around me in bewilderment. A moment's perplexity, and I was as one awakened from a dream. I looked out at the door which was open, and there—could I believe my senses?—stood Isabella in all her young loveliness and charm of personality. I rushed out, and, unmindful of the jostling crowd, took her in my arms and imprinted a fervent kiss on her upturned lips. Then we walked away toward our hotel.

"Who was that queer little man in there, that you were talking with?" she asked.

"That is Pan-ah-la," I explained. "And he is a wonderful man. He is—well, either a devil or a god, I am undecided which. But darling, may I ask, how did you happen to come on this street and to the very door of the place where I was, at the moment, thinking of you?"

"Oh, I know I am not in the habit of going on these busy streets, but I started out for a walk after I had finished packing, and something seemed to almost lead me to the place. And all the way I've been humming a tune that I have caught somewhere; I even got the words, it must be some old song that I have heard in the past. It seems like a dream that I have heard it before. It goes like this:

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



## Home Dressmaking Hints

By Geneva Gladding

I wish to announce to COMFORT'S SISTERS that our HOME DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT is meeting with unqualified success, and to thank you all for your support.

I shall endeavor each month to give you something new, useful and practical, my aim being to teach and assist those interested in the home sewing.

I shall be glad to answer any questions or receive any suggestions and in this way we will work together.

Please address such correspondence to  
HOME DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT, COMFORT,  
Augusta, Maine.

**A**LTHOUGH warm weather is still with us, the cool evenings will soon be here, reminding us to prepare for the fall days. The first step will be to get out and carefully look over the garments put away last spring, seeing how much may be repaired, doing service another season, and what is suitable to make over. To begin well in advance of the season means economy, because we have time to more carefully think over what we shall buy.

The sister who is competent to do her own dressmaking, and that of her family's, is nowadays considered most fortunate, and she may be justly proud of the accomplishment. I wish every sister who has never undertaken the cutting and making of a garment would begin this season. COMFORT patterns are very easy to understand. A good way is to first put your pattern together according to notches and read directions before you begin cutting. If your first attempt does not satisfy you, do not be discouraged but try again; and when you have learned to make a becoming waist, a pretty house dress or a well-hanging skirt you will feel doubly rewarded for your work and it will become less and less of an effort.

On this page you will find four attractive shirt-waist designs done on sheer white lawn to be embroidered in blue mercerized cotton, and I also call special attention to shirt-waist patterns No. 2761 and No. 2763, either of which are adaptable for embroidered designs.

### Pattern Descriptions

**2609—Misses' Box Coat:** A stylish and suitable coat in seven-eighths length made with shawl collar, turned-down patch pockets, turned-back cuffs, under arm and center back seams, developed in any weight of wool material can be made at a small cost. The blue serge costing from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per yard make an ideal fall garment and can be lined for use in cold weather by taking pattern and cutting and making lining exactly as you did the coat, except that you make the seams on the outside so they will come next to the coat when put together. Take an inch plait at back seam of lining, so to make sure it is a little looser than outside. Now put your lining into coat, turning back the front edges about five inches and bottom of sleeves about one inch, sewing along the front edges, the neck and bottom of sleeves. Take one inch hem in bottom, leaving it loose. Three sizes, 13 to 17 years. For 15 years the coat requires eight and one half yards 20 inches wide, five yards 36 inches wide, four and one quarter yards 42 inches wide, or three and one quarter yards 54 inches wide.

**2297—Ladies' Coat** with butcher neck, coat collar, flap pockets and turned-back cuffs makes a desirable and up-to-date garment for fall wear and may be lined for winter use. (See directions for lining in No. 2698). 7 sizes, 32 to 44 bust. For 36 bust the coat requires 10 yards of material 20 inches wide, five and five eighths yards 36 inches wide, five yards 42 inches wide, or three and three fourths yards 54 inches wide.

**2627—Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress** closing with buttons down left side of front, consisting of a waist and attached seven-gored skirt. This popular model may be developed in any material. 7 sizes, 32 to 44 bust. For 36 bust the dress requires six and one half yards 36 inches wide, or five and one half yards 42 inches wide.

**2737—Child's Dress in Princess style** and with long or short sleeves. 4 sizes, one half to five years. For three years the dress requires two and seven eighths yards 27 inches wide, two yards 36 inches wide, or one and seven eighths yards 42 inches wide.

**2654—Girls' Dress with Princess closing** and body lining. Four sizes, six to 12 years. For 10 years, the dress requires four and three fourths yards 27 inches wide, three and one half yards 36 inches wide, or three and one fourth yards 42 inches wide.

**2800—Boys' Shirt Blouse and Knickerbockers.** This is one of the standard models for boys, good for any material, is easily made and comfortable to wear. The blouse has back yoke and may be made with or without permanent turned-down collar. It comes in five sizes, five to 13 years. For nine years

## Summer and Early Autumn Fashions



**Special Offers.** Send ten cents for trial five-months' subscription to COMFORT, with five cents extra, for any single pattern mentioned above. Send two trial five-months' 10-cent subscriptions for a pattern free or two yearly 25-cent subscriptions, or four trial five-months' 10-cent subscriptions, for three patterns. A single pattern for ten cents. Order by number and state plainly size or age. These are the popular seam-allowing patterns.

This well-fitting pattern can be developed in any suitable material. If in cotton, shrink before using. Size 15 neck needs four yards of goods 27 inches wide or three and one quarter yards 36 inches wide.

2179—Ladies' Princess Wrapper in short sweep or

round length, with bishop or plain sleeves and rolling or standing collar. Eight sizes, 32 to 46 inches, bust measure. For 36 bust, the wrapper made of goods without nap requires 11 3/4 yards 26 inches wide, nine yards 27 inches wide, seven yards 36 inches wide, or six and one quarter yards 42 inches wide.

**2753—Ladies' Work Apron** closing, with buttons on shoulders. Four sizes, 32, 36, 40 and 44 bust. Size 36 requires four and five eighths yards 27 inches wide, or three yards 36 inches wide.

**2107—Ladies' Corset Cover**, slipped over the head and with or without the ruffles. Three sizes, small, medium and large. Any size requires one and three eighths yards 27 inches wide or one yard 36 inches wide either with one and three fourths yards of edging four inches wide for ruffles, or ruffles may be made of same material as cover.

**2700—Misses' Semi-Princess Dress**, in "Gibson" style and having an attached seven-gored skirt. Seven sizes, 13 to 17. For 15 years the dress requires nine yards 20 inches wide, six and one half yards 27 inches wide, four and seven eighths yards 36 inches wide, or four yards 42 inches wide.

**2761—Ladies' Shirt-Waist** with long or three quarters sleeves suitable for embroidered design. Seven sizes, 32 to 44 bust. For 36 bust the waist with long sleeves requires three and five eighths yards 20 inches wide, two and five eighths yards 27 inches wide, two yards 36 inches wide, or one and seven eighths yards 42 inches wide.

**2763—Ladies' Shirt-Waist**, with one-piece plain sleeves or regulation shirt sleeves, suitable for embroidered design. Seven sizes, 32 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires four yards 20 inches wide, three and one fourth yards 27 inches wide, two and one eighth yards 36 inches wide, or two yards 42 inches wide.

**2724—Percale** was used in making this neat and useful dressing sack. This design is easy to make, having only shoulder and under-arm seams. The belt buttons to one side, corresponding with the waist opening. Four sizes, 32, 36, 40 and 44-bust. For 36 bust, the sack requires four and one quarter yards 20 inches wide, three yards 27 inches wide, two and one fourth yards 36 inches wide or two yards 42 inches wide.

**1761—This simple one-piece slip** should be among baby's first wearing apparel. It is very easy to make and is drawn up at neck with tape, and may be finished with very narrow lace. It comes in one size and requires two and three fourths yards of material 27 inches wide, or two and one fourth yards 36 inches wide.

NETTIE STEVENS requests corset cover pattern with ruffles. You are quite right in your idea that shirt-waists fit better and are more becoming with a full bust effect. Pattern No. 2107 in this issue with description is I think what you require. When laundering, starch ruffles quite stiff.

OLD SUBSCRIBER asks for some pretty way to trim outing dannel or wool undershirts. One way is to make a quarter inch hem and over this put a scallop with any kind of wool you may choose. Another way is to turn a two inch hem on the right side, feather stitching to place, and still another way is to use the homemade laces.

MRS. JOHN H. MAYO asks how to remedy waist which has been cut too large in neck. Do not take in shoulder seam as you suggest as it will make your armhole too small, but instead, take one eighth inch tucks at front and sides of neck about one half inch apart until you get the required size, running them down the waist about four inches. This will rather improve your waist and the little fullness will make it becoming.

HATTIE S. CLARK wants ideas for repairing boy's trousers knees. If you make your boy's trousers, a good plan is to make them double, both backs and fronts for about six inches up the leg, letting the pieces come on the wrong side. Carefully cross-stitch to place, taking care not to sew through, and when the trousers legs become worn or have holes in them, you can make them do the service of new ones by darning or cutting out and felling edges. The knickerbocker style is by far the most satisfactory until boys reach the age of fourteen years. They wear better, and protect the stockings.

OKLAHOMA GIRL has linen-colored dress stained by color running from another garment. A weak solution of bi-chloride of lime is the only thing which will take out the red, but it will also bleach your dress somewhat. Begin by dissolving a teaspoonful of two quarts of boiling water. When cool dip in dress. If this is not strong enough, double quantity of bi-chloride. Do not let dress remain in solution any longer than necessary, and when the spots are entirely removed wash in two waters, or until the bi-chloride is all washed out, as it will eat your linen. Bi-chloride can be purchased from your druggist or grocer.

MISS L. M. RIMKUS wishes to restore waist which became scorched while ironing. I fear the scorching is so deep it has discolored or faded the red in your waist, and if so you cannot restore it. If you can match material, I would suggest replacing the part injured, or perhaps a box plait or a let-in cluster of tucks would conceal the defect. If I knew the part injured I could give you more definite information, and if you wish further advice I shall be pleased to give it.

## Mid-Summer Embroidered Shirt-Waist Offer

Two and a half Yards Stamped Shirt-Waist, Embroidery Cotton, Paper Patterns, Tape Measure and Embroidery Hoops  
Free for Club of Three

Four styles for Eyelet, Outline, Shadow and French Stitch. Included with each outfit are Six Skeins "D. M. C." imported Embroidery Cotton in blue, as colors are used exclusively this season in preference to white. Each Waist Design is stamped on two and one-half yards very fine quality Indian Lawn; this sheer material is 40 inches wide which is more than enough to make up waist from patterns of following numbers, which are shown in Pattern Department on Home Dressmaking Page (Nos. 2761 and 2763).

Order a waist by number, select a pattern that appeals to you, we will send the Stamped Shirt Waist and Embroidery Material, the paper Pattern, also a tape measure and in two or three days you will have a most attractive embroidered Shirt-Waist of your own make, stylish, perfect fitting and extremely comfortable and seasonable for hot, sultry midsummer August days. The blue embroidery color can be retained by using a small quantity spirits of Turpentine in water, so you need not hesitate to use blue in preference to white.



No. 620U

### Description of Each

This special offer comprises our most popular embroidery designs.

As you will observe, they are entirely unlike, but equally choice, graceful and effective, thus making it possible for all to be suited. These waists are designed to open in the back and may be made with elbow, three-quarter or long sleeves.

We call especial attention to patterns Nos. 2761, and 2763 in our Home Dressmaking Department, together with instructions for making, which with this outfit, enables you to make for yourself a waist suitable for any occasion.

**620U—Design in Forget-me-nots**, the blossoms to be worked in solid embroidery and the dots in eyelet.

**621V—Conventional design** to be done in shadow embroidery.

**622W—Jewel design** to be worked in eyelet, outline and solid embroidery.

**623X—Design in conventional daisies** to be worked in eyelet, outline and French embroidery.



No. 623X

PAIR  
EMBROID-  
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HOOPS  
and  
THIRTY-SIX  
INCH  
TAPE MEAS-  
URE  
FREE



No. 622W



No. 621V

## Special Mid-Summer Offer

To interest the greatest number of lady readers in this special opportunity, we offer a Shirt-Waist Pattern of two and one-half yards material, stamped with a complete design, sufficient skeins of embroidery cotton to work entire design, then a perforated, seam-allowing paper pattern, to be selected from our Home Dressmaking page, and a thirty-six inch Tape Measure and a pair of Embroidery Hoops; comprising a complete outfit from which a very handsome, perfect-fitting embroidered Shirt-Waist may be made.

The store price of such an outfit would be almost prohibitive, while we are enabled to give them away for a small club of subscribers because of our enormous capacity to handle quantities.

Send us only three yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, select by numbers the Waist Design you prefer, also select by number the Paper Pattern preferred, write the addresses and your instructions plainly and we send Embroidery Cotton, Hoop and Tape Measure with complete waist outfit same day we receive it.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## Deceived by Appearances

Or, The Dangers of a Chance Acquaintance

By Elizabeth Biebow

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THE junior member of the firm, Holiday & Son Mining Brokers, had been called to New York on pressing business. As parting instruction, Holiday Sr. had told him to drop in at Rorbaughs and engage a stenographer and to be sure and impress the necessity of their sending some one at once. Having satisfactorily concluded the day's business and with the assurance of Rorbaughs that some one would be sent immediately, James Holiday impatiently awaited his train at the New York Terminal.

It was drawing toward night, a heavy snow had fallen steadily throughout the afternoon and the streets were already muffled by the snow. A few travelers, like himself, exhausted by a busy day in the great Metropolis, hurried through the large waiting-room, shaking off the big flakes from their clothing and no doubt impressed, as was Holiday, that it would be an evening most agreeably spent at home. Nor did the contemplation of a late dinner act as balm to his wearied frame of mind.

He impatiently unfolded his evening paper, glanced over the headlines, and this most singular piece of news attracted his attention: "A Most Daring Robbery, Man Disguised as a Pretty Young Woman, Carrying a Suit-case Marked with the Initials 'H. H.' Accosts Prominent Business Men with a Pitiful Story, etc., etc."—Holiday yawned, commenting to himself: "that it was incredible that that sort of thing was happening so frequently. A man possessed of average intelligence should be able to discern the bounds of possibility and to detect the real purpose in such a case. He was very sure that he would come to a quick and accurate conclusion in such a matter, anyway it was a very pleasant reflection to whisper to one's self, 'that the other man was the 'idiot'."

Just then a confusion of voices at the ticket window attracted his attention. Before the window stood an exceedingly attractive young woman, her face was flushed with excitement and her agitated manner impressed Holiday that she was in an extremely uncomfortable position. Although he was listening intently to her conversation with the ticket agent, he could not help observing her very trim appearance; that she was rather tall, and was dressed with a reasoning sense of fitness. He guessed that her eyes were dark gray, almost blue, altogether, she was the prettiest woman he had ever laid eyes on.

He heard her say, "As I left home this evening, in great haste to catch my car, I snatched up my purse and just now discover that I have but five cents. It is imperative that I go to Y—tonight, if you could possibly assist me, I will send you the money for my ticket when I arrive at my destination?"

The ticket agent's curt refusal aroused Holiday's indignation and the girl's look of distress, appealed to his chivalrous nature, he quickly gained the window, raising his hat politely, begged to be allowed to purchase the ticket for her.

"Oh, it is so good of you and I am indeed very grateful for your help, for I must go to Y—tonight," she replied.

Placing the ticket in her purse, she had asked him where the money might be returned, when the peculiar expression on her companion's face, caused her to glance quickly at her suit-case, which seemed to hold him spellbound.

"He grabbed his paper, 'Yes, there it was.' 'Prettily young woman carrying suit-case marked with the initials 'H. H.'—' He looked at the figure before him, then at the suit-case with letters, 'H. H.' standing out boldly in big, black letters. 'It tallied with the description, yes, he was one of those 'idiots' he had been soliloquizing about only ten minutes before."

Then his injured dignity asserted itself: "Take off that disguise immediately," he commanded.

The lady looked at him in amazement, "What do you mean, sir?" she gasped.

"Oh, you cannot imagine that game on me; you are a very clever deception, but you had better hustle off that wig and those clothes!"

She quickly stepped behind a seat as he made a grasp for her hat. "Surely the man was mad! The station seemed deserted, what would she do?"

Then the thought struck Holiday: "Suppose it really was a girl, think of the injustice he might be doing a helpless woman,—and such a pretty one too."

With an apology he held the paper toward her, pointing to the article, and hastily picking up his top-coat, and bag, walked to a seat on the other side of the room.

Words can hardly express the indignation of the girl as she nervously scanned the article. Glancing across at her tormentor and seeing his back toward her, she hastily walked to the door and with a look of determination, crossed to the pawnbrokers on the opposite side.

On turning, Holiday noticed her absence, and suspicion was overcoming his better judgment again, when the suit-case caught his eye: "Now to find out!" He quickly opened the case, and with an exclamation of satisfaction laid a smart black suit of men's clothes to view.

"So, he was the chap after all! Now, to catch him when he returned."

He stepped out on the platform and waited. Having obtained a small amount of money, the girl returned. Finding Holiday gone but his coat on the seat, she decided the best plan would be to obtain his address and send him the money. Then, his card might be in that, and accordingly she felt for the case in the pockets, but no, it was not there.

Holiday saw this transaction from the window and quickly confronted her.

She held out a bill, saying: "I wish to pay you for my ticket. I am astounded at your intimation, sir. I cannot possibly accept your assistance."

Here was unheard-of audacity; money from his own bill book which he had carelessly slipped into his overcoat pocket. He must call an officer at once. Then, simultaneously their eyes fell on an object on the floor, directly under the coat. With a rush both tried to seize it, but the girl had it first,—of course it was the bill book which had fallen from his pocket.

With an exclamation of surprise she read the name on its cover.

"What a situation!"

Instantly, she handed him the book, bursting into merry laughter, and provokingly inquired: "If he was really from Y—?"

Holiday stared at her in amazement and sarcastically retorted:

"That he was, yet people about him were acting so strangely, he was beginning to doubt his own identity."

But she, not in the least disconcerted, drew a telegram from out her hand-bag and begged him to read it.

He read:

Y—, N. Y., Feb. 14, 1909.

"To Miss Gertrude Hicks.

518 West 64th St.

"Before leaving New York this morning, I met tailor, who informed me Holiday's suit had been sent home by mistake. Too late to come back for it. Find he is in city, but cannot be located. Please pack in my suitcase and bring with you tonight. Wedding at ten, you know, do not miss your train."

"HENRY HICKS."

"Great Heavens!" he exclaimed, "Hicks' sister, and his own clothes; and he to be best man at her brother's wedding in the morning. How that confounded tailor had lost his address, he could not explain, but of course as Hicks and he had

left their orders at the same time, the clothes had all been sent to the one address.

But how was he, in the name of common sense, to square himself with his companion?

"Great Scott, this was awful!" but his ejaculations were interrupted by a voice at his elbow, reminding him that their train had been called and demurely adding:

"Then you know, perhaps I shall remain in Y—, for I have been sent by Rorbaughs to fill a position with Holiday & Son, Mining Brokers."

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

Take a pail of cottonseed compound, salt and color it to the consistency of butter; a little butter can be added if desired.

I hope to hear from many, especially those interested in mission work. Stamps will be appreciated.

FRANCES NICHOLS SUTPHEN, Magnolia, Miss.

## DEAR SISTERS:

I am an old subscriber, but have never written to this department before.

I think Uncle Charlie is doing a grand work in helping the shut-ins. I often wish for riches so that I could help all the suffering and needy; but we are not well off. My mother died six years ago and my father a little over a year ago. I have a little brother and sister with me. I have two sisters and three brothers but the other three are able to work and care for themselves. I have been married nearly six years. We have one brown-eyed boy nearly three years old and one blue-eyed baby girl in heaven.

For those who are bothered with tender feet in hot weather try this. Wash your feet every day in weak salt water and if they perspire very much sprinkle a little powder or powdered alum in the stockings. Wear white stockings and if possible white shoes. I was always bothered with my feet in summer until last summer. I wore white hose all the time (except sometimes for Sunday then I wore tan), and white canvas slippers. With white dresses one can wear the white shoes and stockings on any occasion. My sister also wore the white shoes and stockings and her feet never bothered her, where before she could hardly walk sometimes her feet were so bad. My feet would blister with the heat and get so that I couldn't put on my shoes at all and sometimes couldn't stand on my feet they hurt so. I am satisfied that is what helped and we both do. I am satisfied that is what helped and we both do. I am satisfied that is what helped and we both do.

MRS. F. O. LANGE, Kennett, Cal.

Miss Edna Perly. I could not make use of the little verses you sent me, although for one of your age they were exceptionally good. Should be pleased to see some of your later work, which perhaps you might submit with better results.

**THE SHELL GAME**, that famous little game that catches so many unsuspecting victims every year, is explained and exposed in that thrilling story, "Reuben Jones at the County Fair," in September COMFORT.

## Requests

Will Minnie M. Espy kindly send her address to Mrs. Grace Pollett, Republican City, Nebr.

Mattie Key, Box 690, Centralia, Wash., would like letters, especially from Rebecca.

Letters will be especially welcomed and appreciated by Mrs. Alexine Jones, Box 28, McDaniel, R. D. 1, Md.

Will someone kindly send directions, giving the amount of silk ribbon needed to cover a coat hanger, to Miss Sallie Sprinkle, Ben Hur, Va.

Will those who can spare them remember Mrs. Phoebe Beard, Cedar Rapids, R. D. 2, Iowa, with seeds and slips for house plants this fall.

Wm. G. Esch would like canceled stamps as he is trying to collect enough to paper a den. Address Leighton, Pa.

Mrs. D. Burke, Box 126, Rib Lake, Wis., a sister who lives in an isolated district and is very lonely would enjoy receiving letters, pieces for patchwork, seeds, etc. Such evidences of friendship would mean much to her.

Can anyone send Mrs. Emma Wilkinson, Box 78 Portland, R. D. 10, Ind., directions for making a hair switch?

Has any sister a copy of "Stephen Elliott's Daughter," by Mrs. J. H. Needell? Mrs. L. Gaynor, 427 Orchard St., Santa Rosa, Cal., lost hers in the earthquake and would like to replace it.

Mrs. A. Davidson, 2640 Bernard St., Chicago, Ill., Irving Park, would like to be remembered on her birthday, August 22.

A lonely soldier's widow would like to hear from other Grand Army women. Pieces of any kind highly appreciated. Mrs. Martha McCoy, Willow Springs, R. D. 1, Mo.

A daughter writes: "Mother and I live all alone in a little town, mother suffers greatly with asthma and sometimes does not leave her room for months; she is sixty-eight years old and quite feeble, good reading, pieces and letters would be of value as we get very lonesome at times."

MARY FUNK, Rosworth, Mo.

Will Mrs. Milton Henley, formerly of Fort Bayard, N. Mex., write Mrs. J. P. Henley, R. D. 2, Darlington, S. C.?

The writer of an interesting letter, says: "I am deprived of the blessings of health, but still can say I am glad I am still permitted to live in this beautiful old world. I often wonder why some have to suffer more than others, but I have faith in God's word and feel that the heavier the cross the brighter the crown. I enjoy the religious discussions, it is good to express one's views, as some one has said, I believe, it is not how right we are, but how upright, that counts. Cheering letters would brighten many a day for me, so a few of you please address,"

MRS. LAURA CLEMEN, McKenzie, Tenn.

From another home which the silent visitor has left vacant comes these words: "On the anniversary of my boy's death I feel impelled to seek this corner. Mrs. Elsie Day, Mrs. Kille and others, who have lost babies, I know can truly sympathize with me. We are now a family of three, one of the very best husbands, my boy of three, and myself. We live in the suburbs of our State capital, own our little cottage and have a lovely view of the city. I try to be happy and content, but find myself asking over and over again will it ever seem the same as before? The little green mound was made last July. Who can tell?"

Dear mothers, common sense and simple remedies go a long way, besides simply saving a doctor's fee. Be ever watchful of the little ones and if feverish give that old stand by, a dose of castor oil, then bathe in hot water with a generous dash of mustard, wrap up and keep warm. Young mothers remember this. Now all please send me at least a card. I would love to have any kind of flower seeds.

MRS. BOYD WALLACE, Sta. A., Charleston, W. Va.

Mrs. Wm. Pepper, Vincennes, R. D. 2, N. J., wants to know how geraniums can be made to bloom in the house?

## DEAR SISTERS:

I come to Comfort's corner from old Vermont, longing for a welcome. I have had my eyes on this place for a long time and the view is pleasant. Once when I could not walk, or work, or read, or write much. I asked a friend what to do. She replied, "Be patient." I swallowed with all my might to get that down, it never went very far. Another said, "Take COMFORT," and I have enjoyed it ever since.

I had no near friends only my husband, my only child was dead, and the home has been still and lonely ever since, but I will not tell my woes, only ask the sisters to write me. I will answer all letters that come to the address of Mrs. EDWIN HILL, Lincoln, Vermont.

## Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of one or more of the recipes.—Editor.

## Cucumber Pickles—A Never-failing and Tested Recipe

Pour boiling water over your cucumbers, and let them stand twenty-four hours. Drain off the water, place them in a stone jar, cover with a pickle made of one gallon of best cider vinegar, two tablespoonfuls each of whole cloves, allspice, cinnamon, and mustard. Two tablespoonfuls of pulverized alum, one teaspoonful of salt. Heat the vinegar, add the alum and spices in a bag, pour over the cucumbers, add salt last, place a layer of fresh horseradish leaves over all. This gives a nice flavor to the pickles, and also helps to keep them fresh and good. Pickles made by this recipe do not grow tasteless and do not shrink. Cover with a thick piece of white cloth and place in cellar. The best kind of cucumbers to use are the small kind. Pick them every day.

MARY M. BROWNSON.

## Salt Pickles

Use medium-sized cucumbers, fill a three or four-gallon crock to within a few inches of the top. Cover with clean cold water and then put salt over the top, allowing a heaping cup for each gallon, cover with a board and weight to keep the pickles under water. These will keep hard and green. Keep the jar covered in a dark cool place. When wanted soak in water over night and then put in vinegar.

MRS. ANNA BREDEWAY.

## Egg Butter

One quart of molasses, six eggs beaten well, two tablespoonfuls of flour, flavor with nutmeg and cook two minutes.

EFFIE PURSLEY.

## Dandelion Wine

Pour a gallon of boiling water over three quarts of thoroughly washed dandelion blossoms. Cover and let stand all night. In the morning strain off the water, add three and a half pounds of sugar and three sliced lemons. Heat just enough to melt sugar. Pour into a jar cover with cheese-cloth and stand in a warm place. Let it stand for about two weeks, after fermentation has ceased, strain, bottle and seal.

## Rhubarb Wine

Twelve pounds of rhubarb, crushed, two gallons of water, eight pounds of sugar. Place the crushed rhubarb in a stone jar, cover and let it stand one week stirring frequently. At the end of that time strain, add the sugar and let it stand in the jar until fermentation ceases. Strain into a keg, bung tightly and keep for nine months. Then bottle.

MRS. FRANK PHILLIP.

## Brandy Peaches without Brandy

Fill a quart jar with cling-stone peaches, carefully selected and pared. Then fill in all spaces with granulated sugar, screw on the top very tightly, and bury three feet in the ground for six months. The peaches will then be ready for use, covered with a most delicious brandy they will be far richer and better flavored than when preserved in the usual way.

## Peach Butter

Scald, wipe and stone one half bushel of peaches. Then put them through the meat chopper, add half as much sugar as you have pulp. Mix thoroughly, boil for two hours, stirring occasionally until the last when it will need constant attention to prevent sticking.

ISABEL STICKNEY.

## Sweet Green Peppers, Mexican Style

Toast the peppers, when the thin outer skin puffs out wrap them in a dry cloth. Let stand fifteen or twenty minutes to sweat, when they can be easily peeled, then slit on the side carefully remove the seeds and veins and put the peppers in an earthen bowl. Mix vinegar and water half and half and cover the peppers. Stir in also a teaspoonful of whole cloves, one of salt a piece of cinnamon bark, broken up, a bit of bay leaf and garlic.

Just before serving, chop fine two peeled tomatoes, one onion and two sprigs of parsley, cook these in a little melted butter, then add a dozen grated almonds, dozen seeded chopped raisins and small can of picked up sardines.

Drain the peppers and fill with this mixture.

## Stewed Tomatoes and Corn, Mexican Style

Peel six tomatoes, press out all or most of the seeds cut in quarters. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a granite pan, add one green or red pepper, chopped fine, and let cook until nearly done, without browning. Then add tomato, teaspoonful of salt and let come to a boil, then add one pint of hot fresh boiled corn cut from the cob, more corn and also butter if needed.

A MEXICAN READER.

For extract try putting orange peel in alcohol, it answers for flavoring in many cases.

## Fly Stickumfast

Melt six ounces of rosin in a tin cup and then put in lard, rounding tablespoonful, as a woman takes up shortening or about two ounces, which should make it like very thick molasses when cold, spread upon stiff paper with flat piece of wood or knife. Heat the knife before using. Place on shelves, etc. The fly paper will hold all that light upon it.

IDA E. BOWER.

## Letters of Thanks

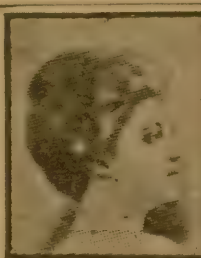
DEAR SISTERS: For your kindness in promptly responding to my request I want to thank each one. My boy is better, due to a combination of remedies I guess. I give him a dry supper still and do not allow him anything to drink after it. I shall keep this treatment up for some time. I have changed my address; in the future write to Mrs. GERTIE LAMBERT, Quincy, Adams Co., Wis.

DEAR READERS: I want to thank all who so kindly remembered me with letters and pieces. I wrote all who enclosed stamps and should have written each one could I have afforded it. I was especially anxious for reading matter as I have

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

## FREE ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER CURE.

D. J. Lane, a noted chemist at 127 Lane Bldg., St. Marys, Kansas, manufactures a remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever in which he has so much confidence that he sends a \$1 bottle to anyone by express who will write for it. His offer is that he be paid for it if it cures and the one taking the treatment is to be the judge.



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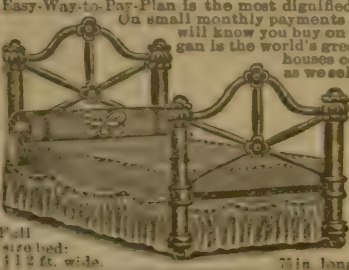
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539 Sixth Street, DETROIT, MICH.

## A Blackberry Romance

Or, The Fate of an Artless Rival

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“WELL, it's all settled now!” said Miss Edith Wilkens as she entered her sister's room and slammed the door real hard, which caused pretty little Marjory, who was reading at her window, to look up from her book in astonishment.

“What, Edith?”

“Our destination this summer,” cried Edith. Marjory waited, while Edith excitedly knocked about the toilet bottles on the dressing case.

“After all the dresses we've had made, and my spending my private allowance for that peach colored evening silk that mamma refused to get me, we are going—guess where, Marjory?”

“To Newport?”

“No.”

“To Long Branch?”

“No.”

“I understand that we are not going to Saratoga.”

“We are not!”

“Well, what makes you look so dismal and disconsolate? Are we going into the Mammoth Cave?”

“We might as well. We are going to Hasbrouck.”

“Hasbrouck?”

“Yes, that little place in the back woods where there's nothing but cows and blackberries!”

Edith's expression was tragic, as Marjory sank back in her little rocker and laughed.

“Is mamma crazy?”

“No my dear children, I have a good and sufficient reason—just as I have for everything I do,” replied their mother, who had overheard their conversation. She sat down and smoothed her black satin lap with her jeweled hands.

“I might say we are a little short of money this summer,” then she paused.

“I might say Edith's health will not bear the wear and tear of another fashionable season,” she paused again.

“They were both true. But, they would not be the main—the principal reason.”

Marjory listened brightly—Edith sullenly. Lester Edwards is to be at Hasbrouck,” said the mother.

Edith started up—Marjory sat quiet, but a little conscious color crept into her cheek.

“What in the world is he going there for, mother?” cried Edith.

“He is to make some geological examinations with his father—who is such a brilliant scientist, you know—among the hills. And now that you know this, it would be idle for me to explain my motive in sending you to Hasbrouck. He is a very social young man, and he will have very little society, and under these circumstances, you will have every advantage of securing the most brilliant match.”

“Which of us?” asked Marjory.

“Either: it is immaterial to me. Only I should prefer to see Edith married first—and with her superior knowledge of society, Lester Edwards is more likely—”

“Mamma,” interrupted Marjory, “I should really like to go to Hasbrouck. I never was on a farm in my life, and I am tired of so much excitement as we have had for the past year. But, as to making advances to Lester Edwards, I can never do that.”

“You know I don't expect you to do anything out of character, Marjory—of course, I despise bold girls. Edith knows what I mean.”

“Trust me, mamma,” said Edith, as she rose and waited around the room several times.

“He is worth two hundred thousand dollars, and drives the handsomest span of horses I ever saw. He is a perfectly elegant fellow—”

“And has absolutely no vices,” interrupted mamma. “When you have seen more of the world, you will appreciate this fact. Lester Edwards is really a very eligible match. Somebody's daughter will secure him, why not mine?”

“Why not, mamma?” echoed Edith, jubilantly.

There was only one place for summer boarders at Hasbrouck—The Rayvella—a farmhouse mansion surrounded with fruit trees and flower gardens; the pleasantest place in the world, Marjory thought, as she reached the door and saw the cool porches, the lawns and the shade trees, and a big black cat snoozing in a big armchair in the front hall.

“How sweet the air is here,—smell the strawberries, Edith, and see the pink. How comfortable. I shall just wear a gingham dress all day, and grow real fat.”

“Hush!” said Edith. “There he is.”

The gentleman in question came briskly across the lawn—a handsome, graceful fellow, with English whiskers—and shook hands with the young ladies.

“Welcome, welcome!” he said, merrily. “I began to think I should have no society this summer. Mohammed could not go to the mountain, and so mountain has come to Mohammed. But this is a very nice place to be exiled to; it is a world in itself.”

Edith at once began chatting vivaciously, while Marjory quickly thought Lester Edwards handsomer than when she saw him in the last German. But, she would not let him have known it for the world; and as she seemed quieter than usual, Mr. Edwards thought it owing to her father's death, which had occurred since he saw her last. He had always fancied the dainty, brown-eyed girl, but at present he had his hands full with the black-eyed one.

There were other boarders at the house—a family of Jacksons, and a Miss Southworth, who openly rebelled at Edith's appropriation of the only Beau.

“Umph! Is she engaged to him?” Miss Southworth asked, spitefully of Marjory, one day, as Mr. Edwards and Edith marched away on a fern expedition, Marjory absolutely refusing to go with them.

“Certainly not, but we have known Mr. Edwards for a very long time,” replied Marjory in an endeavor to defend her sister.

“I should think so,” retorted Miss Southworth, significantly.

“Our mothers were intimate friends.”

“Umph!” said Miss Southworth.

Marjory turned away with a burning cheek. Others then noticed what a dead set Edith was making after the Edwards' heir. Her cheeks turned and with impatient breath she sat down

on a rustic seat outside the door. Well, she could not help Edith's cause but she would die before she would thus openly seek a young man's attention. She would rather live to be an old maid, or die poor.

Now Miss Southworth did not covet Mr. Edwards' attentions on account of his money—she was married quite rich, and drove the most elegant little pleasure carriage at The Rayvella.

By and by she came walking her ponies down the lawn, and seeing Marjory's sober face, she turned her stately head. Honestly, she liked the sweet-faced girl, and her tone was quite sincere and cordial as she called to Marjory:

“Won't you get your hat and take a drive with me? I am going to the village, and want company.”

Miss Southworth could be as agreeable as she could be disagreeable, and Marjory longed for a change from her unpleasant thoughts, so she rose and went to her room.

A few rods from the house they met Mr. Edwards and Edith returning, and Miss Southworth drew rein.

“I have a seat for one of you,” she said.

“Thanks,” said Mr. Edwards. “I have an engagement at noon—but Miss Wilkens would like to go to town, I presume.”

Edith cordially hated Miss Southworth, because she dressed a great deal better than she did, but she assiduously cultivated her, because the lady moved in the best society. She readily accepted the invitation to step into the elegant little phaeton, and so, unconsciously, made a misstep for at Hasbrouck Center the carriage was run into by a heavy team, and, as the wheelwright could not satisfactorily repair it until the next day, the young ladies were compelled to spend the night at the village hotel, which hotel was very comfortable.

They returned in good spirits, and somewhat elated over their adventure. They had a good dinner, and looked about them. It was a cool, bright afternoon, but the tennis ground and the croquet lawn were entirely deserted—there were no ladies in the park, and no gentlemen on the porch; only a solitary invalid lady sewing in the large front hall. All the people had gone “black-berrying,” she said—“gone to Hardenburg's pasture.”

“I know where it is! It is lovely and cool down there. Let us go!” cried Marjory.

“Black-berrying!” cried Edith, disdainfully. “Shall you go?” she asked Miss Southworth, who was kneeling up her carriage dress.

“Certainly,” replied the young lady, who thought Mr. Edwards might be there. “When I am in Rome, I always do as Romans do.”

Marjory came tripping along first into the pasture. It was a very pretty spot. Great oaks stood about, and the river nearly encircled it, like a ribbon of blue steel. It was full of bosky knolls and some kind of a fragrant bush, honey-sweet with blossoms; and all among them came the flight and song of the birds.

“Oh,” screamed Marjory, “this is the prettiest place we have seen yet; this is real country.”

A gray dress and a shaker bonnet rose up from behind a large blackberry bush.

“Do you enjoy it so much, my dear? Well so do I. I have not been black-berrying for over forty years,” said the elderly lady. Such a pleasant, aged face, and such a soft, gentle voice. Marjory stepped closer to the big bush and the little woman, and said, “I haven't any pail so let me help you all yours.”

Marjory had become quite familiar with the old lady in the shaker bonnet in half an hour, and the two quart pail was nearly full of fine, large ripe blackberries when voices drew near.

“Black-berries indeed? I wouldn't touch the dirty things for the world—staining one's fingers and getting bugs on one's clothes!” said Edith.

“Where is Marjory? Umph! There she is, hard at it, with some hideous old woman she has picked up in the field somewhere.”

Edith and Miss Southworth approached Marjory and the old lady, and Mr. Lester was with them.

“Are you enjoying yourself?” he asked cheerily of the old lady, and then he added: “Allow me to introduce you to my mother, ladies.”

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your subscription, or subscribing a year ahead. You can have the membership card and button sent to yourself and the COMFORT to a friend, if you already take the paper. All who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of membership also COMFORT for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter list.

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### League Sunshine and Mercy Work for August

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto me.

References from postmaster and physician must positively accompany all appeals for assistance. This also includes wheel-chair applicants.

Edward L. Potts, McCreary, Ala. Rheumatic sufferer. Wants pictures, picture papers, and letters. Those who have been to Hot Springs, Ark., and been helped, please write him. James N. Downing, Shalotte, R. D. 1, Pa. Has been a cripple all his life. Send him cheer. Florence Bushfield (13), 357 Summit Ave., Jersey City N. J. One of our poor little wheel-chair shut-ins. Incurable. Writes charmingly. Send her some cheer. Thomas P. Day, Fauvel, Quebec, Can. Chronic sufferer. Grateful for any cheer. Lulu Thornburgh, Patterson, Wayne Co., Mo. Cannot work or feed herself. Helpless twenty years. Parents dead. Lulu is poor and needy, and craves your help. Wants no postals or old papers, would prefer what it costs to mail them—sensible girl. Mary E. Rogers, Sandford, N. C. Helpless for nearly thirty years. Finest references. Wants orders for crochet slippers, men's, one dollar and forty cents, ladies', one dollar and twenty-five cents, booties for babies, embroidery and other articles. Mrs. Mary G. Messer, 336 Essex St., Bangor, Maine. Old, feeble and sick, unable to work. Sad case. Grateful for any help. Annie Leyman (45), Conover, R. D. 1, Ohio. Helpless and bedridden many years. Nearly blind. No parents. Needs money for food and quilt pieces. Buy her sofa pillow and quilts. Dewey Stockstill, Ozark, Mo. Little crippled boy. Would like postals and books. Very fond of reading letters. Anna Hardin (6), Top-ton, N. C. Mother wants pictures and postals for this little invalid child. Miss Allie Hefflin, Union City R. D. 5, Tenn. Invalid. Wants silk and velvet scraps. Mrs. D. Robinson, Rosewood, Ohio. Invalid, unable to work and grateful for any help. Spencer Holder, Quebec, Tenn. Helpless from rheumatism. Married and has four little children too young to work. Pitiful case. Grateful for any help. Elias B. Burns (58), Gas City, Ind. Poor old man, helpless and eaten up with cancer. Wife old and feeble; tries to wash for a living. Poor and needy. Neither can read, so let your help be in cash or currency. Neighbors write for them. Bessie Sexton (21), St. James, Mo. Invalid. Wants letters and reading matter. Mrs. Abigail Gill, Centerville, R. D. 2, Iowa. Grateful for scrap pieces for pillow tops, cheerful letters and any help. Helpless shut-in. Maggie Ridding (24), Pecan Gap, R. D. 2, Texas. Helpless invalid. Grateful for any assistance. Sells fancy work. Mrs. M. E. Howard, Loveland, Colo. Star Route. Paralyzed and crippled for over forty years. Write her cheery letters. Elvie B. Dotson (18), Limestone, Tenn. Wants postals and letters. Crippled fourteen years. No financial aid asked. M. E. Gilman, 151 Washington St., Eugene, Oregon. Wants cheery letters, postals and canceled stamps. Clara E. Gould, M. Hanic Falls, R. D. 2 Maine. Wants letters, post cards, reading, and material for fancy work. Catherine Fraisure (60), Lulu, Fla. Badly crippled—only has one leg. Asks for cheery letters, good reading, and a dime shower. Lizzie Brooks (57), Berryville, Ark. Thanks all who wrote her—was unable to reply. Send her quilt pieces, a dime shower and good reading. She is a helpless invalid. Ed. Pfister, Tuscarawas, Ohio. Back broken by fallen rock. Helpless invalid. Has wife and two little girls. Makes burnt wood boxes, pictures, etc. Buy all he's got and give him a greenback shower. He can't answer letters but will appreciate them. Mrs. Ella Pickard (59), Stanton, Mich. Shut-in. Wants silk and worsted pieces. Mrs. Nettie Varney, South Windham, Maine. Wants to adopt a homeless boy or girl of twelve or fourteen years of age. Mrs. C. Hathaway, Lawrence, Mich. Invalid ten years. Wants letters and postals. Cannot sew or write, so expect no replies. Mrs. Josephine Parker, Gladwin, R. D. 3, Mich. Invalid, would like letters, reading and pieces. Lafayette Swanson, Boomer, R. D. 2, N. C. Helpless, needy shut-in. Grateful for any assistance. Mrs. M. E. Bratcher, Conway Springs, Kans. Cripple, would like quilt pieces. Oscar Locks, 151 Duane St., Fresno, Cal. Shut-in. Will write horoscope for anyone sending twenty-five cents, day and year of birth.

Names of people are not references. We want written references, from a postmaster and a physician. Healthy people who represent themselves as shut-ins, and send begging letters to us are using the mails to obtain money under false pretences. Impostors of this kind had better beware. Five years is the penalty for this kind of fraud. Uncle Sam and Uncle Charlie

are both on the lookout for all such impostors, and when caught no mercy is shown. Be good boys and girls until we meet again.

Lovingly,

Uncle Charlie

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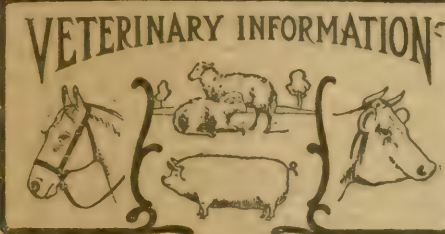
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## Queries Answered

Readers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian who holds a professorship in a large university. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name, and direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, Comfort, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

**MOON BLINDNESS.**—I have a horse eight years old and just before each full moon the lids of his left eye swell up and stay swollen three or four days, and his eye runs water and looks inflamed. He cannot see. They are worse in hot weather, sometimes his right eye swells up. H. M.

**REPLY.**—The horse has "moon blindness" (periodic ophthalmia) and it is incurable and will cause blindness of one or both eyes after repeated attacks such as you describe. Affected horses should not be used for breeding purposes as tendency to the disease is hereditary. Blindness may be retarded by giving a dram dose of iodide of potash night and morning in water at time of attack and at such times keeping the eyes covered with a soft cloth to be kept saturated with a solution of half a dram each of sulphate of zinc and fluid extract of belladonna leaves in a quart of cold water. When inflammation subsides and eye remains cloudy looking point eyeball once daily for ten days with a solution of two grains of nitrate of silver in an ounce of distilled water, to be kept in a blue colored bottle.

**SCRATCHES.**—I have a mare four years old with scratches in left hind foot; both hind feet swell from the ankle to the hoof every time she stands in the stable but when I take her out and she is in the swelling goes down. Mrs. N. H.

**REPLY.**—Do not wash the affected parts. Twice daily apply sulphur ointment and when in stable keep legs bandaged from foot to knees and hocks. The swelling is due to the skin trouble. Give exercise or work every day.

**RUPTURE.**—My mare gave birth recently to a splendid male colt but I discovered that he was apparently ruptured. I attempted to hold it back with bandages, but while it was easily replaced I found I could not, or rather did not know how to keep it in place. G. N.

**REPLY.**—You do not state whether it is a scrotal or umbilical hernia but in either case the tendency in young foals is to outgrow the condition. To assist nature in repair reduce the rupture once a day by manipulating with the fingers. If it is a rupture at the navel a sole leather truss may be adjusted to the part by a harness partly made of suspender elastic to allow motion of the abdominal muscles.

**ITCHING SKIN.**—I have a mule twenty years old. When warm weather comes she begins to scratch about the head and ears then all over her body. The first appearance of disease is small lumps. B. L.

**REPLY.**—Clip the mule each spring and do not feed corn. Sponge itchy places with a lotion composed of half an ounce of hyposulphite of soda in a quart of cold water and if trouble continues give half an ounce of hyposulphite of soda in the feed night and morning until itches subsides. Groom the mule thoroughly twice a day and see that harness is kept perfectly clean and dry.

**CONTRACTED HOOF.**—I have an eleven-months old colt that is lame in one of his front legs. The hoof is too small; it doesn't spread any. The frog is smaller than on the other foot. C. M.

**REPLY.**—Soak foot in cold water several times a day for a month and after removal from water each time smear with simple grease ointment. At end of month remove hair from coronet (hoof head) and blister with cerate of cantharides. With a young colt, however, usually all that is necessary is to turn out on moist grass pasture. The treatment advised is suitable where this cannot be done.

**COLIC.**—I have a mare thirteen years old subject to spells which act like colic, but only when in foal. Last year her colic came in May and she had one spell the night after the colt came and one week later another and was not troubled with any until last October. She is due to foal now. When she has these spells we drench her with baking soda, ginger root and gentian root, sometimes spell lasts for twelve hours, and when she gets well she acts as though nothing had been wrong with her. I have tried every way of feeding her. Last year she never had a spell all winter until I started to feed her on hay again. Just before she takes a spell I notice her bowels move very freely, then they seem to clog and she always bloats at these times. W. K. C.

**REPLY.**—She is fed too heavily and possibly not worked or sufficiently exercised. If you work her right up to feeding time and feed her then as you would other work horses and not too heavily or when hot and tired she should not have colic. At time of attack give four ounces of hyposulphite of soda dissolved in a pint of hot water and to which when cold has been added an ounce of sulphuric ether and half an ounce of fluid extract of cannabis indica.

**PARC.**—We have a mule five years old that has lumps or boils on the front part of the right hind leg from the hock to near the pastern joint, four in front and two on the inside of leg. A small amount of pus runs from them when they break. No blood unless he strikes them against something. They seem to be very tender. We are applying weakened carbolic acid now. D. D.

**REPLY.**—We fear that the mule has farcy, the skin form of glanders which is incurable, and contagious to horses and man. It has to be dealt with by the state authorities as affected animals have to be destroyed and the stable disinfected and whitewashed. Have an examination made by a qualified veterinarian as soon as possible. Meanwhile isolate the mule and let the sores alone.

**MOON BLINDNESS.**—(1) Will you please tell me what all my pony's eyes? First one and then the other became affected. The white of the eye became yellow and the eye ball became dull and assumed a yellowish appearance, especially the lower half. A yellow spot about the size of a pea formed in the eye back of the cornea. This did not seem to occupy a permanent position, but at least remained near the lower lid. These spots disappeared and the eye seemed to resume their normal appearance. Now the pupil of one eye is very small and the power of expanding and contracting and three small rounded, brownish bodies have formed over the pupil, though he still seems to see with the eye. They lie in a row like three little beads. This morning for the first time I find that similar bodies are forming over the pupil of the other eye, though this pupil still possesses the power of expanding and contracting. These bodies seem to be attached to the iris at the upper edge of the pupil. (2) He has also a hard lump on his back, round in form and about an inch in diameter. The lump isn't very high or prominent and is situated near the middle of the back, two or three inches to the left of the back bone. It began as a little redness no larger than a pea and grew gradually to its present dimensions, but has ceased to increase in size. M. H.

**REPLY.**—(1) The disease is "moon blindness" (periodic ophthalmia), which is incurable and ends with blindness of one or both eyes due to enlargement of the pupil. See recent answers on same subject in this department of the paper. The dark objects you see are natural. They may be seen in the eyes of most horses and are known as "nigra-corporules" or "soot balls". (2) This is a little fibroid tumor and if it does not interfere with the saddle or harness and is not raw and sore it should be left alone. Otherwise the correct treatment will have to be cut out.

**HAR CANKER.**—We have a bound two years old. When he was a few months old, he began to shake his head as if his ears were burning or itching; when he runs he is worse. He has shaken his head so much that his ears are split and bleeding part of the time. I have tried washing them inside with salt water, which at first seemed to give some relief. S. A. W.

**REPLY.**—Cleanse the inside of the ears perfectly with wood alcohol on cotton tied to a stick. Then pour into the ear some of the following lotion and

hold dog on side until the sediment settles in ear; Sugar of lead, one dram; powdered alum, one dram; glycerine, thirty drops; carbolic acid, two drops; salt water, two ounces. Shake well. Repeat daily until well. To serve on outside of ears apply as before an ointment composed of one dram of iodine and two drams each of sulphur, borax acid and ichthyol to two ounces of lard.

**HEAVES.**—Mrs. J. M. H. asked for a remedy for heaves. Give Indigo and New Orleans molasses, alternate the Indigo, a piece about as large as two peas, one night and the next night one teaspoonful of molasses. Use Indigo the third night. We know from that was so bad she could neither eat, drink nor work. It cured her entirely. We gave it to her for two months. It will also stop a cold on man or beast. It is not expensive and it will save the life of many otherwise good horses. Mrs. W.

**REPLY.**—Both Indigo and molasses are useful in the alleviation of heaves but it is a well-known fact that the disease when established is absolutely incurable. Some conditions that seem to be true heaves but are not prove curable.

**FISTULA.**—I have a horse with a fistula. He has had it for six months. Mus. A. R.

**REPLY.**—We cannot prescribe treatment until a full description of the case is given. If you mean a fistula of the withers, the cure is to cut out the fistula, cleanse skin and then lay open each pocket and pipe to the bottom of each in order to insure perfect drainage. Then flush out with a large quantity of hot two per cent. solution of permanganate of potash and afterward pack cavities with oakum saturated in a mixture of equal parts of turpentine and raw linseed oil. Repeat the latter treatment once daily. It may take several months to effect a cure.

**ECZEMA.**—We have a good Scotch collie dog six years old, he has an irritation in skin, under body between hind legs, rolls often, and scratches. Is it mange and is there any cure for that disease? Then his right ear breaks and runs slightly every three or four weeks. Mrs. D. H.

**REPLY.**—He has eczema and canker of the ear which also is of the same nature. Cleanse ear with wood alcohol, then hold dog on his side and fill ear with following lotion: Sugar of lead and powdered alum, of each ten grains; creatin, five drops; glycerine, two drams; water enough to make one ounce. Use cream. Allow sediment to settle in ear. Repeat once daily. Bathe him once a week in one to one hundred solution of coal tar dip and when dry apply sulphur ointment freely to affected parts of skin. The latter may be used often. He should be fed but one meal a day (at night) and have abundant outdoor exercise daily.

**PYEMIA.**—I have a Beagle hound that seemed in good health and had a good appetite until a few days ago, he then began to run down until now he can hardly stand and will not eat. He is about six years old. His tail is broken out with what seems to be boils and are running with matter. E. B.

**REPLY.**—Pus absorption seems to be present. Open each boil on tail and cleanse thoroughly, then swab with a two per cent. solution of permanganate of potash. Feed well and give cod-liver oil containing a stimulant. Twice daily give a three grain capsule of quinine. He should be allowed his freedom in a yard during fine weather.

**LARYNGITIS.**—I have two fine blooded hounds that have something nearly like whooping cough with humans. It seems to be contagious. F. H.

**REPLY.**—Influenza in one of its several forms sometimes localizes in the throat and causes the symptoms you have mentioned and also makes swallowing difficult, so that some of the water and food comes back through the nostrils. In the latter case back the throat should be poulticed with hot flaxseed meal. In less severe cases a liniment should be rubbed in from the throat to the windpipe. The latter should not be severely blistered. Allow all the cold drinking water the horse cares to drink and in it twice daily dissolve one dram of chlorate of potash. Every four hours give two ounces of glyco-heroin, ten drops of fluid extract of belladonna leaves and one dram fluid extract of gentian leaves in a little water in mouth.

**BROKEN WIND.**—I have a horse that had distemper about a year ago and whose wind was affected by the disease. There is no swelling of throat and it is confined to the nasal passages. His kidneys seem to be all right. The horse eats and drinks well. A. D. L.

**REPLY.**—When asking for veterinary advice always describe the symptoms carefully and fully else we are unable to give confident advice. If the horse makes a roaring or whistling noise in breathing the larynx is the seat of the disease and its kidneys seem to be thoroughly established. If recent some benefit may follow blistering of the throat from ear to ear, after removing the hair, and the administration of one dram of iodide of potash night and morning for four successive days a week.

**SUPPOSED KIDNEY TROUBLE.**—I have a horse that has some kind of kidney trouble, he gets sick every spring and in the fall. He has a swelling of the throat and until I give him something to make them, his back seems weak and for several days after he has a spell he is not able to work. He seems to suffer a great deal when he has one of his spells. Mrs. A. L.

**REPLY.**—You do not describe the symptoms shown by the horse so we are unable to make a confident diagnosis. Clip the horse each spring and summer and work or abundantly exercised every day. When the trouble returns give half an ounce of sassafras compound and twenty drops of fluid extract of belladonna leaves two or three times daily as required. Provide soft drinking water. Hay should be free from mold.

**PNEUMONIA.**—I received the Glasgow Veterinary hand book from you and in it I discovered the disease with which my horse is afflicted. Fever, weak, no appetite and low spirits, has chills, uneasiness, flanks move quick and short, the right front leg is cold and the left is hot, mouth dry. In order to prove what the book says she has the symptomatic fever as her lungs are in bad shape. C. C. P.

**REPLY.**—More likely the disease is pneumonia (lung fever) and by the time this reaches you the animal will be dead or recovered. In such a case allow all the cold water the horse will take and in the water twice daily dissolve a tablespoonful of powdered saltpeter. Every four hours give two ounces of glyco-heroin until distressing symptoms abate and then continue with one ounce doses until complete recovery.

**RINGBONE.**—I have a horse eight years old that was taken lame last November and for some time was hardly able to lift his left front foot. I made a thorough examination of the foot and found no trace of cause, only a swelling in front of the pastern joint just above the hoof. I blistered this twice with the result that the swelling is still there and the horse limps on hard ground while on soft ground you cannot notice it. The hoof that has grown out since January seems to be somewhat larger than the old one. The swelling is hard and has the appearance of ringbone. Will a high-heeled shoe help the horse? Mrs. J. P.

**REPLY.**—A high-heeled shoe will do no good but he may go better if shod with a counterboring, rolling motion shoe. The shoe will keep him from limping. Clip the hair from hoof head and blister twice a month with cerate of cantharides, one ounce blinoid of mercury, half dram; mix. Unwearing is, however, usually the only way of removing lameness due to ringbone of a fore foot.

**GAFERWORMS.**—What is the matter with my chickens, they stand around and are unable to swallow. Appear to have their necks stuffed full of something and couldn't get it down. J. I.

**REPLY.**—Thread like worms doubtless are blocking the wind pipe (trachea). The usual treatment is to strip all but the tip of a feather then dip it in turpentine, insert it in the wind pipe and extract it gently. Usually worms are found adhering to the trachea. Repeat the operation several times.

**INDIGESTION.**—I have a valuable Jersey cow six years old that milks the year around. After she came in last year, and had been in about a month, she was taken with dizzy spells and would fall down and kick around until I milked her. I consulted a veterinary surgeon, he told me it was the result of weight of her udder and milk pressing on the ovarian tubes and doctored her for that, and she got all right. E. B. D.

**REPLY.**—The cow simply had vertigo (dizziness) due to indigestion and only needed a full dose of physic. Give her abundant exercise and laxative food every day and she will need no medicine. Cut down rich food as the freshening time approaches.

**GABRET.**—I have a cow that drinks and eats nothing. The morning's milk is kow in a cool place and by noon the milk is clabber, but it is sweet and no cream on it. Does anyone know what it is or what will cure it? Mrs. S. E. D.

**REPLY.**—Give her one pound epsom salts, one ounce ground ginger root and a cupful of black strap molasses at one dose in three pints of warm water from a bottle. Follow with two ounces of hyposulphite of soda twice daily in water as soon as the morning's milk is cooled. Foment under twice daily with hot water and then rub in some melted lard.

**WEAVING, COLIC.**—(1) I have a mule six years old. When he was a year old he began moving his feet like they are tired. (2) Another mule twelve years old that won't get fat, she has a sick spell and will act like

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 You assume no risk whatever in dealing with us, because before you buy or pay one cent, we place the watch right in your own hands and let it do its own talking.

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**HARRIS-GOAR CO.,** 1318 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

colic, but colic medicine won't do any good. She will get better, and in about two or three weeks she is sick again. Mrs. M. A.

**REPLY.**—(1) The mule is a "weaver". This is a nervous disorder and incurable. (2) Give two ounces of turpentine shaken up in a pint of linseed oil after starving mule for twelve hours. Repeat in two weeks. Commencing twenty-four hours after the above doses mix in feed night and morning a tablespoonful of a mixture of equal parts of dried sulphate of iron, powdered sulphur, salt, powdered gentian root and flowers of sulphur. Continue for ten days; then skip ten days and repeat.

**THIEVES.**—I have a Jersey cow that has a disease resembling the heaves, a deep heaving cough. Seems much worse eating heavily of grass. Some days she can hardly eat, as it is hard for her to breathe; she is very greedy. She has been this way three years.

**REPLY.**—There is no cure, but distress may be lessened by giving half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning and keeping bowels fully open with bran mash containing raw linseed oil and to be fed twice a week. Wet all feed.

**RUPTURE, SELF-SPRINGING COW.**—(1) We have a colt two years old ruptured at the navel. What will cure her? (2) We have a fresh cow that sucks herself. Can you tell us what to do with her? Mrs. J. H. M.

**REPLY.**—(1) Umbilical hernia in a two-year-old will require the attention of the veterinarian who will operate by using clamps or by some other method. Other treatment will not suffice. (2) Fit each end of a short light pole with sharp hooks and snap one into ring of halter on cow's head and the other into a ring on a circle around her body.

**STUMP SICKING.**—I have a horse between four and five years old that has a habit of catching hold on a rail or anything of the kind with his mouth and pulling back on it, making a noise in his throat somewhat like swallowing. W. B. F.

**REPLY.**—The habit is acquired by imitation in some cases and in others during the time when the colt is cutting teeth and standing idle in the stable. It is incurable when established and always in bad cases is associated with indigestion. Buckle a strap around the neck just back of ears and put a muzzle on the horse. In stable he should have a box stall from which everything on which he could set his teeth or chin has been removed.

**AWKWARD GAIT.**—I have a colt, three years old that is stiff in his hips which causes him to throw his legs a great deal, making him very awkward when driving. G. C. DeH.

**REPLY.**—Without an examination we cannot be positive, but we suspect the colt has osteoporosis (big head) which is incurable, but if it is simply "rickets" he may outgrow the condition, if well fed and given his liberty on good pasture. In the disease first mentioned the bone of one lower jaw often is thicker than the other and the bones of the face also may bulge under the eyes.

**TUBERCULOSIS.**—I have a cow that came in the 17th of March and had a dead calf that was well developed, but it had a large lump on its neck. If a cup of one matter came from it, also some clots of blood. The cow has been sick ever since; she doesn't eat much nor drink as much water as she regularly did. She gives rosey milk and kicks every time she is milked. M. K.

**REPLY.**—We strongly suspect that the cow has tuberculosis which is incurable and renders the milk unfit for use. Under the circumstances we do not feel justified in prescribing and would advise you to lose no time in having her tested with tuberculin by a graduate veterinarian.

**LAMENESS.**—(1) I have a horse that seems sore in shoulder. After a drive, or hard day's work, stands with knee extended forward, and rests, the toe just touching the ground. The foot seems in good shape. Where, and what is the trouble, and what shall I do? (2) What is the cause, and what shall I do for that cracking sound heard in legs and shoulders of horses, on moving them after standing a while? J. W. C.

**REPLY.**—(1) The soreness probably is in the back tendon from fetlock to knee. If a cup of one matter and blister the parts with cerate of cantharides. (2) Give the horses roomy box stalls in stable and see that they have exercise daily. Old horses or those living in damp, badly ventilated stables are most apt to be affected, rheumatism often being present when the joints "crack" as described.

**ITCH.**—I have a steer three years old that has some kind of breaking out. Just comes little yellow pimples at first, then get as large as a grain of corn, he has sores on each side of the rest of his tail. He was that way last spring and summer and did not get well until cold weather. He is worse this spring than last. R. A. H.

**REPLY.**—Such eczematous eruptions are not uncommon in summer. Some of the sores are due to mite parasites. Scrub and scrape free of scabs and then rub in a little linseed oilment daily. Clip off the hair before commencing treatment.

### A FINE KIDNEY REMEDY.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, 876 Carrier Building, East Hampton, Conn., says that if any of our readers afflicted with a Kidney or Bladder trouble will send their address to him, he will gladly and without charge direct them to the splendid remedy he so successfully used at home in his own case.

# A POCKET PANAMA FREE

**For Brother, Sister, Pa or Ma!**

Real Panama Hats cost almost a fortune but are very elegant and very comfortable. We have just received from Europe a new type Panama style hat that is a splendid substitute, serving the same purpose nearly as well. A wonderful inventive genius has perfected machinery so they are made entirely in one piece of a peculiar substance resembling in texture and color the split reed used in the making of a real Panama Hat. Our illustrations show the hat in two shapes; it can be pressed into other shapes or styles to conform to your features. It can be worn by men, women or children, is sun and shower proof, not being affected by slight rains, can be dried and again pressed into form and shape. It is folding or crush hat so can be put conveniently into the pocket or traveling case. Each hat is finished with colored band and colored border around the brim, well made and nearly indestructible. Fit well and feel good on the head, are light and cool, yet complete protection for the head from the weather. Ladies appreciate them indoors on sweeping days as well as out in the sun; they keep the scalp and hair clean; they are splendid for the Children, and for Men and Boys they are equally serviceable and useful.

We have a quantity, won't last long so you had better order early. Read club offer how to get two Hats free. For a club of three five months!

**Club Offer.** subscribers to Comfort at 10 cents each we will send two Hats assorted colors and sizes.

**Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

# HITS

**EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS**

Why despair, if others have failed, send at once for a timely and Free Bottle of my Infatigable Remedy. I have made the disease of Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a thing of the past, and I have cured hundreds of thousands of those who have been cured. Give express and P. O. address.

**W. H. PEEKE, P.D., 4 Cedar St., New York**

# Tobacco Kills

A new discovery odorless and tasteless, that ladies can give in coffee or any kind of food, quickly stopping the tobacco habit without his knowledge. Anyone can have a free trial package by addressing Rogers Drug and Chemical Co., 1154 Fifth and Race Sts., Cincinnati, O.

# RUPTURE CURED

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No trust could I have. I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it.

**Capt. W. A. Collins, Box 4, Watertown, N. Y.**

# 2 GOLD RINGS FREE

Send 10 packs Prof. Smith's Hair Tonic and Hand-Rub Remedy at 10c each. **WE TRUST YOU.** When sold return the \$1 and we'll send three 2 gold rings or choice from premium list. A reliable firm, established 14 years.

**ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Box 200, WOODSBORO, MD.**

# LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

Ventriloquists Double Throat. Price of month, always available and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary and imitate birds and human voices. **MADE OF FUN.** Wonderful invention. Tame, safe, reliable. Price only 10 cents. 1 for 25 cents or 15 for 50 cents.

**DOUBLE THROAT CO., DEPT. 10, FRENCHTOWN, N.J.**

# OPIUM

Free trial. Cases where other remedies have failed, specially desired. Confidential.

**Dr. E. G. CONTRERRE, successor to HARRIS INSTITUTE**  
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# FORTUNES MADE

mines and lost treasures, our instruments are the best (star-40). Sold or rented. Cir. 2c.

**Meter Co., Box 444, Battle Creek, Mich.**

# 24

Extra Good Post Cards for Only 10 Cents. Some pure gold, also pretty flowers, and grand landscape views. Big Katalog, and a 60 Cent Card Book Free. The cards are guaranteed.

**WILLIAMS & CO., Beckley Park, Dept. 48, Chicago, Ill.**

# DIABETES CURED.

For Particulars send FULL DESCRIPTION of your case to **C. COVEY, R. D. 3, LANSING, MICH.**

# 84 Cards for 10c

40 Best View Post Cards. The following are only a few of the subjects: Central Trading Co., Beckley Park, Dept. 48, Chicago, Ill.

# Cleason's Horse Book

Cleason's Horse Book a large handsome book of 400 pages, printed on pure white paper in large clear type, bound in leather. It is a richly and elegantly illustrated with 136 full plates and illustrations drawn by special artists. It is the most complete horse book ever published.

Produced under the direction of the Government Veterinary Surgeon. In this book Prof. Cleason has given to the world for the first time his monumental treatise of training and treating horses. It contains chapters on History, Education, Teaching Tricks, How to Buy, Feeding, Breeding, Breaking and Taming, How to Detect Unsoundness, Care, valuable instruction on shoeing, Horse Shoeing and an invaluable study of the Diseases and Treatment of the animal. This one part alone is worth many times the value of the book and will save horse owners hundreds of dollars every year.

**Club Offer.** If you will get up a club of three five months, and subscribe at 10 cents each or 25 cents each, we will send you the above mentioned book free.

**Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**



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To wear a beautiful suit made to your exact measures, tailored in the latest Chicago style, if the price was less than you pay for ordinary ready-made store clothes? Write at once for free samples and full particulars. We ship on approval, express prepaid, absolutely guarantee perfect fit and satisfaction.

**Agents Wanted.** Any bright man can make \$25.00 a week in his spare time taking orders for our fine custom tailoring. Our samples, new up-to-date styles and low prices surprise everybody. Orders come easy. We give exclusive territory. You can build up a fine business for yourself on our capital. We furnish agents samples and outfit free and explain everything. You can't fail. No money or experience required. If interested ask for agents outfit and we'll make you a special inside price on a suit for yourself as a sample; or else please show this ad. to someone who would appreciate it, for it is a wonderful opportunity. Address

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## Suicide—

Slow death and awful suffering follows neglect of bowels. Constipation kills more people than consumption. It needs a cure and there is one medicine in all the world that cures it—**CASCARETS.**

Cascarets—10c. box—week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world—million boxes a month.



### Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 10th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

Subscriber, Dewitt, Mo.—Before applying for a position in a hospital to learn nursing ask some physician you know if you are fitted for the work. Not one woman in a hundred is and you should find out if you are before you try to learn.

M. V. S., Big Stone, S. Dak.—Certainly they have the dark of the moon in the Philippines. They have the sun there, don't they? They don't have it the same time we do, but they have it.

J. J. P., Mineral Wells, Texas.—A letter to the lady in care of Alden Freeman, No. 200 Munn Ave., Orange, N. J., would reach her. We do not know her permanent address.

H. S., Ballantine, Mont.—There are no small wireless telegraph instruments, as with wire telegraphy. You have to have towers and all sorts of paraphernalia.

Miss Maude Minium, Goodrich, Colo., would like to know where she can get a copy of "Frank Mortimer, Martyr," or, "A Noble Man's Sacrifice," by S. A. D. Cox.

W. J. G., Rock Hill, S. C.—Hypnotic power is a natural endowment. One who has it may be improved by training. But it cannot be acquired.

Subscriber, Columbia, S. C.—Dealers pay very small prices for second-hand books. We advise you to write to librarians of public libraries in your state and learn something of the value of your books.

P. R. H., Hanover, Kans.—Write to H. Malkan, No. 42 Broadway, New York City, and see if you cannot by combination get better rates than the regular published figures. He will give you list of all of them. They are not cheap.

K. A. Asplund, Kirk, Neb., wants a copy of the book "Around the World on Wheels," by H. Darwin McIlraith. Can any COMFORT reader tell him where he can get it?

X. Y. Z., Kewanee, Wis.—In every city of the country there are numerous employment agencies. Read the ads in the Chicago papers, or Milwaukee.

G. P., Pittsburg, Ky.—Relic hunters are such peculiar people, that is, those who are not dealers, that their addresses are hard to find. Further there are so many different kinds that it is impossible to say which kind you want. Put an adv. of what you have in the free want notices of the Cincinnati Enquirer.

C. B. D., Winter Hill, Mass.—One is quite as reliable as another, and if you know any at all he will be equal to any other.

R. B., Hardesty, Okla.—Make your complaint to the Postmaster General, Washington, D. C.

C. M. F., Empire, Ala.—We don't believe any mail order houses sell on the installment plan. We don't know any that do.

A. O. M., Marshville, N. C.—New York City.

E. M. S., Mebane, N. C.—Your best plan to dispose of your crops of herbs of various kinds is to sell to local dealers and you have not far enough along to make large shipments. The city firms buying such material will not bother with small quantities, nor can you afford to pay the freight on small lots.

E. K., Corydon, Ind.—Write to Editor of Zeigler Magazine for the Blind, New York City, stating your case in full and what you want to learn. They are in touch with all that is being done for the blind and will give you the information you need. Have you read that magazine? We believe it is free on certain conditions.

J. H. W., Thief River Falls, Minn.—Write to Christian Science Publication Office, Boston, Mass.

H. M. H., Pinemont, Fla.—Nov. 23, 1890, Thursday. (2) The pictures on the coins vary according to the models of the artists making the designs.

P. L. M., Burke, Va.—Other words than tremendous, stupendous and hazardous ending in -ous are tremendous, multitudinous, obnoxious, hygienous, sodious and pernicious. That's all our invoice calls for. Now get into your dictionary and find their definitions. We could tell you, but you won't remember as well as when you have to do it yourself.

W. D. G., Dallas, S. Dak.—Send your minerals to your state geologist at Pierre. Or to Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.

E. M. J., Marysville, Cal.—These are manufacturers' secrets and are not up on. Write to Dr. Wiley, Dept. of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

H. C. B., Clearfield, Ky.—Write to Compton Lithographing Co., No. 41 Union Square, and to J. Ott, Litho Co., No. 23 Houston Street, New York City. If they cannot supply you they can refer your

letter to someone who can, if you will ask them to do so.

F. Z., Huntington, Pa.—Inquire of your state geologist at Harrisburg, or of Smithsonian Institution, Wash., D. C. Analyses are made free by some State geologists, and whether Pennsylvania is one you may learn by writing to Harrisburg.

Subscriber, Camp Point, Ill.—Write to A. G. Spaulding & Bros., No. 133 Nassau Street, New York City.

A. E. H., Shawano, Wis.—The constitution of the United States permits any citizen in any state to bear arms, but they must be kept in sight. Otherwise he will be arrested anywhere for carrying concealed weapons.

N. F., Monroe, Wash.—San Antonio, Texas, has the Express, morning and Light, evening; Denver: The Republican, Times, News, Post; Phoenix, Arizona: Gazette, Republican and Enterprise; Albuquerque, N. M.: The Citizen and The Morning Journal; Nevada: Record, Goldfield; Morning Appeal and The Evening News, Carson City.

If any COMFORT reader wants to go to Southern Oregon and live on an improved or an unimproved farm in that section he may find his opportunity by writing to E. L. Taft, E. 12th Ave., Emporia, Kans., who has one he wants a man on.

C. C. C., Lexington, Ky.—We have no record of Indiana furniture factories, nor of Ohio, or Illinois. Write to the Editor of Furniture Industry, Evansville, Ind. He'll tell you more than we can if he is still on earth.

Florodora, Indian Lake, N. Y.—New York Picture Co., No. 88 Fulton St., New York City. (2) Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, Glen Ridge, N. J.

Subscriber, Stockton, Cal.—An endowment fund may be a kind of life insurance, and it may have nothing to do with life insurance. Any fund given to an individual or institution whose proceeds go to the maintenance of the party receiving it is an endowment. Better ask any life insurance agent in your town for particulars, if you mean life insurance endowment.

Charley Biltz, No. 315 Wood Street, DuBois, Pa., would like for some COMFORT reader to send him a book teaching the deaf and dumb code of signals.

G. G. S., Crestline, O.—Letters of inquiry to the president of any college in the country on any subject pertaining to the college, or university, will be attended to by the proper authorities.

E. J., Mosley's, Va.—Write to Brentano, New York City. (2) M. I. Sheahan, Post Cards, Boston, Mass.

K. S., Tell City, Ind.—The requirements to pass an examination for mail carrier R. F. D. are not severe. Good character and industry are worth more than mathematics. Write to Secretary Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

F. G., Carthage, Ill.—Unless you can ship in large quantities you had better stick to your local dealers. However, if you have the real business spirit that spells success you will go to Chicago and St. Louis and see the men you want to deal with direct. That's the only way to do it right.

Mrs. J. M. Brown, Burleigh, Maine, wants a copy of Town's Fourth Reader used in the schools forty years ago; also a book on raising canary birds. Can any COMFORT reader supply her needs?

L. B., E'town, Ky.—The drawing is very good, but it is like many others, quite as well done. What buyers of such work want are things not like the common run of something novel and striking. Your work looks to us as though you could fill a position with a firm employing artists and draughtsmen in commercial lines—industrial art, so to speak. Have you ever tried for such a position in Louisville or Cincinnati? You should visit those two cities and widen your views and your knowledge of the needs of those who buy artists' work. You'll never catch on if you do not. Mere skill with the brush or pencil is only part of it.

N. E. H., Millington, Mich.—See advertisements in COMFORT.

## Only One Wheel Chair in July

### Thirty-eight in Fourteen Months

Augusta, Maine, July 16, 1909.

#### MY DEAR READERS:

Is it so very hard to get out and do a little mercy work in summer? Is it that the hot weather has such a depressing and enervating effect as to quench for the time being the enthusiasm of our thousands of good, Christian charity workers, or do they find it discouragingly difficult at this season to interest their friends in the cause of suffering humanity which COMFORT is the first and only magazine to champion and promote? Evidently there is something in the temperature or other conditions of the summer season that has resulted in such a sad falling down in wheel-chair work at the very time of year when the poor shut-ins are most in need of out-door life; when they are suffering most for lack of a wheel chair.

We did a splendid work through the cool months of the past year, but in June the Wheel-Chair Club barely earned two chairs, although I put out three, one more than earned, trusting to the future to supply the deficient subscriptions, as I told you in July COMFORT. Since then the Club has barely earned one chair; that is to say, it has only just squared the account for the extra unearned chair which I put out for June, and there would be no chair for July. But again I am going to trust to the future and put out an unearned chair this month.

I am not discouraged, and you must not be, by this suspension of activity, for I know it is only temporary and does not in the least indicate any diminution of interest in our humane undertaking. When the return of frosty nights sends the blood leaping with renewed vigor the Wheel-Chair Club will respond to the quickening influence as it did last fall.

But it seems too bad to let the great work lag because it is an effort to bestir oneself in warm weather. There is no need of it. And so I appeal to you all, each and every one, to do something now, at once in aid of the Wheel-Chair Club.

Manifest your thankfulness that Divine Providence has bestowed sound limbs on you by sending in at least one new subscription to the Wheel-Chair Club this month. Surely you can do it if you will. It is only a question of WILL after all. You can get one friend to subscribe if you only try. It will not take much of your time and will cost you nothing; but if you are fortunate enough to have more money than time at your disposal you can do as some others in like circumstances, make a present of a year's subscription to COMFORT to some worthy person who cannot afford to subscribe. Thus you will perform a double act of charity by bringing the cheering and elevating influence of COMFORT into a destitute home and aid in contributing a wheel chair to a helpless shut-in. How else can you bestow twenty-five cents in charity that will do so much good for so small a sum?

My good friends, please take this talk to heart, and remember that of all the magazines in America COMFORT is the only one that is engaged in any such charity work. As COMFORT'S publisher I am committed to the great cause, body and soul, and you must pardon me if at any time my enthusiasm leads me into making my own personality somewhat prominent. I feel that you are all equally interested with me, but please also to bear in mind, that while I am doing my part my efforts cannot be effective without your active co-operation. So you see, that the success of COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club depends on you, and there is where the final responsibility must rest, on each of you.

It is hardly time yet to have heard much from my July appeal, but I confidently expect better results during the coming month. Please do not disappoint me.

I renew the offer which I made in June to encourage and facilitate this work. The subscription price of COMFORT is 25 cents a year to new subscribers, but through this summer I will accept five one-year subscriptions for a dollar, provided they are sent in clubs of five or more at a time for the Wheel-Chair Club. Five is the smallest club that I can accept at this rate, but you can make the clubs as much larger as you see fit at the same rate. For instance, six for \$1.20, seven for \$1.40, and so on to 250 for \$50.00. This special rate applies only to Wheel-Chair Club subscriptions, and I offer it in the hope that it will materially help the cause of suffering humanity.

The recipient of the July chair is Miss M. A. Bagby, Ashland, Ill.

With thanks and best wishes to you all.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, PUBLISHER OF COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain, that for each and every 250 new one-year subscribers to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID'S WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute crippled shut-in and I pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

You will be interested in the few letters which limited space permits me to print this month.

What a Pity She Couldn't Have Had a COMFORT Wheel Chair Years Ago! Thousands of Other Shut-ins are Growing Old in Misery for Want of a Wheel Chair.

BEMICE, LA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLES AND COMFORT EDITOR: Mrs. Martha Fitzgerald received her wheel chair in good condition. She said to tell you she could not express her delight, for it is so much pleasure to her. She said she had been all over the house in it, and it gives her so much comfort and pleasure, for she is not bound to her bed now. She sits in her chair all day long. She asked me to write for her and tell you how happy she is. Her hands are crippled with rheumatism so that she cannot use her pen. She is sixty-six years old July 10. She is one of COMFORT'S most appreciative readers. She is in-

terested in its great and good works.

With sincere gratitude, ISORA STIRLING.

Heartfelt Gratitude and Joy of Another Aged Shut-In Made Happy by a COMFORT Wheel Chair.

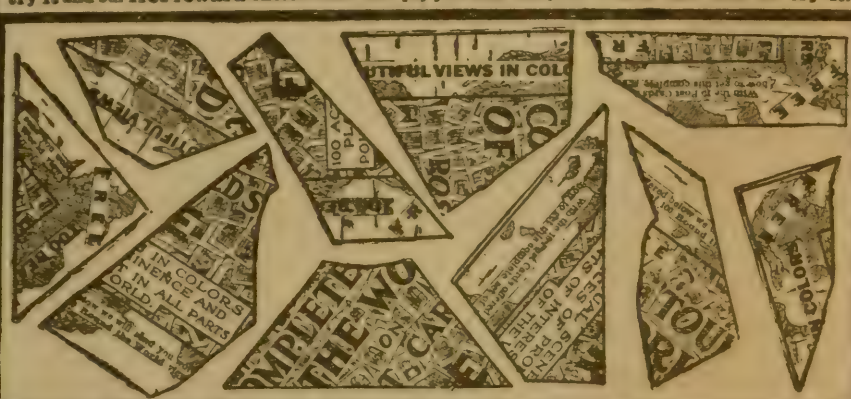
DEAR UNCLE CHARLES:

My Aunt Sallie Farr of Pott's Camp, Miss. writes me that she has received her wheel chair safely. Words are inadequate to express my gratitude and hers for sending this beautiful chair to her. She writes me that she is delighted with it. How I do wish she could have gotten it sooner, as she is over seventy years of age and has needed it for a long time. I hope she will live a long time to enjoy it. I am sending you two more subs to be credited to the wheel-chair club. God bless you in your noble work. Yours gratefully, Mrs. B. E. GIBBS.

## 10 FINE POST CARDS FREE

### CAN YOU CUT OUT THIS PUZZLE AND PUT IT TOGETHER

Cut-out Puzzles are a great fad these days. They are interesting, educational and a wonderful training for the eye. Can you cut this one out and put it together as it belongs? If you put them together just right, they will fit perfectly and tell you something that will interest you. It looks rather hard at first glance, but you should be able to do it with a little study. Anyway we want you to try it and our free reward offered below will pay you well for your trouble. Be sure to try it.



## 10 POST CARDS

FOR YOU. We want to see how many persons can put this puzzle together, getting each piece in its right place. There are 10 pieces in all and we want you to cut them out, trim them neatly and paste them on a piece of paper. This is a practical puzzle. After you have cut the pieces out, trimmed them and found out how they go, we want you to paste them on a piece of paper, write your name and address on it and send to us with 4 cents in postage stamps. To pay you for your trouble, we will send you free 10 assorted post cards, art, picture, historic, humorous, etc., designs. We have a wonderful assortment. When we send you these 10 free cards we will also tell you how you can get Free of all charge any of our new post card series, including "100 Around the World Views," "24 Rulers of the World," "Poets and Flowers," etc. Just send your solution of the Cut-Out Puzzle and 4 cents postage to

POPULAR FASHIONS, DEPT. 298 BROADWAY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FREE

\$4.95 WILL BRING YOU \$20!

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## Soul Mates

A Glimpse of the Supernatural Under the Mystic Spell of Hindu Magic

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

"Yes, Roderick we'll meet in Nirvana. For soul mates must ever be true; I'll cross the dark line of the gloaming. Grow flowers, and bring them to you."

"That is all I can seem to remember, though I feel that there is another stanza," she added. "Yes, I think there is another stanza, and I think I know it," I murmured as the words came to me. Then I repeated:

"Good night, and God bless you my Roderick, My lord of the bright golden sphere; I go, though I linger at parting, And smile through the glint of a tear."

"How in the world did you know the verse? Is it a song you used to sing, Alec?" "No," I answered. "It was sung by another. But there was a song that I sung once upon a time, and, darling try and recall if you have ever heard it."

We had reached a quiet byway where few were passing, and I stopped and sang with all the fervor of a lover:

"We're standing tonight in the gloaming, Lucilla, my soul mate so true; With fruits of an earth life exhausted, We turn back again to renew."

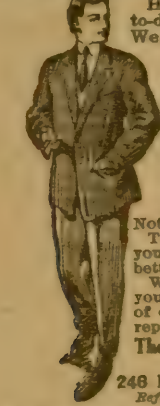
"Oh, Alec! I have heard that song before, somewhere, surely, and it seems as though it was addressed to me."

"You have heard it, I trust; but one thing, dear. I would like to know. Did you have your trunks taken to the wharf?"



## MONEY COMES EASY

WHEN YOU DO BUSINESS WITH OUR CAPITAL



Hundreds of good men doing this to-day have independent incomes. We offer you the same opportunity.

We will send you free—express charges prepaid—our big outfit of tailoring samples, and a handsome cabinet to carry them. You don't pay a cent.

Take orders for tailoring. Show yourself industrious and able and the next step forward we will arrange for a local store for you.

WE PREPAY EXPRESS CHARGES on all your orders. Nothing comes out of your pocket. The work is easy for anybody. If you are experienced so much the better.

Write at once and tell us all about yourself. We want a limited number of connections and those quickest to reply will be given preference.

The Chicago Tailors' Association, (In Business Twenty Years)

248 Market Street, Chicago, Illinois. Reference—Cora Exchange National Bank.

## Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Anxious Girl, Bonner Springs, Kans.—We should say that it was eminently proper to say "yes" as soon as the gentleman proposes if she wishes to say "yes". Why postpone the happy answer? Still some girls do, and they almost have a fit in the mean time for fear that he will not come around for his answer. (2) The gentleman may stay over night at the girl's house if there is no hotel in the neighborhood, or if her parents ask him to stay. It is the custom everywhere. (3) A fourteen-year-old girl may correspond with a gentleman if he is her father or her uncle or her grandfather or her brother. Better postpone writing to all others until she is out of school.

F. R. Waverly, O.—The requirements of a governess differ. Usually she is not expected to teach music. She should speak the language correctly, have the best manners, and know the English branches well enough to teach them competently. It is in her favor if she know more languages than English so she can speak them, especially French.

O. S., Princeton, W. Va.—As frequently stated in this column we cannot answer hurry letters by mail. We hope your May party was a success.

C. L., Brandon, Miss.—We can't say for certain, but it looks to us as if the girl really did not care for you and had turned you down to save you greater pain later. When a girl does that, the sensible thing to do is to take your losses and quit, just as the wise man does in any other gamble. If she does not love you she cannot, no matter how much you want her to, nor how much she might want to, as there is no love in her heart. You have told her what you think of her and she has given you her decision. Let that end it as far as you let her see. Go on loving her if you want to, but not to her knowledge, and if later she sees fit to reconsider, you can begin again very easily. If you act foolishly and annoy her with your attentions you will merely lose what regard she now has for you, and you never will get her. This sort of thing hurts, but most of us have it to suffer some time.

Young Lady, Joplin, Mo.—In explaining a mixture of dates to two young men at the same time, tell the plain truth and let it go at that. You get worse mixed if you try any other course. (2) Every girl must decide for herself how she must sit and look while a young man is asking her to become his wife. We suppose there is no rule to go by. Some girls don't sit and look; they reach out and grab. Whether she "should tell him to rise when he is kneeling to her or just let him remain" is also for her to decide, but we should say at a venture that he would look so silly on his knees that she really ought to ask him to stand on his feet to do his proposing. (3) There are various ways for "a young lady to inform a young man she expects flowers" but there is no "proper" way. If he doesn't know enough to offer them, she ought to know enough not to hint for them. Why be a grafter?

M. W., Jay, N. Y.—All those little signs and hand motions don't mean anything more than silliness on the part of the young men. Sometimes it may not be very nice silliness, but a sensible girl pays no attention beyond letting the young man know he is more fool than knave.

Creston, Magley, Ind.—Oh, yes, it is quite as proper and right for him to ask you on other nights than Saturday or Sunday to marry him. Saturday night ought to be the best night, though, because he will have all day Sunday to think over your answer.

Dimple, Jireh, Wyo.—We think if the other party does not think enough of the correspondence to answer promptly, that to continue it is a waste of time and stationery, not to mention postage. (2) Kissing games are out of style now and bad form anyhow. Don't play them.

Odeal, Texhoma, Okla.—You may have other company in the absence of your fiancé provided he does not object. Tell him what men you go with. (2) You cannot accept "costly presents from other gentlemen", nor from your fiancé unless he is well able to afford them. (3) We believe it is not only proper, but obligatory, to burrah at a base ball game. Ball is not a "quiet game".

Lovell, Chappell, Neb.—Girls are of age in Nebraska at twenty-one. (2) A girl of seventeen has not attained her full growth and measurements do not apply except to adults. One hundred and forty-three pounds in weight, though, is too heavy by at least eighteen pounds, unless of unusual frame and height. (3) Tell the objectionable admirers what your mother thinks of them, and obey her. Don't you know she has your welfare more at heart than they do?

Subscriber, Clover, Va.—If the young man had been asked to go after the old lady's coffin we should think you might as well as an excuse for his not keeping the engagement with you. Don't turn him down for the first offense, but if he offers that kind of an excuse again, kill him—metaphorically, we mean.

Lu, Harold, S. Dak.—When two acquaintances meet, if they are friends, they don't wait for etiquette to say which should speak first—they speak. Formally, the lady's privilege is to speak first. (2) A sixteen-year-old girl may go to a dance with a neighbor young fellow if her mother says she may. (3) Say anything pleasant you can think of when being introduced.

Ideal, Guthrie, Okla.—Play no favorites. Flirt with the whole bunch. There's safety in numbers. (2) We think a girl has a right to object to a young man letting another girl wear a stick-pin she had given him. We think the other girl ought to object, too, whether she does or not. (3) And the fair in the neighboring town is a party. It looks better than going in a couple.

Denver Girl, Denver, Col.—Girls attain their majority in Colorado at eighteen. (2) Whether it is proper or not for an engaged girl to sit in her sweetheart's lap, she usually does it.

Irish Lass, Beresford, S. Dak.—It is highly improper to let a young man put his arm around you, but does that make much difference? Won't you let him if he tries real hard? (2) How do you know this young man you are flirting with is "real nice," when you admit that you are not acquainted with him? You don't know whether he is a married man or a convict, or a bigamist, do you? (3) At public dances any sort of etiquette goes. The managers of the dance make the rules and whatever they say to do is the correct thing to do. Persons who observe rules of recognized etiquette don't go to such dances. They may be respectable as other dances, but they are not as select as some.

Worried Girl, Olive Branch, Miss.—It is quite the correct thing to be choice in the young men of your acquaintance, but you must use judgment in your selection, and you must not be applied if you want to be popular. A girl may associate with only the best people in her community and at the same time be popular with all classes. This is not an acquired grace, but is born in the possessor and it is a great gift. You are lacking in popularity because you do not know how to draw the line. Nor can you be told. You may secure it to an extent by following the example of those who know how, and making due allowance for your own temperament. Some things they do you cannot do, and should not try, but those things you can do you should never neglect doing. Above all things be thoughtful of others, keep yourself out of the limelight and always be cheerful and make the best of your condition whatever it may be. You should be glad you are not a pretty girl—most of them are spoiled and are anything but attractive as a steady proposition.

Brown Eyes, Clearwater, Kans.—It is proper for the young man to say: "Can I see you home?" There are other forms, but what counts the form if he gets the girl to go home with? Rigorous rules are not for such simple conduct.

Blue Eyes, Magley, Ind.—Of course it is not right for a boy to kiss another girl while going with you, but how are you going to stop it? Boys will be boys.

G. E. W., Arlington, Wash.—If the girl didn't dance with you the first time because she was engaged for that dance, you might ask her again; but if she did it to snub you, don't try again. One snub is plenty. (2) It is not polite to go to the house of a young lady you do not know and ask her to go driving with you. It's a wonder they didn't sic the dogs on you. That's no way to get acquainted. The only way is to be properly introduced. Get well acquainted with one nice family in the place and they will introduce you to everybody if you are any good.

Gypsy, Adair, Iowa.—Unless you have a very strong bent for the work you are studying for, we should advise you to marry as you have good opportunity. That is the natural sphere of woman, or the sphere of natural woman, if you prefer it so, and we think every woman should move in it unless she feels an overwhelming call to the fields better fitted for men. You will have to decide that for yourself. (2) Facial artists can make you look like a beauty, but they are out of plumb in one way or another but they cannot do all they claim, at least, with every face. Better let your nose alone for a while. (3) Why shouldn't you tell the young man that you cannot visit his home unless his sisters or mother ask you to come? Even your letter, we thought you were hardly so childish that you feared to frankly tell him such a simple thing. He has not thought of it and it is your place to think for him, if you expect to be a helpmate for him.

Brown Eyes, Indianapolis, Ind.—Thank the young man for telling you he is glad to have met you, and tell him you have been no less glad to meet him. (2) It isn't customary to pay the car fare when the man does not take you, he wanted him to go into a car ticket on the car, but would hardly take his nickel to pay your fare with. There is no difference financially, but there is socially.

A. B., Grenada, Ala.—The old bachelor who gets drunk and goes to Sunday school might go to a worse place. He'd better be in a better place than a worse one, hadn't he? Don't condemn him, but try to get him to come to Sunday school sober and in his right mind.

Country Daisy, Covington, Tenn.—Outside of the large cities, or formal society, it is the custom to accompany departing callers to the door or even further. Girls have been known to go clear out to the front gate with young men they hated to see go away. Custom sanctions it and it is all right. (2) If the young man is calling on the young lady, especially, and he is met at the door by some one else and taken into the family sitting-room, the young lady when she appears should remain with him there for a few minutes, or longer if he seems to like it, and then good-naturedly tell him as he had come to go home or was her company, she wanted him to go into the parlor with her. As a rule he does not have to be coaxed or dragged, so it is easy enough to get him away.

M. O. J., Middleboro, Mass.—When you open the door to callers you should look after them and close the door behind them, men or women. (2) When the hair turns gray on young heads it is a difficult matter to get natural nature to make it grow again. It will grow out of the dye, and we think it is better to let nature take its course. Besides gray hair is extremely becoming to young faces. Some of the handsomest young women we have ever seen, and we have seen some, are quite gray and would have a fit if it were suggested that they dye their hair. Don't dye it; let the jet black turn snow white, then you will be pretty even if you are not now.

## OVER-FATNESS KILLS

Wonderful Success of a New York Physician's Treatment.

It is now admitted by the leading medical experts that corpulency (obesity) shortens life. Probably most over-stout persons die ten to forty years too soon.

Their fatness induces ailments of several kinds, principally fatty degeneration of the heart, kidney and liver trouble, chronic dyspepsia or other stomach disorder, rheumatism, gout and other serious diseases which become complicated by the pressure of fat around the vital organs.

There is also the danger of appendicitis, sunstroke, heat prostration, apoplexy, vertigo and other attacks, which may cause sudden death or lead to softening of the brain.

Fat people are never really well; they do not know how to enjoy good health because they do not possess it.

Fat women are never good-looking. They lose their figure, acquire double-chin, wrinkles, disorders of the female organism and general debility.

There is no need of despair, however, because Dr. Bradford has a perfected method of reducing the weight. In many cases, the fat man or woman can

REDUCE ONE POUND DAILY.

No inconvenient or torturing rules of shortening sleep, going without agreeable food or drink, or violent exercise. Neither are dangerous drugs given. In fact, Dr. Bradford's treatment is the ideal. It is voluntarily recommended by a legion of persons who have taken it, proved its true worth and who cheerfully endorse this wonderful treatment.

This treatment for obesity not only gets rid of the fat speedily and permanently, but brings a good figure, facial beauty, brightness of the eyes and imparts those powers of personal magnetism which enable one to succeed in social and business life. Think of the joy of living healthily and for 10 to 40 years longer than if you are compelled to trudge under a great burden of unhealthy fat!

FREE TREATMENT.

The Bradford method is accompanied by a legal guarantee that it will be successful. Any reader of COMFORT who is over-fat can obtain a Proof Treatment, absolutely free, postpaid. It is only necessary to write a letter requesting same and it will come by return mail in plain wrapper nothing to show contents, with a valuable treatise, full directions, also numerous testimonials with names and addresses. This free offer is made to all who cut out and return this notice. Correspondence strictly confidential. Address: H. C. BRADFORD, M. D., 20 E. 22d St., R. 70, New York, N. Y.

## LOVELY POST CARDS FREE

Three choicest artistic Souvenir Post Cards, beautiful colors, absolutely free, if you send stamp for postage. W. H. GATNER, 165 W. 5th St., Toledo, Ohio.

## LOFTIS SYSTEM DIAMONDS WATCHES ON CREDIT

You Can Easily Own a Diamond or a Watch or present one as a gift to some loved one. Send for our latest catalog, containing 1,400 beautiful illustrations. Old Reliable, Original, Diamond and Watch Credit House. Whatever you select from it, we send on approval. If you like the goods, pay 1-4 on delivery; balance 3 monthly payments. INVEST IN A DIAMOND. It will pay better than savings bank interest, for diamonds increase in value from 10 to 20% a year. Branch Stores: Pittsburg, Pa., and St. Louis, Mo. Write for catalog.

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

Letters of Thanks

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

very few books and these I have reread many times. Religious magazines I enjoy, any such reading I should appreciate and I send my thanks in advance. Mrs. E. C. DURR, Lampasas, Texas.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I must thank many of you in this way for in all I received one hundred and fifty-seven letters all giving some asthma cures. I appreciated every word and line and can say I think I am a little better but I hardly think I will ever be cured. Many gave me helpful and valuable suggestions and I always find deep breathing beneficial. Now the warm weather is here I can again be out of doors. I feel I ought never to complain when I read of others bearing their suffering so patiently and I am truly thankful I am as well off as I am.

Florida wrote me: One half of the world doesn't know how the other half is living, and is it not too true. But such kindness as seems to animate this corner helps one along each day. I have gained some goodly friends whom I should have known otherwise, and though we'll never meet in this world I hope to in the better land, where we and all will be well in the sweet by and by.

Mrs. S. D. WATTS, Bryant, Ark.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: Another year has passed away and I find myself getting this very poor substitute ready to send in, which is intended to extend to each dear sister a word of heartfelt thanks for her appreciated letter sent to me, in response to my request on July 31st, 1908. My heart is so full of all kinds of good things, I desire to say to each of you, it is hard not to be able to do so. I must however tell you it was almost an impossibility to answer four hundred letters. Until one hundred came it was my intention to answer each, but as they continued to pour in for days from all points my hopes were soon lost in the avalanche. Those who were so thoughtful as to send stamps will yet hear. Any changing their address will please send me a card as many will yet get replies, if the "Lord wills" during the long summer days to come. I must add a few more words, and tell you my burden passed away, I'm carrying with it my sweet angel baby one week old and tell you both of my dear children have been married, during the past fall.

If all who are interested in crochet work or knitting will send me a stamped envelope in return I will send them a little gift as a souvenir, also it will prove a great convenience too, now we must part, probably forever, in this life, as many of us are ever passing off this old earth, but let us hope to meet in the new heaven and new earth wherein dwell righteousness. Will ever be pleased to have a line from any of you, sisters. I would be glad if some of the shut-ins would write me. Truly yours, BELLE MOORE, Box 128, Mackville, E. D. 1, Ky.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: More than a year has passed since my first letter. Just after it appeared I had to go to the hospital where I underwent my third serious operation in the fifteen years I have been an invalid. O, I was so in hopes this awful ordeal would mean more ease at least for me, for how I suffer God alone knows, but imagine my heart sobs when I knew after all I was to be no better and it seems no human skill can alleviate my pain. God alone perhaps knows best and I hope and pray some day I will find rest, yes I expect it in the beautiful home of the soul, but I wonder sometimes will any freedom from pain come to me in this life. When I was in the hospital my mother would send letters that came to my home address from COMFORT sisters, and I was so weak I'd place them under my pillow and say when I'd better I will read it. I kept placing letters there until my nurse would laugh and say: "Your head gets higher and higher." But O! when I could begin to read letters I'd slip them out and read a little at a time and I'd say, O! this is so dear and sweet how I wish I could answer it. Each one was so full of sympathy and fellow feeling I just longed to take each of you dear ones who wrote to me in my arms and let you feel me. I could not express (a world of appreciation and love), and I never have been able as yet to reply personally to all, wish I could, but am not able. O! that I could tell each one what a comfort and a blessing you have been to me all along these lonely years of suffering sixteen years since I went to bed a poor tortured sufferer. It was hard to give up all dear to a young girl's heart, and go to a bed of pain, never to be free again. Just think half of my life spent upon a bed of torture for indeed it is too true. Obstruction (CONTINUED ON PAGE 22)

## RISK 1 CENT—MAKE \$2200.00!

Korstad did it in 8 weeks. Hundreds making phenomenal earnings the "Allan Way." Phenomena, \$2,300 in 60 days—\$1,000 in \$115 first day—\$100 in 10 days—\$50 in 5 days—\$25 in 2 days—\$10 in 1 day—\$5 in 1/2 day—\$2 in 1/4 day—\$1 in 1/8 day—\$1/2 in 1/16 day—\$1/4 in 1/32 day—\$1/8 in 1/64 day—\$1/16 in 1/128 day—\$1/32 in 1/256 day—\$1/64 in 1/512 day—\$1/128 in 1/1024 day—\$1/256 in 1/2048 day—\$1/512 in 1/4096 day—\$1/1024 in 1/8192 day—\$1/2048 in 1/16384 day—\$1/4096 in 1/32768 day—\$1/8192 in 1/65536 day—\$1/16384 in 1/131072 day—\$1/32768 in 1/262144 day—\$1/65536 in 1/524288 day—\$1/131072 in 1/1048576 day—\$1/262144 in 1/2097152 day—\$1/524288 in 1/4194304 day—\$1/1048576 in 1/8388608 day—\$1/2097152 in 1/16777216 day—\$1/4194304 in 1/33554432 day—\$1/8388608 in 1/67108864 day—\$1/16777216 in 1/134217728 day—\$1/33554432 in 1/268435456 day—\$1/67108864 in 1/536870912 day—\$1/134217728 in 1/1073741824 day—\$1/268435456 in 1/2147483648 day—\$1/536870912 in 1/4294967296 day—\$1/1073741824 in 1/8589934592 day—\$1/2147483648 in 1/17179869184 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**AGENTS CREDIT.** Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big Profits. Expr. Pd. Terms free. Herbene Agency Co., Box 254, Station L, New York.

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**WANTED AGENTS** in each county to sell "Family Memorials." Good profits, steady work. Ad. Campbell & Co., 10 "A" St., Elgin, Ill.

**50 CARDS FOR 10c.** All new high grade. Scenery, Animals, Flowers, Birthday and Greeting, Bathing Girls, Flirtation, etc. Some gold, embossed in rich colors, all different. HOME CARD CO., 1637 Ohio St., Chicago.

**LADY SEWERS** wanted to finish off shields at home. \$10 per 100, can make 2 an hour. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Send reply envelope for particulars. UNIVERSAL CO., Dept. 29, Phila., Pa.

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**30 Beautiful Post Cards 10c** No Two Alike—Latest Designs. Lovely assortment of 30 Artistic Birthday, Friendship, Good Luck, Roses and Flowers in exquisite colors, all for only 10 cents if you answer this ad immediately. J. H. Seymour, 189 W. Eighth St., Topeka, Kan.

**OLD SORES CURED** Allen's Ointment Salve cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercantile Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever Sores, all old sores. Positively no failure. By mail 50c. J. P. ALLEN, Dept. 15 St. Paul, Minn.

**BED-WETTING CURED** A harmless home treatment. It is a DISEASE not a habit. Shipping only does harm. Don't neglect it. Write today. CURE GUARANTEED. FREE DR. MAX CO. Box X 67, Bloomington, Ill.

**A BEAU** tiful neck, face and arms. Do not pay 50c. but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moths, black head, wrinkles, etc. A perfect skin and food powder combined. Warranted absolutely pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO., Box 1927, Boston, Mass.

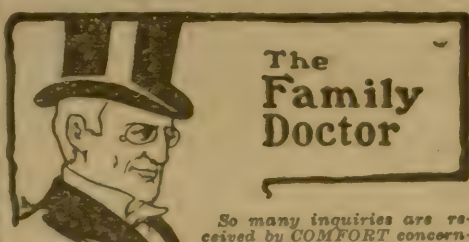
**FREE SILVER SPOONS.** We can furnish our customers with a half-dozen warranted quadruple plated Silver Spoons in one of the handsomest patterns imaginable. It was our good fortune to find a large line of silverware that could be bought cheap and our customers are getting the benefit. The pattern of these Spoons is new and very attractive and we have forks of same design to match, also Knives. We are anxious to increase the circulation of our big monthly magazine right away and are to make a liberal gift offer on these Spoons to introduce our Magazine and obtain the subscriptions. As we guarantee these Spoons you should have no hesitancy about ordering at once.

**SPECIAL OFFER.** If you will send us 2 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send the magazine one whole year to the addresses and to you we will send as a free gift a Set of Six Spoons. For a club of 4 you can earn a dozen Spoons.

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**Having a Big run,** everybody needs it. A wonderful offer. This is a standard work of real value, not to be compared with the anonymous and trashy dictionaries so largely advertised. It contains 344 pages, and upward of 30,000 words, with pronunciation and definition of each, and numerous illustrations. It is handsomely bound in cloth, and is a very neat and attractive book. To those who cannot afford a \$12.00 Webster, it furnishes an admirable substitute; in fact, unless you already have a modern, unabridged dictionary in the house, you should certainly have this. We will send this dictionary by mail postpaid.

**Club Offer.** For a club of only three five-monthly 10-cent subscribers, or send 25 cents for one 6-monthly subscription to COMFORT and you will receive this great value Dictionary free. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Address The Family Doctor, Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

Subscriber, Dallas, Texas.—Haven't you got a doctor in Dallas who can prescribe for you? The symptoms you name don't mean anything to us.

F. Q., Bloomfield, Ind.—We do not have the address. If you want us to publish your name and address for those to write to who want to go to Arizona for catarrh cure, we will do so. But you will have your hands full.

L. W. R., Whiteville, Tenn.—You probably have much more scare than cancer. Still if there is a cancer, we advise you to have a physician examine it at once. Maybe he will not know certainly that it is cancer but he will be very apt to know if it is not. It is easier to tell what is not cancer, than what is.

J. G., Carlisle, Ky.—Hair dyes, that is simple dyes, are not always to be trusted, but there are tonics for gray hair to be had at drug-stores which are harmless, though not always effective, and we suggest that you get from your druggist something that he is willing to recommend.

J. B., Johnson, Ky.—They are harmless foods and you may eat all you want of them. Patent-food manufacturers could not afford to send out an article that would be injurious. They will not perform the wonders that are sometimes promised, but they are wholesome. Massaging the stomach is good for the health, and often produces results that medicine will not.

M. E., Burlington, Texas.—You clear your throat more from habit than anything else. It is a habit many fall into. When you have a desire to do so, don't do it. It will require effort at first, but soon you will overcome the habit.

Big B., O'Neill, Neb.—Salt water is not good for the hair and makes the scalp very dry. Don't use it. (2) Get a hair tonic from the druggist, one that will prevent hair from falling out.

F. L., Walhalla, N. Dak.—Nous ne pouvons pas prescrire dans ce cas, et vous devez consulter le docteur locale, c'est la veut dire le docteur de Walhalla.

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

Letters of Thanks

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

of the bowels, surely nothing can cause more suffering and it's slow but sure death. Unless a competent surgeon could remove several inches of the large intestine, that is a dangerous operation, besides doctors have drained my dear old father's purse now, until we have no means for another operation.

Again thanking each of all who wrote me letters or sent me tokens of love and sympathy a year ago. I will bid all a God bless you and set aside. Lovingly your suffering shut-in friend, MISS ANNIE PEAVY, Roanoke, R. D. 5, Ala.

### For Rheumatism

Mrs. Ellen P. Laugham and others try this: One half ounce iodide of potash in one quart of rain water let dissolve and take one teaspoonful three times a day in a glass of rain water if procurable. Do not know as this will help inflammatory rheumatism but for the other it is fine. Mrs. BESSIE BOYD, Hopkinsville, Ky.

### For Asthma

Get a muskrat skin and wear it fur side next to the lungs, in some cases it has given permanent relief. Mrs. Jennie West try this and I feel sure you will be benefited. Mrs. B. G. WASHBURN.

For erysipelas, use sweet cream and wild cherry bark. Put the cream on and let it dry, "WHITE SLAVES TO YELLOW MASTERS," a great moral story that shows up Oriental depravity and gives a timely and needed warning, especially to women, of the degrading influence of the Chinese and Japanese in America. Read it in September COMFORT, you and all your family.

then wash with cherry bark tea and let that dry in, this is very good especially if used from the beginning. MARY BURKE.

Will the reader from El Reno, Okla., kindly send L. her cure for dropsy. Have suffered for ten years. MISS C. TURNER, Box 13, South River, N. J.

### Comfort Postal Requests

**How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free** Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send three trial ten-cent five months' subscriptions to COMFORT, and 30 cents for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Miss Hannah Mayes, 511 6th St., Phillipsburg, Pa. Emma Harter, Ashley, R. D. 3, Mich. Mrs. Sylvia Brummet, Morgantown, R. D. 24, Ind. Elizabeth E. Lewis, Box 38, Jersey Shore, R. D. 3, Pa. W. A. Peters, Morton, Ark. Edward Voight, New Braunfels, Texas. Miss Cora Spence, McAdams, Wash. Mrs. Lilly Wendell, 1508 Denber Ave., Canton, Ohio, views and scenes only. Miss Grace Farnham, Box 19, Mount Vernon, R. D. 3, Iowa. Mr. George Wallitner, Box 5 6, Arlington, Wash. Miss Margaret Stubbs, Lillian, Hillsboro Co., Miss. Mrs. Aaron Wilson, Joseph, Idaho. Miss Lura Gillispie, Levant, R. D. 1, Kans. Miss Rose King, Box 14, Zarah, Kans. Mrs. J. Seltrich, 3826 Louisiana Ave., St. Louis, Mo. F. W. Ganzert, 122 22nd Ave., San Francisco, Cal. Edward Myers, Box 53, Braddyville, R. D. 2, Iowa. Miss Myrtle Smith, Lexington, Wash. Chas. E. Wyman, Box 168, Aladdin, Wyo. Mr. John W. Vaughn, Box 22, Depauw, Ind. Miss Beatrice C. Bell, Rayland, R. D. 1, Ohio. Mr. Wm. F. Berthe, Box 14, Chicksaw, Ohio. Minta Burress, Alfordville R. D. 2, Ind. Della Elrod, Bridgeport, Texas. Mrs. Lena Proper, Box 61, South Holland, R. D. 1, Ill. Mae C. Johnson, Care Weller Brothers, Griffithsville, W. Va.

### Missing Relatives and Friends

At the request of many readers we restored our popular Missing Relative department one year ago. Through this department, when previously appearing, we brought together many relatives and dear ones, and shall hope for the same happy result in the future.

If you are anxious to learn the whereabouts of any missing relatives or friends through COMFORT with its enormous number of readers, there is every reason to believe they can be located.

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed, so in sending your names for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three yearly 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new yearly 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice

# SISTER: READ MY FREE OFFER.

Wise Words to Sufferers From a Woman of Notre Dame, Ind.



I WILL mail, free of charge, this Home Treatment with full instructions, and the history of my own case to any lady suffering from female troubles. You can cure yourself at home without the aid of any physician. It will cost you nothing to give the treatment a trial, and if you decide to continue it will only cost you about twelve cents a week. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. I have nothing to sell. Tell other sufferers of it—that is all I ask. It cures all, young or old.

If you feel a bearing-down sensation, sense of impending evil, pain in the back or bowels, creeping feeling up the spine, a desire to cry frequently, hot flashes, weariness, frequent desire to urinate, or if you have Leucorrhoea (Whites), displacement or falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, address MRS. M. SUMMERS, NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A., for the FREE TREATMENT AND FULL INFORMATION. Thousands besides myself have cured themselves with it. I send it in plain wrappers.

TO MOTHERS OR DAUGHTERS: I will explain a simple Home Treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, in young ladies. It will save you anxiety and expense and save Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live I can refer you to well known ladies of your own state or county who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all diseased conditions of our delicate female organism, thoroughly strengthens relaxed muscles and ligaments which cause displacement and makes women well. Write today, as this offer will not be made again.

Address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 315, Notre Dame, Ind., U. S. A.

In twenty-two words, making three lines: If longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent yearly subscriptions for every seven words.

Arthur Morgan Faqua, last seen in Sioux City, Iowa, 1892. Information gratefully received by sister, Mrs. H. W. Cochran, Milan, Mo.

Lee Allen please write his cousin Jim Allen, Piedmont, S. C., or his brother, Bob Allen, Box 18, Knoxville, R. D. 3, Tenn.

Any person knowing whereabouts of Sandy Palen, who left Austin, Texas, thirty-five years ago, kindly write his sister, Mrs. Jemima McKenzie, Creedmoor, R. D. 2, Texas.

### Good Old Songs We All Love

By special request from many of our readers we print the words of a few songs and will continue to do so each month as space allows. We invite our readers to send in the words of popular old songs which they think would please our six millions of readers. In copying, give each line of poetry a line by itself, do not run it in, as though solid. Please write on one side of paper only.

The following songs are requested: "There's a tear in your eye, Mollie Darling." Old song containing words similar to these:

"She kissed her babe  
Gave it kisses three,  
Lie still, lie still, little babe  
And keep your father company  
For what care I for silver or gold,  
Or what care I for houses or land."

"Jacky the Sailor Boy," containing these words:

"She went into a tailor's shop  
And dressed in men's array,  
A searching for her Jacky boy  
Whom she thought had gone astray."  
A song containing the following:  
"Between myself and Earl  
There had been some ill will,  
But it never entered in my mind  
His life blood to spill."

Many requests for this:

### The Sheriff's Sale

The first stanza begins:  
"There is an old cot that stands in the square,  
For ninety odd years that old cot has stood there,  
'Tis drear and desolate, and sad and forlorn  
'Twas the home of my forefathers, there I was born."

### Mollie Darling

Won't you tell me Mollie darling,  
That you'll love none else but me,  
For I love you Mollie Darling,  
You are all this world to me,  
Mollie tell me that you love me,  
Put your little hand in mine,  
Here's my heart, sweet Mollie darling,  
Say that you will give me thine.

### CHORUS.

Oh, Mollie, fondest, truest, dearest,  
Look up darling, tell me this,  
If you love me Mollie darling  
Let your answer be a kiss.

Stars are shining, Mollie darling  
Through the misty veil of night,  
They seem brightest Mollie darling  
While fair Luna hides her light.  
No one listens but the flowers  
And they hang their heads in shame,  
They seem modest Mollie darling  
When they hear me call your name.

### CHORUS.

I must leave you Mollie darling,  
Though this parting gives me pain,  
I will meet you Mollie darling,  
When the roses bloom again.  
Good by Mollie, farewell loved one,  
Happy may you ever be,  
When you are dreaming Mollie darling,  
Don't forget to dream of me.

### CHORUS.

## A COMPLETE THRILLING LOVE STORY FOR 3CTS.

**His Double Marriage; or, The Death-Bed Compact** has been pronounced one of the most thrilling of modern stories of love and adventure, one of the kind that interests you, and you don't stop reading it till you have read it all. We first published it as a serial in our popular magazine, WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL, and over 50,000 people subscribed to the magazine to get this one thrilling story. You cannot get it in that way now, but we want you to have it and see what fine stories and other reading matter the WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL publishes every month, so we have printed this story in book form and will send you a copy of it complete, postage prepaid, for only 3 cents. Just send 3 cents (stamps or pennies suitably wrapped) and we will mail you the book at once. If you are not a subscriber to WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL, we will also send you the WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL for the next 3 months, but this is not necessary to get the book. We will send you the book for 3 cents, the trial subscription for 7 cents, or both for 10 cents, stamps or coin. You will never have a better chance than this to get a fine story and trial subscription for almost nothing. Send your money today, and after you have read the book, loan it to your neighbors to read. Address WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL, Dept. 143 Springfield, Mass.

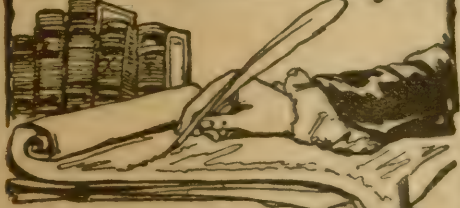
### WARRANTED TO WEAR FIVE YEARS

Will Perfectly Fit Largest or Smallest Wrist

As shown in illustration, it is a beautifully engraved band of gold one quarter inch wide, has three adjustment slots and a pin. The pin may be put in first slot for largest size, in last slot for smallest size and in center for medium. It is a simple, practical adjustment that does just what it is intended to do and does it well. You cannot lose this Bracelet. Warranted for five years; meaning, the gold finish is durable for that length of time under our guarantee, but in most instances will wear longer. Our lady readers will enjoy this Bracelet and, as it is a new style and new idea this season, you all want one right off while they are fashionable. In the summer time we make extra special inducements for clubs, so we have purchased this Bracelet in such quantities we are enabled to offer them to you now at a tremendous bargain rate. Send us only 3 trial five-month ten-cent subscriptions to COMFORT, amounting to 30 cents, for one Club Offer. Adjustable Five-Year Gold Bracelet. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents in either stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

W. L. B., Illinois.—Upon your statements to us, we do not think you can ever recover any portion of the property you mention.

Mrs. A. E. W., Montana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion; that the following property of a married debtor is exempt from levy under execution: all clothing of the debtor and family, and chairs, tables, desks and books to the value of two hundred dollars, also all necessary household, table and kitchen furniture of the judgment debtor, including one sewing machine, stove, stove pipes, and stove furniture, heating apparatus, beds, bedding and bedsteads and provisions and fuel provided for individual or family use, sufficient for three months; one horse, saddle and bridle, two cows and their calves, four hogs and fifty domestic fowl and feed for such animals for three months, one clock and all family pictures; and that there is also a further exemption to a farmer, a miner, a physician or a clergyman; the wages of the debtor earned at any time within thirty days next preceding the levy, provided they are necessary for the use of his family residing in the state, supported wholly or in part by his labor; all money growing out of life insurance; and that these exemptions are restricted to married persons or to persons who are the heads of families; and that only the wearing apparel of an unmarried person is exempt to him.

L. M. T., North Dakota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of your husband, leaving no will and leaving no heirs, his property except the homestead will descend to you if it does not exceed in value five thousand dollars; that if it exceeds that amount, the balance will go one half to you and the other half to his father or his mother or his brother and sisters and their deceased issue. If he desired it all to go to you, he should make a will.

E. A. G. D., Connecticut.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of the man you mention, leaving no will and leaving no widow, his property will descend, one half to his surviving daughter and one half divided among the descendants of his deceased daughter.

W. S., Illinois.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that the fence belongs to the one who built it or, in case of the change of ownership to the grantee of the builder. We see no objection to your neighbor's building, as you mention, in case there are no restrictions covering the property and provided he keeps on his own premises.

Mrs. E. H., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that, upon the death of your husband, leaving no will, you would receive from his estate one third of the personal property absolutely and one third of the real estate for life; in case you predecease him, we do not think your brother will have any interest in his estate, now, that, in case you survive him, you will have any interest in personal property legally disposed of by him during his lifetime.

M. R., Kansas.—We are of the opinion that marriages between first cousins are not prohibited in the state of Colorado. Under the laws of Kansas we are of the opinion, that a parent can by will disinherit children without their consent or notice of any kind.

R. J. P., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that, upon the death of your husband leaving no will, you were entitled to receive one third of the personal property absolutely and a one third interest for life in his real estate, but, since being divided in equal shares between his children by both marriages.

Mrs. M. S., California.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that, yours and your husband's separate property will, upon the death of either of you, be disposed of under the terms of your marriage settlement, provided the same is in legal form and properly executed, but that in case you predecease your husband the community property will all belong, without administration, to your surviving husband.

Miss A. G., Nebraska.—Communicate with the Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

M. S., Texas.—(1) We do not think there is any such federal statute, or law, as you mention. (2) Apply to the Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C.

W. G. B., Washington.—We are of the opinion that the man you mention can continue to use the name he has always been known by. We suppose many persons have had their names changed in the way you mention in this large country of ours. We think this man is foolish to worry so much about the matter. He can if he desires, upon the proper application to the proper court, have his real name legally changed to the name which has become his name by common usage for so many years.

Miss S. L., Washington.—We think that the chances of your mother's recovering any part of the property, which formerly belonged to your deceased sister, are very remote, but in case the lawyer who has advised her to bring the suit you mention, is willing to take it up on a contingent basis and without expense to your mother, it might be well to let him try.

A. B. C., Washington.—We are of the opinion, that upon the maturity or earlier default of your mortgage, the holder thereof can foreclose upon the property covered by the mortgage, and that if that is not sufficient to cover his claim, he can enter a deficiency judgment against you and collect the balance from whatever other property you may own which is not exempt by law from levy under execution.

Mrs. W. T. B., New York.—We are of the opinion, that the mortgage should be accompanied by a proper bond.

F. U., Michigan.—We are of the opinion that the municipality you mention has the legal right to put sewers through its street and to assess the property holders for such improvement.

M. W. S., Kansas.—If the property you mention was sold for taxes, we think you should take immediate steps to redeem the same as you might, if you neglect to redeem, lose the title to your property; but if your taxes were simply paid up by some one else by mistake, we do not think you need cause yourself any worry about the matter, but simply adjust the mistake with the collector and the person who made the payment through error.

J. L. M., West Virginia.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that, upon your return to the jurisdiction of the court, of which you are in contempt, you can be punished for such contempt, provided, of course, any person in interest should take steps to have you punished.

C. A. P., Oregon.—We are of the opinion that the parents are the natural guardians of the persons of their minor children, but that if the children have individual property interests it will be necessary for the parent to be legally appointed the guardian of the estate of the infant. Such appointment, we think, may be made in the will of the person from whom the infant derives such property interest.

R. K., Tennessee.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that it will be impossible for us to pass upon the legality of the instrument you mention without an examination of the document itself and a complete history of what took place at the time. We think that it is impossible for a man residing in your state prior to his marriage to dispose of his property in such a manner as to bar his wife from any interest in the property, but that he could not do this by his will, and if the document you mention is, as you say, a will, we think his widow, as a proceeding to be appointed guardian of the estate of the will, dissent, in which case she takes dower and distribution as if no will had been made.

Prof. C. H. S., Mississippi.—We are of the opinion that a possessor's title to real estate is one acquired by the actual continuous and undisputed possession of real estate for a period of years even though the record title to the property may be in some one else. Such titles are hard to establish for the reason that it is often difficult to prove that your title has not been disputed. In your state, we think, action for the recovery of lands in law or equity are limited to ten years from the accrual of the right of entry, saving disabilities. Your question seems to us, to be one entirely for a surveyor and, of course, it is impossible for us to tell you whether the survey you had made by the county surveyor is correct or not, but it seems to us that, if he has not had the land surveyed at all, he is in no position to know where the line is and that you would be foolish to allow him to place his fence over your line each year, as in that way he will gradually encroach upon a part of your property. We think it is more advisable and less expensive to keep out of law suits whenever it is possible to do so, but we also think that this principle can be carried to the extreme, and that you should not hesitate to defend your rights.

Blue Mouse, New Jersey.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that, upon the death of a man leaving no will and leaving no issue, his widow will be entitled to dower of a use of one third for life from his real estate and one half of his personal estate absolutely, and that the balance of his estate will go to his father, mother, brothers or sisters or their descendants.

E. B., Ohio.—We are of the opinion, that, if you can substantiate upon a trial that your husband's injury caused his death and that this injury was caused by the negligence of the Railroad Company without any contributory negligence on his own part and without the negligence of a co-employee, and that if his injury was not sustained by him so long ago that the claim is now barred by the statute of limitations, then his estate should be able to recover damages for his injury from the railroad company.

E. B. W., California.—We are of the opinion, that it is not necessary to the validity of the mortgage that it be renewed, but that unless some new arrangement is made the interest rate might be affected.

## TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD:

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No women need any longer dread the pains of childbirth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 107 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

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## Betty Carew the Spy of '76

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

was not going to fail my country," and she threw back her head.

"Betty, you are a spy!" he cried suddenly.

"I am, and I am proud of it," she replied defiantly.

"And the best one we have had," came the appreciative voice of the commanding officer in their rear.

"Miss Betty Carew is a spy, a loyal, devoted spy, who has stopped at nothing to obey orders. However, she will be a spy no longer," and he smiled upon the young couple.

"And why?" Betty breathed, while Jared murmured fervently:

"Thank God!"

"Because my dear lass the work you have done is enough for any one woman. You are too well known; some of the English officers now understand, and then with the evacuation of Philadelphia, your opportunity is gone."

Betty stood for a moment, her eyes cast down, her face clouded, then she looked up suddenly, and her dimples came once more into play:

"We are both placed upon the retired list, as it were," she laughed.

"Exactly, but in your private capacities you can still forward the cause of freedom," and then with a kindly gesture he disappeared and left the lovers alone.

"And now Betty I won't be put off any longer," Jared cried, and he gathered her into his arms, and once again his lips sought hers. For a few minutes they forgot everything then he asked wonderingly:

"But Betty you never searched?"

"More than once by those who were not sure of my identity, or to comply with rigid orders."

"Then how did you escape, for I presume you often carried messages?"

"Of course I did. Have you no idea?"

"Where I concealed my messages?"

Jared shook his head. This wonderful creature was beyond his comprehension.

With a merry laugh, Betty reached up her hands and undid an ornament representing a Chinese pagoda, from the side of her wonderfully dressed hair. To Jared's astonishment he saw an opening into the structure. Powdered hair!

"In there, among all this powdered hair, have lain messages of vast import. Who would suspect such a ratiolate as I, whose name was a synonym for all that was light and frivolous, of ever possessing a thought above fashion? My country's secrets were safe, not only in my brain, but on top of it," and then Jared's admiring gaze, Betty took down the structure that had served its purpose, and shaking out as much of the powder as possible, she placed her hands on his shoulders, and said gently:

"Can you forgive me for deceiving you, love?"

"If you can forgive me for doubting you for a minute. The devotion of my life will not atone for that."

"Oh, yes it will," Betty declared blushing in a charming manner, then she cried gaily:

"Jared, I'll give you all my own devotion and obedience save in one matter. If you ever ask me to wear my hair in this frightfully unbecoming manner again, I'll stop loving you."

Jared laughed gaily as she, and returned:

"You could no more stop loving me than you could your country, and both knew he spoke the truth."

THE END.

## NO MORE WRINKLES

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After beauty doctors, facial massage and cold creams had failed, I took out my own wrinkles by a simple home treatment of my own discovery, which brought back my beauty and the freshness of youth. Doctors say: "It is the only treatment in the world that will actually remove wrinkles and make old faces look young and beautiful." Many of my friends look twenty years younger since trying my treatment, and I have now decided to give it to the public. If interested in my discovery, cut out free coupon below and mail today.

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TO AN OPERATION

UNTIL YOU HAVE TRIED

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Dr. Luella McKinley Derbyshire, the most widely-known lady physician in the world, now offers to you, sick and suffering, a FREE TREATMENT and the benefit of her long years of experience in scientifically treating leucorrhoea, displacement, ulceration or inflammation of the womb; disease of the ovaries; barrenness; irregular, delayed, profuse or painful menstruation; backache, bloating, nervous prostration, sick headaches and the many other ills so common to the sex. Middle-aged ladies passing through that painful and depressing period, the change of life, find relief. If you are suffering let the doctor help you. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY HER HOME TREATMENT. Write today describing your case fully. "A valuable medical pamphlet FREE to every woman applying for the free treatment." Address DR. LUELLA MCKINLEY DERBYSHIRE, Box 437 Fort Wayne, Indiana.

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## A Beautiful Fan and Chain

All lady readers will be pleased with this chance to obtain an assortment of Fans for hot weather or for parties, also all who appreciate the value and use of fans for decorative purposes can find satisfaction in this opportunity. These are Imported novelty Fans, 16 inches wide, in fancy colors to each fan we have added a 45-inch head neck chain, free. The fan is always handy, making at once a complete and fashionable home or bathroom necessity. Fans for decorating are used in quantities for rooms of all sizes in home, cottage, vestry or club, and a whole dozen are not too many. But one or two are absolutely essential for hot summer days when an artificial breeze will add to your comfort. Our illustration can give you no idea of the pretty color and extreme beauty of these fans, you must see to appreciate.

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Talks  
with  
Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

**W**ELL, well, the last month of summer is with us and we hardly knew the summer-time had arrived. That's what comes of thinking about other things than the weather and how uncomfortably hot it can get. I hope all of you have had your innocent amusement of being summer girls and have not flirted any more with nice young men than you ought to. But whether you have or not, you know there must be no flirting except when you are summer girls. Now bear that in mind, all of you, and let us stop talking and go to work. My, but isn't work awful in hot weather?

The first one on the list is from Troubled Heart, Farmington, Vt., and she is not a bit of a summer girl. She has a sweetheart who is nice and loves her, and she doesn't care for anybody else, but some hard-hearted people won't let her go with him. Now she wants to know what she shall do, and I cannot tell her anything except to marry him and show the hard-hearted ones that she knows more about happiness than they do.

Queen May, Bismarck, N. Dak.—Let your mother know about the correspondence. (2) Girls of twenty, one frequently marry without letting their mothers know about it, but they are often very sorry they did.

Friend, Hereford, Ariz.—Sometimes the lady rises to an introduction and sometimes she does not. She may do as she pleases. To any old person, however, she should rise. (2) It is the lady's privilege to speak first.

Hazel Eye, Maucos, Colo.—I give to you the same advice I always give to girls who are like you, and that is, when you have two boys and you don't know which one to accept for keeps, don't take either. When the one you really love comes along you won't stop to ask questions. It would be better for girls sometimes, if they did ask a few questions.

Forsaken, Danville, Ill.—Don't go broken hearted over losing the one you wanted. Resolve to be an old maid, get something to do to engage your mind, and before you know it somebody else will cross your path that you think is very, very nice.

Brown Eyes, Bessemer, Ala.—I think you had better let your parents have their own way with you for a while yet. When you are twenty-one will be time enough to assert your independence. But don't marry the man who gets drunk. (2) When you send post cards to the married man and his wife, send one card to both, addressed Mr. and Mrs. If the man doesn't want them that way, don't send him any.

Sunflower, New Concord, O.—It was all right to address him as "Dear Friend," and you may do as you please about sending the postal card, thanks. Better write him a letter of thanks for his letter of information. That would be the proper way to do.

Lucy, Cleveland, Okla.—Obey your parents. A girl is of age at eighteen in your state.

Sally, Mountford, Wis.—It was all right to be the first to congratulate your sister. It is all right, too, to kiss your sweetheart as you are engaged to him.

Ethelyn, Somerset, Pa.—It wasn't at all nice of you not to have given him his supper when he had taken you driving, simply because he had said something you didn't like. What did you ask him in for?

Brown Eyes, Mobile, Ala.—As he had danced the first two dances with you he had a right to dance later with another girl, even though two hours had passed in games. He should have taken you out to supper, though. Accept his apology and don't demand too much of a young man, even if he is in love with you. Give him a chance to breathe free now and then.

Dark Girl, Clinton, Okla.—I don't think much of the way the young man is acting. The next girl who tells you he has asked her to ask you to come to a party and he will take you home, you tell her if he wants to take you home to come after you, or to ask you if he may. That ought to be hint enough.

Sunflower, Valley Station, Ky.—He's flirting with you, and going about it so clumsily that you should drop him for good and all.

Given Love, Asheville, Minn.—Ask the lady you live with if it is proper for you to drive with a young man of twenty-one. As a rule girls of fifteen and sixteen should not go driving unless with a chaperon.

Brown Eyes, Akron, Ia.—If he drinks, don't marry him, until he has remained absolutely sober for a year. Maybe that will cure him, but I doubt it. It is a dreadful risk to marry a drinking man. Still I think you would rather marry any kind than remain an old maid and maybe you had better try this one or you may get a worse.

Gray Eyes, Springfield, Mo.—If the young man had any sort of snap about him he would marry you whether your father liked it or not, seeing that everybody else is willing. In my opinion he doesn't want to marry you at all. Show him this answer.

Iowa Cousin, Lemair, Iowa.—Why don't you act sensibly with the young fellow? It was all right not to want to write love letters, but you need not have told him so the curt way you did. It was not necessary to say anything about it. Let him write as he pleased, and answer him only in a friendly way, ignoring any pointed questions he might ask, or telling him you would reply when you saw him. You should have more tact. He is all right and it is for you to learn how to handle him properly. Begin right away by being pleasant to him without committing yourself finally.

Beatrice, Dekalb, Ia.—Isn't there anybody you can send the things by to him? If not, just box them up and tell him they are at your house subject to his order. That's the business way of returning goods not wanted. If he declines to take them back, there is no way of compelling him. Maybe you had better wait a little and see if you want to send them back.

Blue-eyed Mary, Milford, Texas.—Whenever a young man wants a girl not to go with other fellows and isn't with her as much as they would be, she should tell him that she would take the other fellows. That kind of a beau is no good.

Harry, Kasbeer, Ill.—I don't think you would take my advice if I gave it to you. I will say though that a real nice girl would not flirt with all sorts of strangers as you do.

Sunshine, Lost Springs, Wyo.—It was very rude of him to grab you and kiss you several times against your will, but as you seem to think he is so nice in every other way, and don't want to get angry with him, suppose you wear a mask so he can't kiss you when he comes around. Of course, if you declined to see him again, you wouldn't need the mask. My, my!

A. D. C., Fayetteville, Ark.—"Everybody to their likin'," as the old lady said when she kissed her cow.

Broken Heart, Zuber, Fla.—Write to him again, saying there has been a misunderstanding which you wish in justice to yourself to explain and ask him to come and see you. If he ignores your letter, you must wait until you meet him some time. Or you might ask some good friend to tell him you wanted to see him.

Summer Girl, Steel, N. C.—He is flirting with you and you should throw him over. Keep his ring for the two of you he has lost. I think I'll keep all his presents till I get my rings back. He deserves to lose everything.

Mary, St. Clair, Pa.—Differing in religions as you do, your parents objecting as they do, his habits of gambling and cigarettes and your own doubts seem to me to be quite enough to let him go.

Gracie, Lodi, Wis.—"Johnnie," according to your report, seems to have the making of a good man in him. But wait until you are twenty-one to see if he makes good. Remember this that when you marry a man you also to some extent marry his whole family, and if they are not creditable you have to take your share of the discredit. Still the right kind of a husband atones for most of that.

## Fat People's Summer Dangers.

Reduce One Pound Daily. Improve in Health and Appearance.



Heat Prostration, Sunstroke or Apoplexy causing quick Death or followed by Softening of the Brain, Heart Disease, Stomach Cramps, Food Poisoning, Severe Bowel Disorders, General Debility and Complete Lacking of Vital Energy are a few of the serious troubles which are most liable to come upon the fat man or woman during warm, humid weather. Apart from these dangerous disorders, there are numerous lesser yet distressing ailments such as skin rash, chafing, offensive perspiration, nervousness, headaches, flatulency, etc. Hot weather is very weakening and depressing for fat people; it is seldom possible to be really contented. It is difficult to work, think or enjoy one's self. The body becomes even larger, the fat is packed-in more tightly than ever, around the vital organs and dangerous trouble is thereby stored up for the future. Fat people die 10 to 40 years too soon. Reliable statistics of medical authorities and of leading insurance companies prove that stout people die much earlier than those who are thin or of normal weight. Obesity (corpulency) is an acknowledged disease. It ruins health, figure, complexion, temper and peace of mind. It never cures itself but becomes worse as the person grows older. The time to check its progress and get rid of superfluous fat is now. Mine is the reliable, safe and quick home treatment. I have thousands of testimonials; here are a few:

MRS. FRANCES V. KADER, HOOKSPRING, MO., writes: "I feel fine, have lost 40 lbs., my rheumatism is also cured." MRS. J. E. WILLIAMS, LONGSTRETH, O., writes: "Your treatment has helped me wonderfully, I have lost 50 lbs." M. E. KING, 5834 SPAULDING AVE., CHICAGO, writes: "Seven years ago I took your treatment and lost 80 lbs. Since which time I have not gained any." A permanent reduction cure. Many other testimonials accompany my Proof Treatment.

MISS G. MYER, DYERSVILLE, IOWA, writes: "My waist measure has been reduced 6 inches; all superfluous fat is gone." S. J. MICKLEY, 225 FIFTH ST., PORTLAND, ORE., writes: "I was your patient several years ago and am still at the normal weight to which I was reduced." SUMMER IS THE BEST SEASON FOR FAT REDUCTION.

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Here is a letter which I am sure every girl among you will read with interest, and I know it pleases me more than I can say. Listen: "Dear Cousin Marion. Perhaps you will remember I wrote to you last summer asking your advice about marrying a young man, a foreigner. Your advice was 'If he is in earnest do so by all means.' I followed your advice and three weeks after I received your reply I became his wife. Now I have a pretty, cozy little home, one that anyone might be proud of, and am just as happy as can be. This I know will sound rather silly to you for you will remember that I wrote you I did not care for him. Well, I have changed and love him dearly. I think there is no one like him. He has kept his promise to me and my little brother is with me attending a good school. I thought perhaps you would

like to know how I got rid of my troubles, and I wanted to thank you for your kind advice, when I had no one that I could go to, as it gave me the dearest husband in the world. I hope you will excuse me for writing on the typewriter, as I am so very busy all the time. I am now at my husband's office writing on his typewriter. With very best wishes, Yours sincerely, Southern Girl, Atlanta, Ga."

There, dears, may each of you be able to write me a letter like that some day. If some of you don't find I have answered you, look among the other answers where some of your questions had to be sent. Now, by, by till we meet again and blessings on you all. COUSIN MARION.



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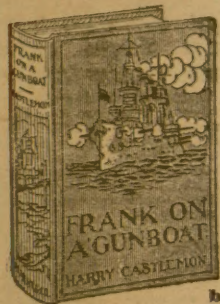


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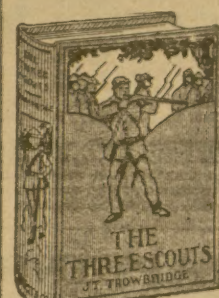
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Esop's Fables. Alice in Wonderland, Lewis Carroll. Bertha's Christmas Vision, Horatio Alger, Jr. Black Beauty, Anna Sewell. Book of Golden Deeds, C. Yonge. The Brownies, Mrs. J. H. Ewing. Christmas Pudding and other Brownie Stories, Palmer Cox. Daddy's Girl, L. T. Meade. Fairy Book, Miss Mulock. Fairy Tales and Wonder Stories, T. D. English. Flower Fables, Louisa May Alcott. Girl in Ten Thousand, L. T. Meade. Girl of the People, L. T. Meade. Girls of the True Blue, L. T. Meade. Grandfather's Chair, Hawthorne. Hospital Sketches, Louisa M. Alcott. In His Steps, Charles M. Sheldon. Little Lane Prince, Mulock.

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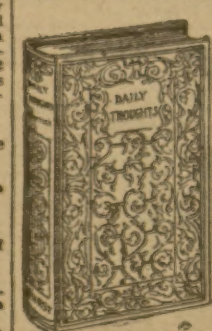
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Abide in Christ. Rev. Andrew Murray. Christian Living. Rev. F. B. Meyer. Comfort Ye. Rev. J. R. Macduff. Crucifixion of Philip Strong. Rev. Charles M. Sheldon. Daily Food for Christians. Daily Help. Spurgeon. Daily Thoughts. Charles Kingsley. Holy Dying. Jeremy Taylor. Holy Living. Jeremy Taylor. In His Steps. Rev. Charles M. Sheldon. Kept for the Master's Use. Frances Ridley Havergal. Like Christ. Rev. Andrew Murray. A Little Pilgrim in the Unseen. The Morning of Joy. Rev. Horatius Bonar. Natural Law in the Spiritual World. Drummond. The New Life. Rev. Andrew Murray. Night of Weeping. Rev. Horatius Bonar. The Pathway of Promise. Pleasing the King. Fanny U. Nelson. Religious Poems. Silence and Voices of God. Canon Farrar. Simple Life. Charles Wagner. Stepping Heavenward. Mrs. Elizabeth Prentiss. Talks to Children About Jesus. Mrs. G. E. Norton. Thoughts of God. Rev. J. R. Macduff. Tired Church Members. S. Warner. Why Do You Not Believe? Rev. Andrew Murray. With Christ. Rev. Andrew Murray. Words of Jesus. Rev. J. R. Macduff.

These books are attractive in appearance, well printed in good size type on heavy paper, and beautifully bound in blue cloth stamped with design in silver. Club Offer. For a club of only two yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you, post-paid, any one of these desirable books. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## The Splendid Assortment of Valuable, Useful and Ornamental Articles, Including Many Novelties Just Out, Which We Offer You Absolutely Without Money and Without Price.

What's the use of wasting time hunting for bargains which will drain your purse, when the same time spent in getting us just a few subscriptions to COMFORT will provide you without expense almost any article that meets your want or suits your fancy?

Everybody has more or less spare time, and the use which one makes of it turns the scale of success in life and makes the difference between thrift and want.

Don't yield to the ever present temptation of idling away your spare moments this summer when you can turn them to such profitable account and make them yield you such rich returns with almost no effort at all.

Carefully examine all premium offers in this copy of COMFORT and have copy of our regular catalogue at hand. Use this short story number of COMFORT in your canvass and get up clubs while everything will help you.



## A Pair of Nottingham Lace Curtains Free

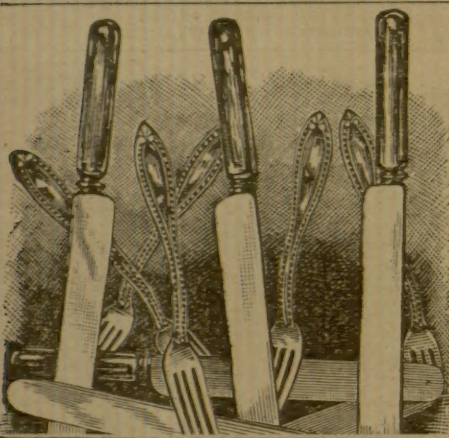
Each Curtain Nine Feet Long.

This Most Beautiful and Elegant Premium Has Just Been Added for Selection to all who Send a Club of Only Seven New Names.

The Curtains are full width and just what one needs to adorn the home with. Everyone of taste will tell you that there is nothing which "dresses up" a room so much as a pair of Lace Curtains. The finest effects are obtained by these draperies. They show from the outside as well as from the inside. They are of the real Italian pattern and formerly sold as high as \$6.00 to \$8.00 a pair. They are delivered free to you, all charges paid.

**SPECIAL OFFER.** If you will send us a club of only 7 trial yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each to COMFORT, we will send our magazine one year to each subscriber and one pair of Curtains to you as a free premium. A club of only 12 trial 95-cent yearly subscriptions secures two pairs and we send three pairs for only 18 yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each. COMFORT goes to the subscriber each month and the Curtains to you.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## Tableware in Fine Silver Plate

We have an extensive line of silverware and from the assortment selected a few of these sets of six Knives and six Forks to give away. These knives are made of the best of silver plated steel, usual shape and length, and the Forks are the handsomest ones ever saw, being finished with a continuous row of small silver beads round the entire edge. This bead effect in silver goods is the very height of fashion, is extensively used on all solid silverware, in fact is used on most every article made of silver for dainty finish, ornamentation and attractiveness.

**SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFER.** Send us a club of only 13 yearly subscribers at 25 cents each, and we will send you a complete set of Six Knives and Forks, 13 pieces in all, as a premium and send each subscriber our magazine, COMFORT. Or we will give you your choice of Six Knives or Six Forks for a club of only 8 at 25 cents each.

**EXTRA SPECIAL OFFER.** We have also a family size Tea Spoon to match the Knives and Forks and can give you as a present a Set of Six Spoons, Six Knives and Six Forks, 18 pieces in all, for a club of only 15 yearly subscribers at 25 cents each. On this last offer you get a full set of silverware, sufficient for the family, absolutely free, as we pay all shipping charges. Send for samples of COMFORT and further information.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## Cathedral Angel Chimes

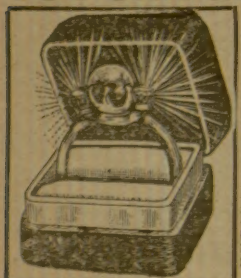
Three Sweet Musical Bells. A New and Striking Musical Novelty Suitable both for Ornament and Amusement all the year round.

Cathedral Angel Chimes consist of 5 beautiful Angels with trumpets, 3 candle sticks with 6 beautiful colored wax candles, 3 tuned bells and a turbine motor, surmounting the whole, imposed over the turbine, the Herald Angel with Trumpet, the machine being twelve inches high and six inches broad. It is made of bright silver nickel-plated metal, the turbine is finished in blue enamel with gilt stars. Then we have an added feature in our New Chimes; under the three musical bells is a metal tablet upon which in eight or more colors is the beautiful picture of the Birth of Christ in a Manger. The effect is as though it were hand painted, and is very beautiful and inspiring.

The Chimes are so constructed that when the candles are lighted the turbine revolves, the rising hot air from the candles giving the power that causes the turbine motor to revolve, the pendulums strike gently on the bells in succession, and as the bells differ in size, sweet musical tones are produced. The effect is wonderful and unusually pleasing; not only is the soft tinkling of the bells a delight to the ear, but the brilliancy of the reflection of the candle flames on the highly polished silver-like metal parts lends delight to the occasion and entrances the old or the young. A set should be in every home, to be used at all times or for decorative purposes at Christmas or any other time, especially suitable for table decoration in sitting- or dining-rooms, making a splendid centerpiece, and one never tires of the sweet chimes tinkling. Being entirely of metal, they are absolutely unbreakable, can be used indefinitely by renewing candles from time to time, as used for Birthdays, Parties, Balls, Christmas, or other festivities. Each is packed in a separate box with full instructions how to put together and operate. Any one can do it and we warrant every machine to work to satisfaction.

**Club Offer.** For a club of only four yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you a complete set of Cathedral Angel Chimes, post-paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## LADIES' GOLD SHELL RINGS YOU CAN GET ONE FOR A CLUB OF ONLY FOUR



The delight of every young lady is in having handsome finger rings of the latest style and finish set with three handsome stones. A large center stone with smaller ones on either side same as shown in the illustration. These are Gold shell Rings you may be proud of and they will wear well and not turn; they look like gold, wear like gold, and will stand good acid tests. These settings are very rich and look refined and just as attractive as rings costing much money. We have three styles of settings and will allow you to make your own selections, Opal, Emerald, Ruby, with the finest imitation chip diamonds which add great brilliancy and set off the whole ring. We guarantee the sparkle of these stones to be quite equal to Genuine Diamonds costing hundreds of dollars, and are always behind this guarantee. Each stone is set separately in the Tiffany style and is sent in a nice Ring Box, plush-lined, just the ornament for your room and keeps the ring clean and from getting lost when not in use.

**These Rings Are Free.** We bought these rings to give away and the following offers are liberal enough to enable every reader to own one at once. Mothers should have one. The boys should get one for their sweethearts. They make a swell gift for a club of only four yearly subscribers at 25 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## WE GIVE THIS WATCH For a Club of Five.

Thirty Minutes is a short time, but many have earned one of these watches in less time than that. It is one of the very best watches for time ever offered to our readers at no matter what the price asked for it. We know, of course, there are watches that cost more money, because they are in gold or silver cases, but they will not keep any better time, simply because they cannot. This watch keeps not perfect time, we never saw the watch that did, but it keeps as near perfect time as watches usually do. We have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one a guarantee just as binding as that given with any watch, no matter what make. We are willing to give you this watch if you will do us a slight service, which you can easily do in an hour. We wish to increase our subscription list, and we want the assistance of every reader of this paper to that end. We do not want you to do it for nothing, we will reward you for it. You can easily secure this valuable watch if you get a club of 5 subscribers to COMFORT, at our special subscription price of 25 cents a year each. Do this, sending us the money, with the names, and we will send COMFORT to each subscriber and we will send you the watch to reward you. Start out now and see what you can do. Remember we guarantee every watch. If you get subscriptions and send us NOW at once, we will also send you a nice chain.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## BOYS' PRINTING OUTFIT Make Money Printing Cards

All have an ambition to learn a trade that will give honest employment and mental improvement. With our handy Printing Outfit a boy or girl can accomplish the art of type setting as well as printing. These complete outfits consist of a six-font set of rubber type; that is, there are six of each of most all the letters in the alphabet except some important letters have eight, and others only four, as "Q." A double set of numerals, commas, periods, and four handsome ornaments; also slugs or spaces to separate words—in all about 200 separate pieces of type. A two-line type holders for printing cards, etc. It works like a miniature Franklin printing press, so you can print cards for your friends and thus make money. A pair of nicked pinners to handle type and a metal case everlasting ink pad. We send a wooden type case so that type can be arranged and kept in perfect order, also full and complete instructions how to set type, etc. A wonderful outfit for printing cards or small amount of text. Will afford amusement and instruction unbounded. Every child will appreciate and grown folks make use of sets for marking linen by procuring an indelible ink pad.

**Club Offer.** For a club of only 2 yearly subscribers at 25 cents each, or three trial ten-cent subscriptions we will send post-paid one of these Outfits all complete. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Baby's First Ring

The-Little Darling Surely Wants One Now

These are baby sizes only and are designed for the little one's tiny fingers. Each is heavily embossed with the words BABY, PET or DARLING, just as you prefer. Made in one style only, the regular hoop or band ring of 14 karat gold filled, and will not tarnish. The demand for children's and babies' sizes has encouraged us to have this special line made up for our particular customers and we are delighted with the pattern. They will please the parents of every lovely baby. Mamas and Paps, also friends, will find this an excellent privilege of obtaining the first ring for baby. We can promise satisfaction in fit if a bit of string or ribbon is sent showing size of the little finger. We will pack the ring in a cunning plush-lined box and you will be delighted with the whole.

**SPECIAL OFFER.** Send us only subscribers to this monthly at 25 cents each per year, and we will send a ring same day and enter subscriptions. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



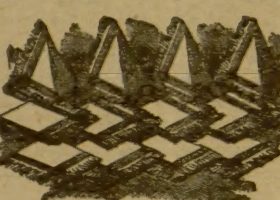
## Fancy Chased and Plain Band Gold Shell Finger Rings.

Newest designs of chasing and correct widths. For persons of all ages; a refined and dignified ring worn on all occasions. They are 14K gold plate, will wear a long time. **Club Offer.** For 2 yearly subscribers at 25 cents each, we will send you your choice of one of these rings. Send finger measurement.



**Gold Band Wedding Ring.** A suitable wedding ring most used for the occasion. It is a heavy band ring of 14K gold plate wears long and satisfactorily. Many years have they been used as wedding rings, the quality is the best and you may be assured you will not regret having selected one if you order now. **Club Offer.** We send one in a plush-lined box free of all expense for a club of five yearly subscribers at 25 cents each. Send finger measurement. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## TABLE NAPKINS

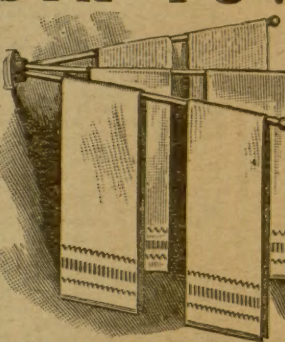


What an acceptable gift is a dozen white napkins for the dining table. A clean fresh napkin gives a relish and delight to the table that nothing else will. There is nothing more appealing to the husband than his wife's effort to serve his meals temptingly. Table linen goes far to meet this effect and it will be a great pleasure for you to possess a set of one dozen of these domestic linen napkins. It matters not how many you may have in use, a few more will be acceptable and can be saved for "best" or when you have visitors. Rich is the housewife who has a large quantity of fine table linen, and the privilege of adding a few pieces free of any cost must appeal to our lady readers.

**Club Offer.** We will send you post-paid a set of 12 napkins for a club of 6 yearly subscribers at 25 cents each. Address

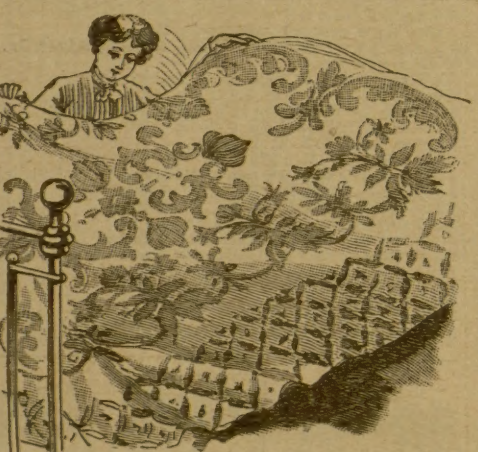
COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## SIX TOWELS



We have selected as a gift for our agents a set of six huckaback towels of good size, 16x29, made of high grade material. Such towels as we offer are usually sold at retail in most stores at high prices are a good value. By arranging to use a quantity, thus buying of the makers in whole cases, we can present six for a small number of subscribers.

**Club Offer.** We will send you at our expense a set of six towels for a club of only 6 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 25 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## A White Bedspread For a Club of Eight

Will grace and adorn your bedroom and put on an air of refinement that will reflect creditably on you.

We have tried to convey to your eye through the illustration, the appearance of the spread or counterpane when carefully arranged on the bed. It finishes the bed and dresses up the whole room.

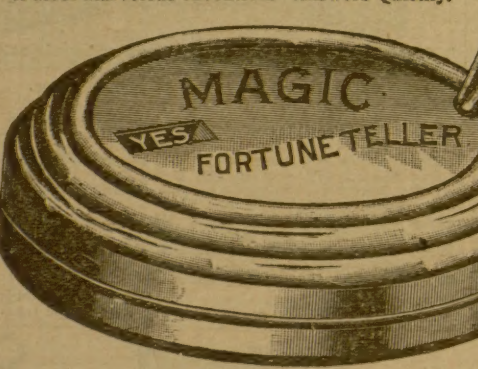
The pattern is one that cannot fail to please. The material is fine quality and workmanship the best.

For a slight effort we will give you one large spread suitable for a full size, full width and full length bed. The handsome figured design with deep bordered edge makes an effect pleasing and delightful.

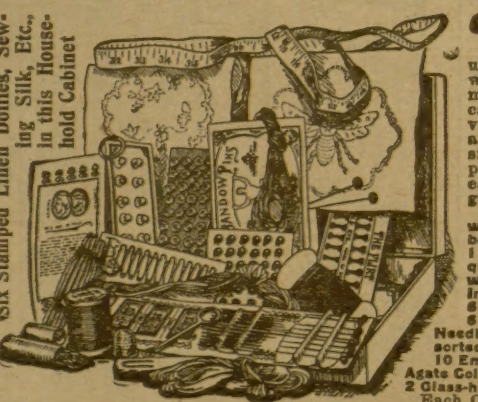
**Club Offer.** We will send you, all charges paid, one of these large spreads as a reward for a club of only eight yearly subscribers at 25 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## The Magic Fortune Teller

A Most Marvelous Invention. Answers Quickly.



Its replies to Love, Business and Troubles are immediate and accurate. It will forecast your future and tell you what you want to know if you but ask it. Constructed on strictly scientific principles, the adjustable horn acts as a medium of speech. You talk to it as though it were alive and its answers are revealed to you as though of the same breath. The action of your voice brings about startling and magical response. As an oracle or simple entertainer there is nothing like it. Your friends will all be delighted with you in its power to please as well as to inform you all about matters. You can now tell fortunes for money. If Fortune or Misfortune is lurking about you, if you are to marry or not, if joy and pleasure is to be your lot through life, or if you will gain what you least expect or anything else that now puzzles you, just direct your thought to this Magic Fortune Teller and everything will be clear. They are strongly made and handsomely nickelled. There is nothing to get out of order and they will last a lifetime. We will send one for a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## Complete Household Cabinet

Containing over two hundred different articles always useful in and around the home, particularly to the mother who must do all the making and mending. The assortment of articles has been put together, after repeated calls for such an outfit, in convenient arrangement to provide the great variety of really useful and much wanted articles most likely to be needed. Each article is of full size and good quality and is such as you would usually purchase at any store. The following list of contents of each package will at once convince you we have made a good selection and in the right quantities.

1 Aluminum Thimble, standard size and weight. 1 Card with 3 doz. best quality Shoebuttons. 1 Paper with 2 doz. best Hooks and Eyes. 1 Card Household Mending Cotton. 1 Linen Tape Measure, 60 in. long. 1 Paper with 400 best quality Toilet Pins. 1 Card with 1 doz. Safety Pins. 1 Card with 6 doz. Pearl Lintle Agate Buttons. 1 Tube with 50 Invisible Hairpins. 1 Paper best quality straight Hairpins. 6 Skins of 5 yds. each Embroidery Cotton, assorted colors. 6 Stamped Linen Dollies in assorted Designs. 4 Papers of Needles, Sharps, sizes 5, 6, 7, 8, 10. 7 Ladies' Shawl Pins, assorted sizes, glass beads. 1 Tape Bodkin. 4 Darning Needles. 10 Embroidery Needles. 1 Glove Buttoner. 1 Key-Ring. 1 Doz. Agate Collar Buttons. 1 Doz. Best Kid Curiers. 1 Spool Linen Thread. 2 Glass-head Hat Pins. 1 Pair Shoelaces. 1 Pair Corset Laces. Each Cabinet packed ready for shipment and positively contains all articles as described. A nice present for mother.

**Club Offer.** For a club of only four yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we send this Cabinet of useful articles, post-paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## Dutch Collar Set

The designs stamped on either Butcher Linen or Linen Lawn, consist of three different Dutch Collar Novelties, one Bow-knot Tie, all on a piece of material 18x20 inches, with four skeins colored "D. M. C." embroidery cotton. Upon receipt of the Outfit, one or more Collars may be at once embroidered for personal use, and the remainder can also be done and sold, or the patterns may be sold without being embroidered. This is a splendid new outfit, and as Dutch Collars are now worn exclusively with shirt-waists, you of course are anxious for some for yourself.

**Special Offer.** For a club of only two five-months' 10-cent subscriptions to COMFORT, we will send you a complete Dutch Collar Outfit.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



PETITE STEREOSCOPE And Fifty Views

As Good as a Circus for the Children. A Nice Compact Metal Stereoscope, 50 Fine Pictures of Family Scenes, Pets and Wild Animals and a General Natural History Exhibition.



Free for a Club of Four

We are able to present a very interesting, entertaining, practical and instructive little article as here illustrated. This strongly metal-made adjustable stereoscope with its good, powerful lenses, gives a joyful entertainment to all. The pictures stand out real and lifelike and lasting impression when viewed through this Scope. It is the most instructive and entertaining idea ever devised for giving pleasure to the young folks at home, keeping them amused, instructed and out of mischief. The 50 Views are all carefully selected with the best pleasure and profit. There are Home Scenes of Domestic Pets, Farmwork Scenes, Trained and Wild Animals, Hunting Scenes, Views from the Arctic as well as the Tropical Countries, Horse Carcasses, Buffalo Scenes, Exciting and otherwise, so that a regular menagerie can be picked out besides the Home features. The Entire Outfit takes apart and folds up, being packed in a nice box to ship by mail, post-paid, the 50 Views being all packed in the metal holder and placed inside the box when sent to you. We send one of these complete outfits for a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to this paper at 25c. each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



French Embroidered Apron New Design New Idea

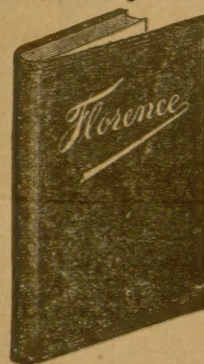
We furnish the necessary amount of India Lawn, a piece over one yard square, a pretty design stamped all ready for you to French Embroider. When completed, you have a dainty, dressy apron.

Club Offer

Send a club of two yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for one of these Apron outfits as described and illustrated. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME? Learn All About It in Our Diary Birthday Book.



Do you know its derivation, meaning and history? We have a series of Girls' Birthday Books embracing one hundred names, including ADA, AGNES, BERTHA, BLANCHE, CAROLINE, DORA, EDITH, KATE, MARY, REBECCA, and ninety others. No matter what your name is. Don't you want it stamped in gold on one of these Elegant Books? You certainly ought to have one to use as described as they are designed to be a source of pleasure and interest.

Each Book has the name of a girl or woman on the title page and also stamped in gold on the cover, and contains a history of the name and of famous women who have borne the name. For example, Mary is described as one of the most popular of girls' names, derived from Myrrh or Star of the Sea (Mara), being the name of the Virgin Mary and many other Marys famous in history. Thus each name is treated with a long historical sketch. A Diary or Record Book it is designed to be for perpetual use, as the pages are arranged with the date and a blank space providing excellent opportunity for a Baby Record of important events in the life of the little one, or for a young or older lady, married or single, a life record of important events may be recorded and there kept forever, and as the book is arranged for perpetual use these records made from time to time forming a connected story of important life happenings. Each page is decorated with a short selected sentimental verse or motto from works of words of authors or philosophers of renown, as "Where there is a mother in the home, matters speed well," "Grace in woman has more effect than beauty," "For Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," "Love and you shall be loved," "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window," "In the smallest cottage, there is room and strength for two lovers," etc., etc. Each book is bound in limp Morocco, with full gilt edges, including a silk book marker, and is carefully boxed for mailing. This is a very unique book and has personal interest to the owner.

Club Offer. For a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or 4 five-months' 10-cent trial subscribers, we will send you one of these Birthday Name Books with your name stamped in gold on the cover. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Dresser, Bureau and Table Scarf A Beautiful Lace Ornament for the Home.



This especially attractive new premium will at once interest our lady readers who seek the beautiful and ornamental for their home, and so very many uses will suggest themselves, we know you will want one or more just as soon as you see this illustration and read the description. Made of white linen thread in a beautiful Nottingham pattern, it will not only give splendid satisfaction as an ornament, but is extremely durable, so you will know from your experience with Nottingham Curtains. This pattern we have selected as most attractive, and the size is so much larger than the another as a Bureau Scarf, and another as a Lambrequin, being folded on to the center of rod between the two Curtains you now have hanging, this is a new idea and extremely stylish. We expect to quickly dispose of a quantity of these LACE PIECES.

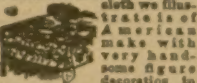
Club Offer. Send only 25-cent trial subscriptions for COMFORT and receive one of these Laces Free. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Good, Large Rapid Fire Gun

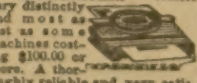


Any one of them given for a club of eight yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each. Get up a club now and we will send either the Clock, the Air Rifle, Table Cover or Silver Cake Basket, for only eight subscribers at 25 cents each. Say which. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

TABLE LINEN.

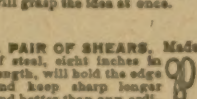
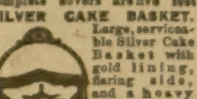


A TYPEWRITER.



hand work effect. Such a cloth of imported material is \$3.00 to \$4.00 per yard, and are too delicate for everyday use. The quality of material and pattern are new and stylish and the wearing quality is unexcelled. These complete covers are fast and durable.

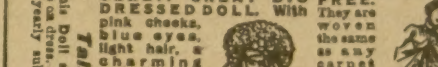
very distinctly and most as fast as some makes with some figure decoration in more. A thoroughly reliable and very satisfactory instrument. This machine has 36 characters, every letter in the alphabet and the numerals from 1 to 10; is easily understood and operated, any child can write on it after two hours' practice and older people will grasp the idea at once.



Large, serviceable Silver Cake Basket with gold lining, flaring sides, and a heavy base all highly plated and finished in both inside and outside.

A PAIR OF SHEARS. Made of steel, eight inches in length, will hold the edge and keep sharp longer and better than any ordinary household shears and any woman can appreciate this quality in her shears. For dressmaking, home work of any kind, school teachers, office-work, paper managers, etc., and an indispensable everywhere that shears are used these will fill the want.

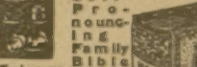
WIDE AWAKE AND GO TO SLEEP. DRESSED DOLL WITH PINK CHEEKS, BLUE EYES, FLAXEN HAIR, A CHARMING COSTUME COMPLETE WITH A LARGE PICTURE HAT.



A SEAMLESS CARPET



A FAMILY BIBLE. New Self-Instruction Family Bible



This Doll says Papa and Mama and there is lots of pretty lace on it. We will send it all charged post, for a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

As a Special Bargain offering we present this beautiful Champion Piece Tea Set. It is of the latest pattern and the floral design is beautiful. These sets are bought in many stores and are direct from the pottery and you can see at once that it will meet all the requirements of the thirty households. Our first grade of special choice lots this set was selected for its artistic beauty and practical worth. It looks exactly like the best and consists of 6 Tea Plates, 6 Cups, 6 Saucers, a nice Berry or Sauce Dish or Bowl, 2 Cake Plates, Sugar Bowl, Cream Pitcher and Teapot, making the good sized assortment you see in the above picture.

Any one of above Premiums given for a club of only two yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each. Name choice when sending, either the Doll, the Carpet, the Bible or the Dish, as described above. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Three-Piece Bed Set FREE



Three-Piece Nottingham Lace Bed Set

Beautiful Peacock Design Pillow Sham and Spread

The full-size spread is 85 inches long and 60 inches wide. Made of fine quality material in this most beautiful pattern. Then two handsome and effective Pillow Shams to match, made of same material in same manner and 28 x 32 inches in size. Such a Bed Set as this must appeal to your good taste. They are very, very desirable, extremely fashionable and are something every good housekeeper is anxious to possess.

The beautiful White Lace Spread covers the entire bed, the Shams cover the pillows, and the graceful peacock design distinctly stands out, completes the picture and enwraps you. The Peacock on the spread is very large, very stately and graceful, the spread of tall feathers is natural and effective. No lace design ever more striking than this. Suitable for standard size bed and pillows. You should have a set

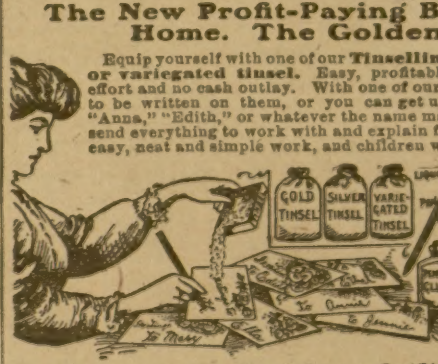
CLUB OFFER

For a club of only ten yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send by mail or express at our expense one of these Nottingham Lace Three-Piece Bed Sets. This is an exceptionally liberal premium offer.

for each chamber. If you happen to be one of our thousands of agents who have our Lace Curtains in your home, you will at once feel that you must have also one of these three-piece Lace Bed Sets. They harmonize splendidly.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Tinselling Post Cards The New Profit-Paying Business that Can Be Started at Home. The Golden Way for Money-Making.



Equip yourself with one of our Tinselling Outfits for lettering Post Cards with gold, silver, velvet or variegated tinsel. Easy, profitable employment that pays a handsome reward for small effort and no cash outlay. With one of our outfits you can take orders for cards with any greetings to be written on them, or you can get up cards with "Greetings from Salem," "Greetings to Mary," "Ann's," "Edith," or whatever the name may be of the person, or of the town or city you live in. We send everything to work with and explain fully just how to do it. A person who can write can do this easy, neat and simple work, and children who can write can do it and there is such a demand for these splendid Personal Post Cards bearing the person's own name that you will immediately have all the business you can attend to, with the orders that you will solicit, and those who will come to you for special cards just as soon as it is known you can supply them.

Look over our illustration and be sure you fully understand that we are to send you a suitable Pencil or Glue Pen, a supply of Tinsel in three different colors, a quantity of selected attractive floral and colored post cards with our complete and easy rules and suggestions for doing tinselling and how to make big cash profit every day. Several hundred cards can be tinselled in a few hours; selling at a profit of \$3.00 a hundred. Do not let this great opportunity go unheeded. Send for an outfit and be convinced that we really show you a golden way to money-making.

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This is a Sample Copy of COMFORT

if it is so stamped on the wrapper or title page, and is PRESENTED FREE with the compliments of its Publisher to show you what an excellent family magazine it is. It will interest you and your family, but you will not receive another free copy.

The Best Serial Stories by Well-Known Popular Authors constitute one of the strong and attractive features of COMFORT throughout the year except in this, our AUGUST MID-SUMMER SHORT-STORY number which comes just after the close of those popular continued stories we have been running and Just Before OUR SPLENDID NEW SERIAL NOVELS begin this fall.

COMFORT, each month, contains a vast amount of instructive and useful information, covering a wide range of interesting topics.

COMFORT is BRIGHT, CHEERY, UP-TO-DATE. Its tone is moral, PATRIOTIC, and CHRISTIAN. An ELEVATING influence in the HOME, it PROTECTS the children from the TEMPTATION of reading demoralizing literature.

COMFORT is the Best All-Round Family Monthly. But don't take our word for it, and don't judge COMFORT by its subscription price, which is low enough to be within everybody's means; read this paper and judge for yourself.

Fill out the subscription blank below and send with it 25 CENTS for one year, or 10 CENTS for FIVE MONTHS' trial subscription. If you subscribe for a year you will receive, a little later, our beautiful colored art CALNDAR for 1910, with our GREAT CASH PRIZE OFFER.

Publisher of COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. (Make cross against amount sent.)

1 am sending	25 cents for 12 months	10 cents for 5 months	subscription to COMFORT.
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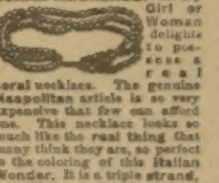
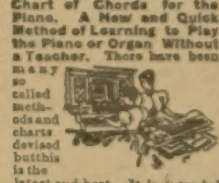
Name \_\_\_\_\_ Post-office \_\_\_\_\_

County \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

August, '09.

EASY MUSIC CHEAP. New Chart of Chords for the Piano, A New and Quick Method of Learning to Play the Piano or Organ Without a Teacher. There have been many called methods and charts devised but this is the latest and best. It is intended for those who have not the time to take lessons. A complete self-instructor, enabling anyone to play the piano or organ at sight. This chart is the practical result of years of study by a noted American composer and musician. With this chart anyone can become an expert pianist, playing accompaniments in the most difficult songs at sight, as well as dance music, marches, etc. These charts are valuable to the advanced musician as well as to the beginner, embracing nearly every major and minor chord used in music. It is the most comprehensive yet simple chart ever published and is endorsed by teachers and musicians everywhere. To introduce this Chart in every home, we will send free with each chart the "GRANT ALBUM OF SONGS," containing 104 Songs, with words and music, including the following hits, "I Won't Be a Nun," and "The Mountain Maid's Invitation." Also new and old favorites and war songs.

CORAL NECKLACE. Every Girl or Woman delights to possess a coral necklace. The genuine Neapolitan coral is so expensive that few can afford one. This necklace looks so much like the real thing that many think they are, so perfect in the coloring of this Italian wonder. It is a triple strand, beautifully polished delicate coral pick necklace of just the proper shade to give it the most expensive appearance.



DOLLS AS BIG AS A BABY.

These unbreakable dolls are nearly two feet high and so arranged they can either stand up or sit down.

Golden Hair, bright red stockings and black shoes make them very attractive for either very young or older children. You get one of these dolls and you are sure that the nose can't be broken off nor can baby punch in the eye; the bright colored cheeks and ruby lips retain their color and shape for all time. Every child delights to have from one to twenty different dolls in their family. Bright inventors, artists, and mechanics have been at work for years trying to perfect low-priced, indestructible dolls that can be made to sit down, bend over, stand on their legs, move arms and legs, and be placed in all sorts of positions, either when dressed or undressed. The doll shown in this advertisement is a most successful result of long weary trials. They are beautifully finished, and can be placed in any natural position, and will last for years. Are more lifelike than anything ever gotten out before.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

MAGIC HARMAPHONE.

Anyone can play on it. It is a complete Orchestra and Full Band all in one. It is a delightful instrument to play upon. We send special instructions how to get perfect results in a few days and teach you to play to perfection any familiar air. You can give concerts for company or furnish dance music even for the whole crowd.

CLUB OFFER.

Any one of above Premiums given for a club of only two yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each. Name choice when sending, either the Doll, the Coral Necklace, Harmaphone or Chart of Chords.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Revolving Spool-holder and Pincushion

This convenient device will prove a blessing to any woman who sews. The bright colored wheels of thread of different size and color may be placed on the standards, each with a short end, you place the stand on your work table, sewing machine or on the window ledge, or any convenient flat surface. Always before you and always at your service are the various kinds, colors and sizes of thread your work demands.



No more hunting around the house, looking on the floor or searching through a work basket or bag. Instead your thread is always in its proper place and ready instantly for your use. "A place for everything and everything in its place" is well expressed in the use of this spool-holder. The round plush pincushion in center will accommodate pins and needles in quantity, all pins are made of metal, except the pincushion. Eight spools of thread can be put on the holder at one time thus furnishing a complete and very useful article. Splendid for presents.

Club Offer. For a club of only three yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send one Metal Spool-holder and Pincushion free. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

24-Inch Centerpieces.

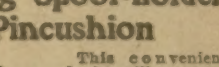
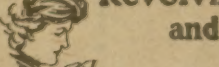
Beautiful hand-embroidered table covers can now be had by every reader without cost and little labor is required. Ladies familiar with fancy work find our patterns always new and original, those anxious to do hand embroidery readily understand just how to quickly embroider these simple designs. We furnish the stamped patterns here illustrated, and can supply materials, thus making it convenient and within the reach of every woman, young or old, to make with her own needle one or more for her home, as they are the most useful and delightful wedding or Christmas gifts. These centerpieces are each twenty-four inches in diameter, are therefore unusually large and suitable for any table. The designs are CLEARLY AND DISTINCTLY STAMPED on a high grade of semi-linen material that washes and wears well, and absolute satisfaction is guaranteed.

Bunch of Grapes Pattern.

We predict great popularity for this grape pattern. It is to be the rage for embroidered shirt-waists, therefore popular for centerpiece design. We recommend this one to your consideration.

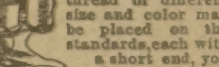
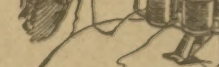
Carnation Pink Pattern.

The famous Laveon thirty thousand dollar carnation, the largest, most fragrant and beautiful pink ever produced can be copied with this pattern to aid you. To be



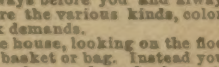
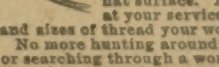
Wild Rose Pattern.

This very handsome centerpiece pattern will be one of the most popular in the whole collection. Can be worked out in soft, delicate colors and permits one to display their judgment in copying from nature. This pattern has a very deep border that may be easily worked with some simple stitch.



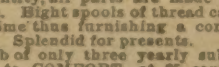
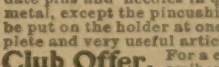
Wheat Pattern.

This centerpiece has perhaps the least amount of detail work of any kind, yet the effect when done in soft tan shades, with green for a border, is very pleasing. Observe the odd border on this design. It can be worked solid or outlined with excellent results.



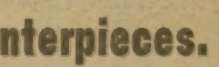
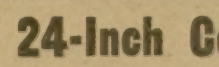
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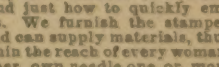
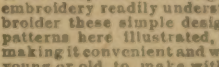
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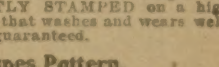
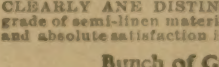
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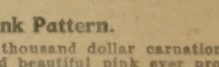
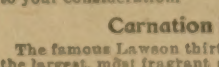
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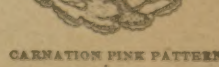
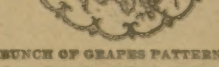
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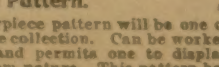
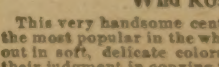
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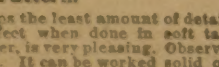
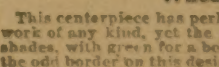
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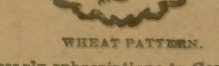
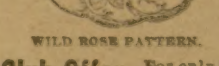
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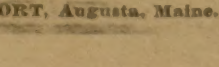
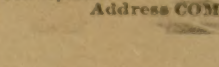
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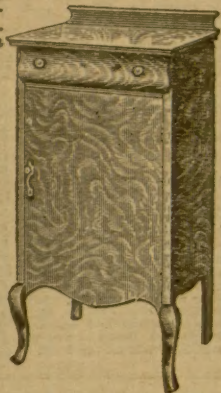




Reclining Chair.  
No. 724.

Ideal for comfort. Automatic reclining back; foot rest folds under seat when not in use. Chase leather upholstery. Polished quartered oak arms and front. Spring seat, 20x21 in. Height from seat to top of back 39 in. Given with \$20.00 worth of our products. For other chairs and furniture of all kinds, see our catalog which we send free to housewives who ask for it.

Music Cabinet No. 663.  
Handsomely made cabinet of polished quartered oak or birch-wood with mahogany finish. Drawer at top. Given with \$10.00 worth of our products.



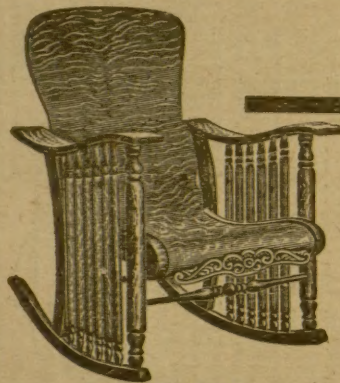
Ladies' Waists, Suits, Coats, Skirts, Hats, Lingerie, Furs, Etc., in newest styles given with purchases of our products. By our Factory-to-Home plan you can clothe yourself and family without cost. See catalogue for remarkable offers of all kinds of wearing apparel.



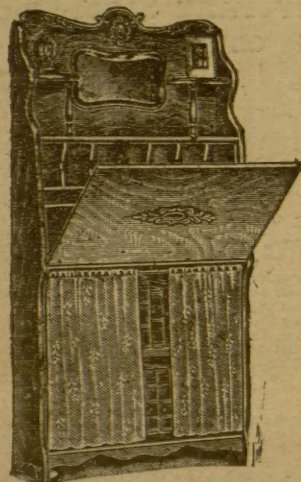
Chiffonier No. 388.  
A beautifully well made chiffonier of golden oak. Size of top 18x33 in. Given with \$10.00 worth of our products.



Reclining Chair No. 588. Highly polished golden oak frame. Spring seat 21½x21½ in. Nicely upholstered in red or green velour. Adjustable folding foot rest. Back lowered or raised without occupant leaving seat. An exceptionally easy chair and a big value. Given with \$10.00 worth of our products.



Rocker No. 657.  
An excellent piece of furniture, made of highly finished quartered oak. Seat 20x19 in. Given with \$10.00 worth of our products.



Desk No. 107. Solid oak. Has French bevel plate mirror, pigeon holes and book shelves. Given with \$10.00 worth of our products.

## An Easy Way for You to Save Nearly Half Your Home Expenses

SOONER or later every good housewife comes to know where she can get the best groceries and the biggest value for her money. That's the reason thousands upon thousands of the best women of this country order their Soaps, Pure Foods, Toilet Needs etc., direct from us, the manufacturers, on our

### Factory-to-Home Plan

and thus save about half the usual cost on over 250 staple articles of every day use, including Family Laundry Soap, Washing Powder, Starch, Borax, Toilet Soaps, Tea, Coffee, Spices, Baking Powder, Flavorings, Chocolate, Rice, Salt, Noodles, Pork and Beans, Corn Starch, Shredded Coconut, Tapioca, Sago, Etc., Etc., all fresh and of superior quality, things which you need every day and must buy from somewhere.

By our direct dealing plan you do away with all middlemen's profits and get this saving in your choice of over 1300 premiums. Indeed you can

### Furnish Your Home Without Cost

by selecting what you need from our big variety of Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Curtains, Silver, China, Cut Glass, Kitchen Utensils, Etc., all given with our products. For example, the fine Morris Rocker, No. 666, shown here is given together with \$10 worth of our products for only \$10. Or if you prefer you may have \$20 retail value in goods without premium for \$10.

### 30 Days Trial---No Money in Advance

Every order which goes out of our factory is guaranteed absolutely to please you. Test everything in your own home for 30 days and if you are not satisfied that you have the biggest bargain you ever saw, we will remove the order at our expense, and charge nothing for what you have used in the trial. No money in advance asked of responsible parties.

### You Want Our Free Catalog

Our big free illustrated catalog shows all our products and 1300 premiums and tells how easy it is to save \$10 every few weeks. Please send coupon or postal for it now, while you think of it.

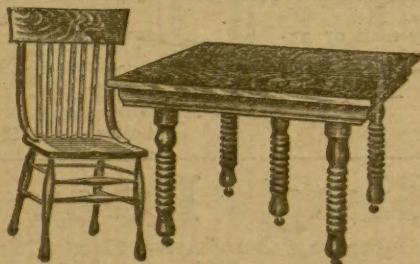
**CROFTS & REED CO., DEPT. A 542, Chicago, Ill.**



Gem Desk No. 24. 48 in. high 32 in. wide. Mirror 6x24 in. Given with \$10.00 worth of our products.



Kitchen Cabinet No. 675. Complete with top. Top of base 26x46 in. Many convenient drawers and shelves. Given with \$10.00 worth of our products.



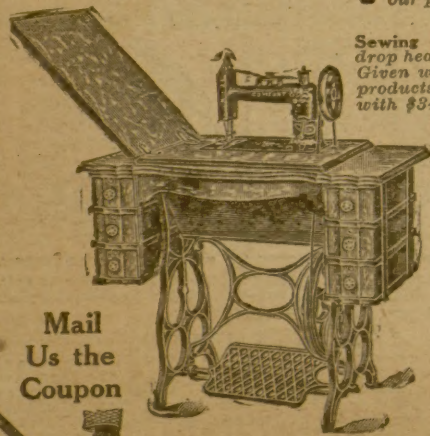
Dining Room Furniture of all kinds given with our products. Four chairs or one table like above given with \$10.00 worth of our products, or both with \$20.00 worth.



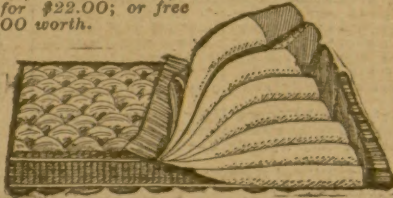
Library Table No. 333. Made of highly polished quartered oak, golden finish. Top 24x36 in. Given with \$10.00 worth of our products. See catalog for all kinds of Library Furniture, Bookcases, Ladies' Desks, Combination Cabinets, Tables, Pictures, Rugs, Carpets, Knives, Scissors, Stationery, Etc., all given with our products by our Factory-to-Home Plan.



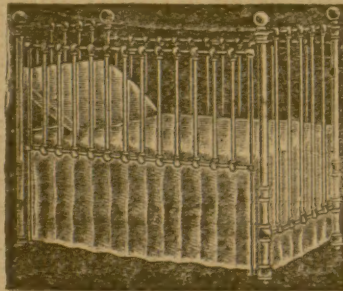
Carpets, Rugs, Linoleum, etc., in many styles, sizes and colorings, given with orders of our products.



Sewing Machine No. 557. Fine drop head ball bearing machine. Given with \$10.00 worth of our products for \$22.00; or free with \$34.00 worth.



Mattress No. 868. Made with seven layers of good cotton felt. Weighs 40 lbs. Stoutly covered. Given with \$10.00 worth of our products.



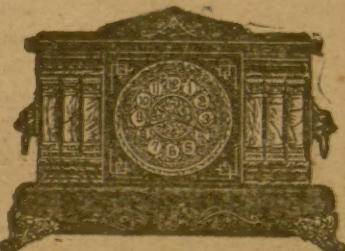
Crib No. 403. White enameled iron crib. Sliding side. Given with \$10.00 worth of our products.



Mirror No. 337. French bevel plate mirror, 18x40 in. Given with \$10.00 worth of our products. See catalog for other mirrors.



Washing Machine No. 44010. Improved 4 stroke. Given with \$10.00 worth of our products.



Clock No. 1507. Handsome new design, dome top, black enameled body. Richly trimmed. Hour and half-hour strike. Height 12½ in., width 17 in. Given with \$10.00 worth of our products.

**1300 PREMIUMS**  
Given With OUR PRODUCTS  
All Shown in Our Big Catalog



100 Piece Dinner Set 16039. All white semi-porcelain nicely embossed with pretty design. Given with \$10.00 worth of our products.

**LADIES WITH SPARE TIME**

SHOULD ASK About Our CLUB PLAN

It will bring you many Extra Premiums with little effort.



Sanitary Couch No. 40. Complete with pad. Size open 60x74 in., closed 23x74 in. Given with \$10.00 worth of our products. See catalog for full line of Couches, Beds, Bedding, Etc., given by our plan.

Mail Us the Coupon

Crofts & Reed Co., Dept. A 542, Chicago, Ill.  
DEAR SIR: Please send me your large free catalog showing your products and 1300 premiums.  
NAME.....  
ST. NO.....  
TOWN.....  
STATE.....